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THAT EVENING SUN GO DOWN

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

MONDAY is no different from any other week day in Jefferson now. The streets are paved now, and the telephone and the electric companies are cutting down more and more of the shade trees—the water oaks, the maples and locusts and elms—to make room for iron poles bearing clusters of bloated and ghostly and bloodless grapes, and we have a city laundry which makes the rounds on Monday morning, gathering the bundles of clothes into bright-colored, specially made motor-cars: the soiled wearing of a whole week now flees apparition-like behind alert and irritable electric horns, with a long diminishing noise of rubber and asphalt like a tearing of silk, and even the Negro women who still take in white peoples' washing after the old custom, fetch and deliver it in automobiles.

But fifteen years ago, on Monday morning the quiet, dusty, shady streets would be full of Negro women with, balanced on their steady turbaned heads, bundles of clothes tied up in sheets, almost as large as cotton bales, carried so without touch of hand between the kitchen door of the white house and the blackened wash-pot beside a cabin door in Negro Hollow.

Nancy would set her bundle on the top of her head, then upon the bundle in turn she would set the black straw sailor hat which she wore Winter and Summer. She was tall, with a high, sad face sunken a little where her teeth were missing. Sometimes we would go a part of the way down the lane and across the pasture with her, to watch the balanced bundle and the hat that never bobbed nor wavered, even when she walked down into the ditch and climbed out again and stooped through the fence. She would go down on her hands and knees and crawl through the gap, her head rigid, up-tilted, the bundle steady as a rock or a balloon, and rise to her feet and go on.

Sometimes the husbands of the washing women would fetch and deliver the clothes, but Jubah never did that for Nancy, even before father told him to stay away from our house, even when Dilsey was sick and Nancy would come to cook for us.

And then about half the time we'd have to go down the lane to Nancy's house and tell her to come on and get breakfast. We would stop at the ditch, because father told us to not have anything to do with Jubah

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—he was a short black man, with a razor scar down his face—and we would throw rocks at Nancy's house until she came to the door, leaning her head around it without any clothes on.

"What yawl mean, chunking my house?" Nancy said. "What you little devils mean?"

"Father says for you to come and get breakfast," Caddy said. "Father says it's over a half an hour now, and you've got to come this minute."

"I ain't studying no breakfast," Nancy said. "I going to get my sleep out."

"I bet you're drunk," Jason said. "Father says you're drunk. Are you drunk, Nancy?"

"Who says I is?" Nancy said. "I got to get my sleep out. I ain't studying no breakfast."

So after a while we quit chunking the house and went back home. When she finally came, it was too late for me to go to school. So we thought it was whiskey until that day when they arrested her again and they were taking her to jail and they passed Mr. Stovall. He was the cashier in the bank and a deacon in the Baptist church, and Nancy began to say:

"When you going to pay me, white man? When you going to pay me, white man? It's been three times now since you paid me a cent——" Mr. Stovall knocked her down, but she kept on saying, "When you going to pay me, white man? It's been three times now since ——" until Mr. Stovall kicked her in the mouth with his heel and the marshal caught Mr. Stovall back, and Nancy lying in the street, laughing. She turned her head and spat out some blood and teeth and said, "It's been three times now since he paid me a cent."

That was how she lost her teeth, and all that day they told about Nancy and Mr. Stovall, and all that night the ones that passed the jail could hear Nancy singing and yelling. They could see her hands holding to the window bars, and a lot of them stopped along the fence, listening to her and to the jailer trying to make her shut up. She didn't shut up until just before daylight, when the jailer began to hear a bumping and scraping upstairs and he went up there and found Nancy hanging from the window bar. He said that it was cocaine and not whiskey, because no nigger would try to commit suicide unless he was full of cocaine, because a nigger full of cocaine was not a nigger any longer.

The jailer cut her down and revived her; then he beat her, whipped her. She had hung herself with her dress. She had fixed it all right, but when they arrested her she didn't have on anything except a dress and so she didn't have anything to tie her hands with and she couldn't make her hands let go of the window ledge. So the jailer heard the noise and ran up there and found Nancy hanging from the window, stark naked.

When Dilsey was sick in her cabin and Nancy was cooking for us, we could see her apron swelling out; that was before father told Jubah to stay away from the house. Jubah was in the kitchen, sitting behind the stove, with his razor scar on his black face like a piece of dirty string. He said it was a watermelon that Nancy had under her dress. And it was Winter, too.

"Where did you get a watermelon in the Winter?" Caddy said.

"I didn't," Jubah said. "It wasn't me that give it to her. But I can cut it down, same as if it was."

"What makes you want to talk that way before these chillen?" Nancy said. "Whyn't you go on to work? You done et. You want Mr. Jason to catch you hanging around his kitchen, talking that way before these chillen?"

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"Talking what way, Nancy?" Caddy said.

"I can't hang around white man's kitchen," Jubah said. "But white man can hang around mine. White man can come in my house, but I can't stop him. When white man want to come in my house, I ain't got no house. I can't stop him, but he can't kick me outen it. He can't do that."

Dilsey was still sick in her cabin. Father told Jubah to stay off our place. Dilsey was still sick. It was a long time. We were in the library after supper.

"Isn't Nancy through yet?" mother said. "It seems to me that she has had plenty of time to have finished the dishes."

"Let Quentin go and see," father said. "Go and see if Nancy is through, Quentin. Tell her she can go on home."

I went to the kitchen. Nancy was through. The dishes were put away and the fire was out. Nancy was sitting in a chair, close to the cold stove. She looked at me.

"Mother wants to know if you are through," I said.

"Yes," Nancy said. She looked at me. "I done finished." She looked at me.

"What is it?" I said. "What is it?"

"I ain't nothing but a nigger," Nancy said. "It ain't none of my fault."

She looked at me, sitting in the chair before the cold stove, the sailor hat on her head. I went back to the library. It was the cold stove and all, when you think of a kitchen being warm and busy and cheerful. And with a cold stove and the dishes all put away, and nobody wanting to eat at that hour.

"Is she through?" mother said.

"Yessum," I said.

"What is she doing?" mother said.

"She's not doing anything. She's through."

"I'll go and see," father said.

"Maybe she's waiting for Jubah to come and take her home," Caddy said.

"Jubah is gone," I said. Nancy told us how one morning she woke up and Jubah was gone.

"He quit me," Nancy said. "Done gone to Memphis, I reckon. Dodging them city *po*-lice for a while, I reckon."

"And a good riddance," father said. "I hope he stays there."

"Nancy's scaired of the dark," Jason said.

"So are you," Caddy said.

"I'm not," Jason said.

"Scairy cat," Caddy said.

"I'm not," Jason said.

"You, Candace!" mother said. Father came back.

"I am going to walk down the lane with Nancy," he said. "She says Jubah is back."

"Has she seen him?" mother said.

"No. Some Negro sent her word that he was back in town. I won't be long."

"You'll leave me alone, to take Nancy home?" mother said. "Is her safety more precious to you than mine?"

"I won't be long," father said.

"You'll leave these children unprotected, with that Negro about?"

"I'm going too," Caddy said. "Let me go, father."

"What would he do with them, if he were unfortunate enough to have them?" father said.

"I want to go, too," Jason said.

"Jason!" mother said. She was speaking to father. You could tell that by the way she said it. Like she believed that all day father had been trying to think of doing the thing that she wouldn't like the most, and that she knew all the time that after a while he would think of it. I stayed quiet, because father and I both knew that mother would want him to make me stay with her, if she just thought of it in time. So father didn't look at me. I was the old-

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est. I was nine and Caddy was seven and Jason was five.

"Nonsense," father said. "We won't be long."

Nancy had her hat on. We came to the lane. "Jubah always been good to me," Nancy said. "Whenever he had two dollars, one of them was mine." We walked in the lane. "If I can just get through the lane," Nancy said, "I be all right then."

The lane was always dark. "This is where Jason got scared on Hallowe'en," Caddy said.

"I didn't," Jason said.

"Can't Aunt Rachel do anything with him?" father said. Aunt Rachel was old. She lived in a cabin beyond Nancy's, by herself. She had white hair and she smoked a pipe in the door, all day long; she didn't work any more. They said she was Jubah's mother. Sometimes she said she was and sometimes she said she wasn't any kin to Jubah.

"Yes you did," Caddy said. "You were scairder than Frony. You were scairder than T.P. even. Scairder than niggers."

"Can't nobody do nothing with him," Nancy said. "He say I done woke up the devil in him, and ain't but one thing going to lay it again."

"Well, he's gone now," father said. "There's nothing for you to be afraid of now. And if you'd just let white men alone."

"Let what white men alone?" Caddy said. "How let them alone?"

"He ain't gone nowhere," Nancy said. "I can feel him. I can feel him now, in this lane. He hearing us talk, every word, hid somewhere, waiting. I ain't seen him, and I ain't going to see him again but once more, with that razor. That razor on that string down his back, inside his shirt. And then I ain't going to be even surprised."

"I wasn't scaired," Jason said.

"If you'd behave yourself, you'd have kept out of this," father said. "But it's all right now. He's probably in St. Louis now. Probably got another wife by now and forgot all about you."

"If he has, I better not find out about it," Nancy said. "I'd stand there and every time he wropped her, I'd cut that arm off. I'd cut his head off and I'd slit her belly and I'd shove——"

"Hush," father said.

"Slit whose belly, Nancy?" Caddy said.

"I wasn't scared," Jason said. "I'd walk right down this lane by myself."

"Yah," Caddy said. "You wouldn't dare to put your foot in it if we were not with you."

II

Dilsey was still sick, and so we took Nancy home every night until mother said, "How much longer is this going to go on? I to be left alone in this big house while you take home a frightened Negro?"

We fixed a pallet in the kitchen for Nancy. One night we waked up, hearing the sound. It was not singing and it was not crying, coming up the dark stairs. There was a light in mother's room and we heard father going down the hall, down the back stairs, and Caddy and I went into the hall. The floor was cold. Our toes curled away from the floor while we listened to the sound. It was like singing and it wasn't like singing, like the sounds that Negroes make.

Then it stopped and we heard father going down the back stairs, and we went to the head of the stairs. Then the sound began again, in the stairway, not loud, and we could see Nancy's eyes half way up the stairs, against the wall. They looked like cat's eyes do, like a big cat against the wall, watching us. When we came

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down the steps to where she was she quit making the sound again, and we stood there until father came back up from the kitchen, with his pistol in his hand. He went back down with Nancy and they came back with Nancy's pallet.

We spread the pallet in our room. After the light in mother's room went off, we could see Nancy's eyes again. "Nancy," Caddy whispered, "are you asleep, Nancy?"

Nancy whispered something. It was oh or no, I don't know which. Like nobody had made it, like it came from nowhere and went nowhere, until it was like Nancy was not there at all; that I had looked so hard at her eyes on the stair that they had got printed on my eyelids, like the sun does when you have closed your eyes and there is no sun. "Jesus," Nancy whispered. "Jesus."

"Was it Jubah?" Caddy whispered. "Did he try to come into the kitchen?"

"Jesus," Nancy said. Like this: Jeeeeeeeeeeeeeesus, until the sound went out like a match or a candle does.

"Can you see us, Nancy?" Caddy whispered. "Can you see our eyes too?"

"I ain't nothing but a nigger," Nancy said. "God knows. God knows."

"What did you see down there in the kitchen?" Caddy whispered. "What tried to get in?"

"God knows," Nancy said. We could see her eyes. "God knows."

Dilsey got well. She cooked dinner. "You'd better stay in bed a day or two longer," father said.

"What for?" Dilsey said. "If I had been a day later, this place would be to rack and ruin. Get on out of here, now, and let me get my kitchen straight again."

Dilsey cooked supper, too. And that night, just before dark, Nancy came into the kitchen.

"How do you know he's back?" Dilsey said. "You ain't seen him."

"Jubah is a nigger," Jason said.

"I can feel him," Nancy said. "I can feel him laying yonder in the ditch."

"Tonight?" Dilsey said. "Is he there tonight?"

"Dilsey's a nigger too," Jason said.

"You try to eat something," Dilsey said.

"I don't want nothing," Nancy said.

"I ain't a nigger," Jason said.

"Drink some coffee," Dilsey said. She poured a cup of coffee for Nancy. "Do you know he's out there tonight? How come you know it's tonight?"

"I know," Nancy said. "He's there, waiting. I know. I done lived with him too long. I know what he fixing to do fore he knows it himself."

"Drink some coffee," Dilsey said. Nancy held the cup to her mouth and blew into the cup. Her mouth pursed out like a spreading adder's, like a rubber mouth, like she had blown all the color out of her lips with blowing the coffee.

"I ain't a nigger," Jason said. "Are you a nigger, Nancy?"

"I hell-born, child," Nancy said. "I won't be nothing soon. I going back where I come from soon."

III

She began to drink the coffee. While she was drinking, holding the cup in both hands, she began to make the sound again. She made the sound into the cup and the coffee sploshed out on to her hands and her dress. Her eyes looked at us and she sat there, her elbows on her knees, holding the cup in both hands, looking at us across the wet cup, making the sound.

"Look at Nancy," Jason said. "Nancy can't cook for us now. Dilsey's got well now."

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"You hush up," Dilsey said. Nancy held the cup in both hands, looking at us, making the sound, like there were two of them: one looking at us and the other making the sound. "Whyn't you let Mr. Jason telefoam the marshal?" Dilsey said. Nancy stopped then, holding the cup in her long brown hands. She tried to drink some coffee again, but it sploshed out of the cup, on to her hands and her dress, and she put the cup down. Jason watched her.

"I can't swallow it," Nancy said. "I swallows but it won't go down me."

"You go down to the cabin," Dilsey said. "Frony will fix you a pallet and I'll be there soon."

"Won't no nigger stop him," Nancy said.

"I ain't a nigger," Jason said. "Am I, Dilsey?"

"I reckon not," Dilsey said. She looked at Nancy. "I don't reckon so. What you going to do, then?"

Nancy looked at us. Her eyes went fast, like she was afraid there wasn't time to look, without hardly moving at all. She looked at us, at all three of us at one time. "You member that night I stayed in yawls' room?" she said. She told about how we waked up early the next morning, and played. We had to play quiet, on her pallet, until father woke and it was time for her to go down and get breakfast. "Go and ask you maw to let me stay here tonight," Nancy said. "I won't need no pallet. We can play some more," she said.

Caddy asked mother. Jason went too. "I can't have Negroes sleeping in the house," mother said. Jason cried. He cried until mother said he couldn't have any dessert for three days if he didn't stop. Then Jason said he would stop if Dilsey would make a chocolate cake. Father was there.

"Why don't you do something about it?" mother said. "What do we have officers for?"

"Why is Nancy afraid of Jubah?" Caddy said. "Are you afraid of father, mother?"

"What could they do?" father said. "If Nancy hasn't seen him, how could the officers find him?"

"Then why is she afraid?" mother said.

"She says he is there. She says she knows he is there tonight."

"Yet we pay taxes," mother said. "I must wait here alone in this big house while you take a Negro woman home."

"You know that I am not lying outside with a razor," father said.

"I'll stop if Dilsey will make a chocolate cake," Jason said. Mother told us to go out and father said he didn't know if Jason would get a chocolate cake or not, but he knew what Jason was going to get in about a minute. We went back to the kitchen and told Nancy.

"Father said for you to go home and lock the door, and you'll be all right," Caddy said. "All right from what, Nancy? Is Jubah mad at you?" Nancy was holding the coffee cup in her hands, her elbow on her knees and her hands holding the cup between her knees. She was looking into the cup. "What have you done that made Jubah mad?" Caddy said. Nancy let the cup go. It didn't break on the floor, but the coffee spilled out, and Nancy sat there with her hands making the shape of the cup. She began to make the sound again, not loud. Not singing and not un-singing. We watched her.

"Here," Dilsey said. "You quit that, now. You get a-holt of yourself. You wait here. I going to get Versh to walk home with you." Dilsey went out.

We looked at Nancy. Her shoulders kept shaking, but she had quit making the sound. We watched her. "What's Jubah going to do to you?" Caddy said. "He went away."

Nancy looked at us. "We had fun that

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night I stayed in yawls' room, didn't we?"

"I didn't," Jason said. "I didn't have any fun."

"You were asleep," Caddy said. "You were not there."

"Let's go down to my house and have some more fun," Nancy said.

"Mother won't let us," I said. "It's too late now."

"Don't bother her," Nancy said. "We can tell her in the morning. She won't mind."

"She wouldn't let us," I said.

"Don't ask her now," Nancy said. "Don't bother her now."

"They didn't say we couldn't go," Caddy said.

"We didn't ask," I said.

"If you go, I'll tell," Jason said.

"We'll have fun," Nancy said. "They won't mind, just to my house. I been working for yawl a long time. They won't mind."

"I'm not afraid to go," Caddy said. "Jason is the one that's afraid. He'll tell."

"I'm not," Jason said.

"Yes you are," Caddy said. "You'll tell."

"I won't tell," Jason said. "I'm not afraid."

"Jason ain't afraid to go with me," Nancy said. "Is you, Jason?"

"Jason is going to tell," Caddy said. The lane was dark. We passed the pasture gate. "I bet if something was to jump out from behind that gate, Jason would holler."

"I wouldn't," Jason said. We walked down the lane. Nancy was talking loud.

"What are you talking so loud for, Nancy?" Caddy said.

"Who; me?" Nancy said. "Listen at Quentin and Caddy and Jason saying I'm talking loud."

"You talk like there was four of us here," Caddy said. "You talk like father was here too."

"Who; me talking loud, Mr. Jason?" Nancy said.

"Nancy called Jason 'Mister'," Caddy said.

"Listen how Caddy and Quentin and Jason talk," Nancy said.

"We're not talking loud," Caddy said. "You're the one that's talking like father ——"

"Hush," Nancy said; "hush, Mr. Jason."

"Nancy called Jason 'Mister' aguh ——"

"Hush," Nancy said. She was talking loud when we crossed the ditch and stooped through the fence where she used to stoop through with the clothes on her head. Then we came to her house. We were going fast then. She opened the door. The smell of the house was like the lamp and the smell of Nancy was like the wick, like they were waiting for one another to smell. She lit the lamp and closed the door and put the bar up. Then she quit talking loud, looking at us.

"What're we going to do?" Caddy said.

"What you all want to do?" Nancy said.

"You said we would have some fun," Caddy said.

There was something about Nancy's house; something you could smell. Jason smelled it, even. "I don't want to stay here," he said. "I want to go home."

"Go home, then," Caddy said.

"I don't want to go by myself," Jason said.

"We're going to have some fun," Nancy said.

"How?" Caddy said.

Nancy stood by the door. She was looking at us, only it was like she had emptied her eyes, like she had quit using them.

"What do you want to do?" she said.

"Tell us a story," Caddy said. "Can you tell a story?"

"Yes," Nancy said.

"Tell it," Caddy said. We looked at

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Nancy. "You don't know any stories," Caddy said.

"Yes," Nancy said. "Yes I do."

She came and sat down in a chair before the hearth. There was some fire there; she built it up; it was already hot. You didn't need a fire. She built a good blaze. She told a story. She talked like her eyes looked, like her eyes watching us and her voice talking to us did not belong to her. Like she was living somewhere else, waiting somewhere else. She was outside the house. Her voice was there and the shape of her, the Nancy that could stoop under the fence with the bundle of clothes balanced as though without weight, like a balloon, on her head, was there. But that was all. "And so this here queen come walking up to the ditch, where that bad man was hiding. She was walking up the ditch, and she say, 'If I can just get past this here ditch,' was what she say. . . ."

"What ditch?" Caddy said. "A ditch like that one out there? Why did the queen go into the ditch?"

"To get to her house," Nancy said. She looked at us. "She had to cross that ditch to get home."

"Why did she want to go home?" Caddy said.

IV

Nancy looked at us. She quit talking. She looked at us. Jason's legs stuck straight out of his pants, because he was little. "I don't think that's a good story," he said. "I want to go home."

"Maybe we had better," Caddy said. She got up from the floor. "I bet they are looking for us right now." She went toward the door.

"No," Nancy said. "Don't open it." She got up quick and passed Caddy. She didn't touch the door, the wooden bar.

"Why not?" Caddy said.

"Come back to the lamp," Nancy said. "We'll have fun. You don't have to go."

"We ought to go," Caddy said. "Unless we have a lot of fun." She and Nancy came back to the fire, the lamp.

"I want to go home," Jason said. "I'm going to tell."

"I know another story," Nancy said. She stood close to the lamp. She looked at Caddy, like when your eyes look up at a stick balanced on your nose. She had to look down to see Caddy, but her eyes looked like that, like when you are balancing a stick.

"I won't listen to it," Jason said. "I'll bang on the floor."

"It's a good one," Nancy said. "It's better than the other one."

"What's it about?" Caddy said. Nancy was standing by the lamp. Her hand was on the lamp, against the light, long and brown.

"Your hand is on that hot globe," Caddy said. "Don't it feel hot to your hand?"

Nancy looked at her hand on the lamp chimney. She took her hand away, slow. She stood there, looking at Caddy, wringing her long hand as though it were tied to her wrist with a string.

"Let's do something else," Caddy said.

"I want to go home," Jason said.

"I got some popcorn," Nancy said. She looked at Caddy and then at Jason and then at me and then at Caddy again. "I got some popcorn."

"I don't like popcorn," Jason said. "I'd rather have candy."

Nancy looked at Jason. "You can hold the popper." She was still wringing her hand; it was long and limp and brown.

"All right," Jason said. "I'll stay a while if I can do that. Caddy can't hold it. I'll want to go home, if Caddy holds the popper."

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Nancy built up the fire. "Look at Nancy putting her hands in the fire," Caddy said. "What's the matter with you, Nancy?"

"I got popcorn," Nancy said. "I got some." She took the popper from under the bed. It was broken. Jason began to cry.

"We can't have any popcorn," he said.

"We ought to go home, anyway," Caddy said. "Come on, Quentin."

"Wait," Nancy said; "wait. I can fix it. Don't you want to help me fix it?"

"I don't think I want any," Caddy said. "It's too late now."

"You help me, Jason," Nancy said. "Don't you want to help me?"

"No," Jason said. "I want to go home."

"Hush," Nancy said; "hush. Watch. Watch me. I can fix it so Jason can hold it and pop the corn." She got a piece of wire and fixed the popper.

"It won't hold good," Caddy said.

"Yes it will," Nancy said. "Yawl watch. Yawl help me shell the corn."

The corn was under the bed too. We shelled it into the popper and Nancy helped Jason hold the popper over the fire.

"It's not popping," Jason said. "I want to go home."

"You wait," Nancy said. "It'll begin to pop. We'll have fun then." She was sitting close to the fire. The lamp was turned up so high it was beginning to smoke.

"Why don't you turn it down some?" I said.

"It's all right," Nancy said. "I'll clean it. Yawl wait. The popcorn will start in a minute."

"I don't believe it's going to start," Caddy said. "We ought to go home, anyway. They'll be worried."

"No," Nancy said. "It's going to pop. Dilsey will tell um yawl with me. I been working for yawl long time. They won't mind if you at my house. You wait, now. It'll start popping in a minute."

Then Jason got some smoke in his eyes and he began to cry. He dropped the popper into the fire. Nancy got a wet rag and wiped Jason's face, but he didn't stop crying.

"Hush," she said. "Hush." He didn't hush. Caddy took the popper out of the fire.

"It's burned up," she said. "You'll have to get some more popcorn, Nancy."

"Did you put all of it in?" Nancy said.

"Yes," Caddy said. Nancy looked at Caddy. Then she took the popper and opened it and poured the blackened popcorn into her apron and began to sort the grains, her hands long and brown, and we watching her.

"Haven't you got any more?" Caddy said.

"Yes," Nancy said; "yes. Look. This here ain't burnt. All we need to do is——"

"I want to go home," Jason said. "I'm going to tell."

"Hush," Caddy said. We all listened. Nancy's head was already turned toward the barred door, her eyes filled with red lamplight. "Somebody is coming," Caddy said.

Then Nancy began to make that sound again, not loud, sitting there above the fire, her long hands dangling between her knees; all of a sudden water began to come out on her face in big drops, running down her face, carrying in each one a little turning ball of firelight until it dropped off her chin.

"She's not crying," I said.

"I ain't crying," Nancy said. Her eyes were closed. "I ain't crying. Who is it?"

"I don't know," Caddy said. She went to the door and looked out. "We've got to go home now," she said. "Here comes father."

"I'm going to tell," Jason said. "You all made me come."

The water still ran down Nancy's face.

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She turned in her chair. "Listen. Tell him. Tell him we going to have fun. Tell him I take good care of yawl until in the morning. Tell him to let me come home with yawl and sleep on the floor. Tell him I won't need no pallet. We'll have fun. You remember last time how we had so much fun?"

"I didn't have any fun," Jason said. "You hurt me. You put smoke in my eyes."

V

Father came in. He looked at us. Nancy did not get up.

"Tell him," she said.

"Caddy made us come down here," Jason said. "I didn't want to."

Father came to the fire. Nancy looked up at him. "Can't you go to Aunt Rachel's and stay?" he said. Nancy looked up at father, her hands between her knees. "He's not here," father said. "I would have seen. There wasn't a soul in sight."

"He in the ditch," Nancy said. "He waiting in the ditch yonder."

"Nonsense," father said. He looked at Nancy. "Do you know he's there?"

"I got the sign," Nancy said.

"What sign?"

"I got it. It was on the table when I come in. It was a hog bone, with blood meat still on it, laying by the lamp. He's out there. When yawl walk out that door, I gone."

"Who's gone, Nancy?" Caddy said.

"I'm not a tattletale," Jason said.

"Nonsense," father said.

"He out there," Nancy said. "He looking through that window this minute, waiting for yawl to go. Then I gone."

"Nonsense," father said. "Lock up your house and we'll take you on to Aunt Rachel's."

" 'Twon't do no good," Nancy said. She didn't look at father now, but he looked down at her, at her long, limp, moving hands.

"Putting it off won't do no good."

"Then what do you want to do?" father said.

"I don't know," Nancy said. "I can't do nothing. Just put it off. And that don't do no good. I reckon it belong to me. I reckon what I going to get ain't no more than mine."

"Get what?" Caddy said. "What's yours?"

"Nothing," father said. "You all must get to bed."

"Caddy made me come," Jason said.

"Go on to Aunt Rachel's," father said.

"It won't do no good," Nancy said. She sat before the fire, her elbows on her knees, her long hands between her knees. "When even your own kitchen wouldn't do no good. When even if I was sleeping on the floor in the room with your own children, and the next morning there I am, and blood all ——"

"Hush," father said. "Lock the door and put the lamp out and go to bed."

"I scared of the dark," Nancy said. "I scared for it to happen in the dark."

"You mean you're going to sit right here, with the lamp lighted?" father said. Then Nancy began to make the sound again, sitting before the fire, her long hands between her knees. "Ah, damnation," father said. "Come along, chillen. It's bedtime."

"When yawl go, I gone," Nancy said. "I be dead tomorrow. I done had saved up the coffin money with Mr. Lovelady ——"

Mr. Lovelady was a short, dirty man who collected the Negro insurance, coming around to the cabins and the kitchens every Saturday morning, to collect fifteen cents. He and his wife lived in the hotel. One morning his wife committed suicide.

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They had a child, a little girl. After his wife committed suicide Mr. Lovelady and the child went away. After a while Mr. Lovelady came back. We would see him going down the lanes on Saturday morning. He went to the Baptist church.

Father carried Jason on his back. We went out Nancy's door; she was sitting before the fire. "Come and put the bar up," father said. Nancy didn't move. She didn't look at us again. We left her there, sitting before the fire with the door opened, so that it wouldn't happen in the dark.

"What, father?" Caddy said. "Why is Nancy scared of Jubah? What is Jubah going to do to her?"

"Jubah wasn't there," Jason said.

"No," father said. "He's not there. He's gone away."

"Who is it that's waiting in the ditch?" Caddy said. We looked at the ditch. We came to it, where the path went down into the thick vines and went up again.

"Nobody," father said.

There was just enough moon to see by. The ditch was vague, thick, quiet. "If he's there, he can see us, can't he?" Caddy said.

"You made me come," Jason said on father's back. "I didn't want to."

The ditch was quite still, quite empty, massed with honeysuckle. We couldn't see Jubah, any more than we could see Nancy sitting there in her house, with the door open and the lamp burning, because she didn't want it to happen in the dark. "I just done got tired," Nancy said. "I just a nigger. It ain't no fault of mine."

But we could still hear her. She began as soon as we were out of the house, sitting there above the fire, her long brown hands between her knees. We could still hear her when we had crossed the ditch, Jason high and close and little about father's head.

Then we had crossed the ditch, walking out of Nancy's life. Then her life was sitting there with the door open and the lamp lit, waiting, and the ditch between us and us going on, the white people going on, dividing the impinged lives of us and Nancy.

"Who will do our washing now, father?" I said.

"I'm not a nigger," Jason said on father's shoulders.

"You're worse," Caddy said, "you are a tattletale. If something was to jump out, you'd be scairder than a nigger."

"I wouldn't," Jason said.

"You'd cry," Caddy said.

"Caddy!" father said.

"I wouldn't," Jason said.

"Scairy cat," Caddy said.

"Candace!" father said.

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NEMESIS RUNS AMUCK

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

"Dear God, send me a hanging prosecutor and a hanging judge!" should be the prayer of the criminal awaiting trial in almost any of our State courts today. There is always a chance—and a good one—that the State, in its zeal to convict, may become the defendant's most effective advocate by violating the rules of the game and thus furnishing grounds for the reversal of the case on appeal.

During the ten years from 1917 to 1927, 41% of the criminal cases appealed to the Supreme Court of Illinois were reversed; and during a similar period in Missouri (1914 to 1924), the percentage of criminal reversals was 43.6%. Standing alone these figures mean nothing. But analysis discloses that in Illinois more than three-fifths of the reversals, and in Missouri more than two-thirds, were due to the misconduct or ignorance of the prosecutor, or the trial judge, or both.

By misconduct I mean any and all of the familiar devices by which a prosecutor, if the court permits, will work upon the prejudices of the jury: the flagrant use of innuendo and sarcasm during the trial, the introduction of improper evidence, the coercion of witnesses, unfair cross-examination, and inflammatory appeals during the closing argument.

Some errors, such as giving improper instructions to the jury, or refusing to give proper ones, may be attributed to the incompetence or ignorance of the trial judge —an ignorance which is usually inexcusable, as instructions in criminal cases have been fairly well standardized.

The popular belief that most reversals are due to technicalities or an over-refinement of reasoning on the part of the appellate tribunals is not confirmed by a study of the criminal reports. It is true (especially in Illinois) that some defendants have been saved from hanging by the neck or a sojourn in the penitentiary because the Supreme Court of the State has thought, for instance, that the name Philip Holdburg charged as the criminal in the indictment did not sufficiently refer to the man on trial, whose name was Philip Goldberg; or because it was charged that the defendant had obtained money through a confidence game from one Rapan Manian when the real victim was Rapan Mananianian; or, as in another case, because the jury found the accused guilty of an *attempt to commit* larceny when the evidence showed that the actual crime of larceny had been consummated.

But hair-splitting of this sort is infrequent and offers much less of an opportunity for the criminal to escape punishment than a headstrong and violent prosecutor who is ready, willing and able to blast the defendant's character from Arson to Zoster whether the evidence justifies it or not. Even such mild epithets as calling a defendant in a bigamy case "a sugar-loaved, squirrel-headed Dutchman," or denouncing him as "a skunk, a villain and a dirty coward," or "a Hun, a vile can-

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cer suppurating on the shoulder of humanity," or promising that "the demons of Hell are going to recognize and rejuvenate themselves and put him at their head and rejoice when he gets to Hell, for that's where he's going"—may result in the reversal of a conviction.

The shrewd felon will, in fact, scheme for his ultimate freedom by retaining a lawyer who is sort of forensic *banderillero*, adept at pinning verbal darts in the ego of the prosecutor. A state's attorney, properly baited, is likely to bellow defiance and charge head down, regardless of the rules of trial practice. A few excesses on his part may very well operate as reversible error.

It may be equally effective to play upon the frailties of the trial judge until he betrays a partisan attitude against the defendant. This should be done, however, with due finesse, as obvious impertinences may be properly rebuked by the court. The skilful tactician will direct the judge's anger against his client rather than himself, which is not hard to do if you can once get him started. Many a trial judge has an almost uncontrollable impulse to put not merely his finger but his whole hand in the pie. According to Judge Joseph E. Gary, remembered in Illinois for his keenness and common sense:

> One of the greatest difficulties of a *nisi prius* judge is to keep his mouth shut. I had twenty-five years' experience of it. Many judgments have been reversed in this State because the judge talked too much.

But why should reviewing courts be so solicitous over the treatment of thieves and gunmen? Why not let the prosecutor and judge run them through the legal mill without interference and dump them in jail where they belong? The layman is apt to forget that every defendant is presumed to be innocent until he is proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. No man is a criminal until he has been tried and convicted, no matter how damning the State's evidence may be against him. This doctrine is still technically the law of the land, although the tolerated activities of police and Prohibition agents would indicate that it will soon fall into the discard.

Our upper courts, perhaps quixotically, have held to the ideal of a fair and impartial trial in which the prosecutor is supposed to present the evidence against the accused vigorously and honestly, but without exaggeration or distortion, the trial judge acting only as an umpire charged with seeing that the game is played within certain prescribed rules, it being his duty to refer the evidence to the jury without permitting his own temper, temperament or bias to influence them. But the average prosecutor has little patience with this ideal. He is out to win, and in the heat of trial he is strongly inclined to carry the jury by fair means or foul, especially when he is opposed by hardy and unscrupulous attorneys for the defense. The trial judge too often is the prosecutor's accessory and coadjutor.

II

But the more violent, personal and lawless the prosecutor becomes, the more should the guilty defendant rejoice. If he can arouse the prosecutor's racial or religious prejudice, he is exceptionally fortunate; that is, if he has enough money to appeal from an adverse verdict. In a Mississippi case the district attorney said of the defendant:

> She is a Negro; look at her skin. If she is not a Negro, I don't want to convict her.

The jury agreed with him and convicted

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her of being black, but the case was reversed on appeal.

In Tennessee some white witnesses, who had the temerity to testify on behalf of a Negro, brought down upon themselves a tirade from the State's attorney:

> But even at that I have more respect for these nigger witnesses than I have for these two white men who have volunteered to come here and testify in favor of a nigger that he has a good reputation.

A protest from the defendant's attorney merely set off more fireworks:

> What I have said about these two witnesses goes. I would say the same about any white man that would come into court to testify in favor of a nigger if I was going to Hell the next minute. The State has nothing to withdraw and nothing to apologize for.

As the trial judge had made no serious efforts to restrain this outburst, the conviction of the defendant (who may have been guilty) was reversed.

A Texas prosecutor warned the jury:

> When once his [the Negro defendant's] desire for white blood arises, nothing can satiate his bloodthirstiness.

And he congratulated his fellow citizens for refraining from a lynching party.

> Inasmuch as the good citizens of Grand Prairie restrained and withheld themselves until the trial of this case, it is your duty to bring in the death penalty.

It speaks well for the higher courts of the South that they have consistently condemned such tactics and will reverse almost any conviction where it appears that a Negro was unfairly treated.

But for some prosecutors the temptation to stigmatize the accused as a pariah because he belongs to a racial or religious minority is irresistible. A defendant charged with perjury in a bankruptcy case was lucky enough to be prosecuted by a district attorney who said that he did not care how many Jews the defendant brought there to testify, or what they swore to, that he believed that the soldier boy (witness for the prosecution) swore to the truth. The jury agreed with the district attorney, but the conviction was reversed.

Similarly an Oklahoma conviction for larceny was reversed because the prosecutor misquoted Scripture:

> We all know the way of the Jews' dealings in business. These are God's chosen people who the Bible says shall gather into their arms all the wealth of the world.

A Chinaman on trial for robbery in California was asked by the attorney for the People whether he had kidnapped the woman he was living with or mortgaged her body, and whether he was not what is known among Chinamen as a hatchet man. Inasmuch as there was no evidence to support such questions, his conviction was reversed.

There is a wide variance of opinion as to the proper limits to a State's attorney's denunciation of the *defendant*, but insults directed at his *attorney* are almost always legally unpardonable. In a case where an assistant district attorney called the defendant's counsel "the attorney for the pickpocket trust and even a pickpocket himself," the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court held that the jury should have been discharged and a new trial granted.

So in Illinois a State's attorney assisted the defendant by saying to the jury:

> It is said that it takes a thief to catch a thief, and it can now be said that it takes a framer and fixer to help a framer and fixer. I apply this to the worthy gentleman who has just spoken. [One of the defendant's lawyers.]

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Another happy custom which wins reversals for some defendants is a gratuitous attack on the character of his witnesses. In a Michigan case two doctors had testified on behalf of a defendant accused of attacking a girl. They threw discredit on her story because of certain psychopathic symptoms she had shown. This was too much for the prosecutor, who disposed of their evidence with elaborate sarcasm:

> Now, I would say, gentlemen, if those two doctors were to put on a stunt like that in a vaudeville show they would go over big . . . We all pay taxes for universities and they turn out things like that. I ask you, gentlemen, what chance a girl has to defend herself against such testimony? And I tell you that those two doctors are worse than the Indian medicine men or Negro voodoos. How any man can so prostitute his profession and come in here and swear to such statements as that in a court of justice is beyond me.

But it was not beyond the State Supreme Court, which gave the convicted defendant another chance.

A prosecutor with a sense of melodrama is usually a boon to the defendant, as well as to the weary jury. For example, the State's attorney in a Missouri murder case who actually waved a bloody shirt, saying:

> And for further evidence in this case, here is the shirt where they [the bullets] came out, corresponding with the same holes in the coat, and there is one in the small of the back. [Indicating.] There is the shirt, and as my friend Judge Gosson says, "after one man's lips are closed," but not only being closed, here is one whose lips are closed and left this blood-stained shirt for evidence as he went his way . . .
>
> And the next witness was John Standfield, the fellow with the brush heap on his face, that admitted he was drunk down here yesterday and left a pint of liquor down here . . . and was run out by the janitor.
>
> THE DEFENDANT'S ATTORNEY—Wait a minute. He didn't admit he was drunk.
>
> THE COURT—No, Mr. Stiles, he didn't admit he was drunk.

The waving of a bloody shirt will generally convict anybody. It worked in this case, but the conviction didn't stand, because the shirt had not been admitted in evidence, which made it wholly improper for the prosecutor to use it as he did.

In another Missouri murder case, the State's attorney brought in the mother, father and sister of the slain man, wearing deep mourning, and sat them close to the jury throughout the trial. During the closing argument the prosecutor turned to the mother who laid her head in her daughter's arms and sobbed, while the father fanned them. The court reporter says that "no objection was made by the defendant's counsel to the weeping," but he did object to the staging of the drama and to the prosecutor's sonorous lines:

> No more, men of the jury, no longer will Earl Williams work in the Jacksonville Coal Company mine . . . No more can he go home to his father, mother and sister . . . It is your solemn duty . . . [to bring in a death verdict] because he sniffed out the life of a fellow man and sent him before the judgment bar of God and rushed his soul from the earth with the snap of a trigger. Oh, men, *vindicate the blood of Earl Williams*!

The State Supreme Court, in reversing the defendant's conviction, said: "This stage performance would more befit a theatre than a court of justice," and characterized the prosecutor's harangue as "intemperate, violent and bloodthirsty, and in strange contrast to the humane spirit of the law, which presumes the defendant to be innocent until his guilt is proven beyond a reasonable doubt."

But an ambitious prosecutor usually yields to the temptation of providing the spectacle which the public craves. His talent need not be confined to murder trials.

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Any picturesque situation may offer opportunities. Witness, for instance, the case of the People *v.* Bimbo—a modern tale of the Romany Rye. No gypsy vans, campfires, fortune-telling, kidnapping or operations by *comprachicos*, but plenty of atmosphere and intrigue nevertheless.

Bimbo was king of the gypsies in Chicago. He had a marriageable daughter, perhaps beautiful—the unromantic court reporter doesn't say. King Bimbo was haled into court by a woman who complained that he had tricked her out of $2,250, which she gave him as part of a dowry for the proposed marriage of her son to the Princess Bimbo. But the marriage never took place. "It's a frame-up," Bimbo declared. "Her son brutally attacked my daughter. She's trying to scare me out of bringing charges against him."

It is not surprising that the trial developed into a battle royal between opposing counsel. The assistant State's attorney succeeded in getting a verdict of guilty but it was a futile triumph, for the case was reversed because of his insulting manner toward defense counsel and his intemperate language—among other things. Some of his oratory will survive as an example of the theatrical fervor which the upper courts condemn:

> This man [meaning the defendant] who holds himself as the king of these poor, dumb, driven animals; this man who comes here in American clothes and who not only offers his daughter on the ladder of avarice, as I said before, but came in here and exposed to the world what he claims is the shame of himself. I cannot conceive of anything lower or a heart more blackguardly than this man, and I cannot conceive of reputable members of this bar, practicing here for thirty years, who will go up and bellow at the top of their lungs that this case is a frame-up by the State when he knows unquestionably what his client is doing.

In this case, as in most of the others cited, the prosecutor's misconduct was tolerated, though perhaps not approved, by the trial judge. Sometimes, however, the judge goes further than mere tacit assent and indulges in cracking the whip himself over the defendant or his lawyer. It is true enough that defense counsel are usually a rough and irritating lot. They have devious ways and means of obstructing the machinery of the law. But the judge who indicates his impatience, unless it is obviously justified, is working right into the hands of the defense.

One judge paved the way for a reversal by telling the defendant's attorney in the presence of the jury: "You have forfeited all the rights a man ever had in a court-room to ask that question." And again: "You will be taken from the court-room, Mr. H—, if you don't stop talking; go ahead and ask your questions."

And in another trial the court continually ragged a hard-working attorney thus:

> THE COURT—Your cross-examination has not been to the point.
>
> COUNSEL—Do I understand the court to say we don't know what we are doing?
>
> THE COURT—You certainly do not.

And further:

> THE COURT—That is not material; let's get along.
>
> COUNSEL—If I can't ask him a question ——
>
> THE COURT—We are going through this morning.
>
> COUNSEL—Well, if ——
>
> THE COURT—If you are going to ask a question, ask it now, and no more back talk.

This lawyer, however, in spite of the court's opinion turned out to be good, good enough at least to arouse the Supreme Court's sympathy for his client. The conviction was reversed in an opinion severely criticising the trial judge.

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Now and then the putative Jehovahs of the bench unintentionally intervene on behalf of a defendant by making him the butt of personal indignation. A New York judge, for instance, invited a reversal by saying:

> Mr. District Attorney, how can we hold this man for perjury so that he can go on his way to Sing Sing? I am sick and tired of the things like that that are entrusted with taxicabs. God help the poor fare that goes into a taxicab operated by a man like that. He would rob him or do anything to him. He is the perfect type of the taxicab robbers of Greater New York that are worse than all the thieves of Europe . . . I hope that you will never see the light of day except behind bars in Sing Sing prison.

III

In the foregoing instances it is apparent that Nemesis ran wildly amuck. The public avenger, instead of sticking to the rôle of relentless pursuing fate, went loco and slashed about him wildly. But the reader (especially if he be a prosecuting attorney) may protest that I have painted too lurid a picture, that the cases mentioned are only isolated instances among thousands tried and that similar misconduct is not widespread or common.

Maybe—perhaps—

Consider, however, the opinion of so sober a journal as the *Harvard Law Review*, which in February, 1929, after a review of a number of cases, commented:

> The most striking feature of these cases is the lawless conduct of prosecutors and judges and the ignorance or perversity which their rulings and instructions portray. Nor are these novel manifestations or isolated instances; the Illinois reports, and others also, bear ample testimony to that. An appellate tribunal has no choice but to reverse convictions when trial judges abuse their discretion, examine witnesses in a hostile manner, disregard fundamental constitutional rights or elementary principles of fairness, tacitly approve the prosecutor's improper conduct, or commit travesties on justice. State's attorneys cannot protest against reversals when they conduct themselves in a grossly unprofessional manner and ask obviously incompetent questions merely to create prejudice against the defendant. The Supreme Court is not unreasonable in its attitude toward improper remarks; yet it has had to remind judges and prosecutors, not once, but many times, that there is not one law for the innocent and another for the guilty.

Unfortunately, statistical data are only scattering. In West Virginia during a period of thirty years, 256 criminal cases out of a total of 417 were reversed. This seems like a large proportion, but it does not mean very much because it does not appear how many times the Supreme Court of the State refused to grant a writ of error, which is one way of affirming a conviction in West Virginia.

In California, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York the percentage of reversals in criminal cases in recent years is much lower than in Illinois or Missouri. Whether this is due to a higher standard on the part of the prosecuting forces or to a greater severity toward the defendant in the upper courts it would be impossible to determine without a painstaking study of all the cases.

The prosecutors, of course, will point out that the number of cases reversed for the misconduct of the prosecutor or judge is relatively small compared with the total number tried. This is true. We have no check upon the conduct of the prosecutor in cases not appealed. It may have been admirable. On the other hand the failure of a convicted defendant to appeal is not proof that he had a fair trial. It often means merely that he could not pay his lawyer for going further.

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The prosecutors are also inclined to attribute the frequency of reversals to a fussy and spinsterish attitude on the part of the upper courts. In that I believe they are wrong. The attitude of the reviewing courts has been fully written down. It is a rule often reiterated that no conviction will be reversed for the misconduct of a judge or prosecutor unless such misconduct apparently affected the verdict. There is a wide range of opinion among courts as to what will or will not influence the jury to the prejudice of the defendant. Where the evidence is strong against the accused, the prosecutor may safely indulge in a little vituperation. Thus the Wisconsin Supreme Court sanctioned the following attack by the attorney for the People:

> Call that man a man? Yes, I will call him a man because it would be an insult to a brute to call him a brute. Why, he would get down on the grass and wiggle around on his belly with the snakes, he would get down and crawl with the snakes and let them spit in his face and spit venom on his body.

In another court or in another case such zeal might have been severely reprimanded. Our courts in this respect (as in many others) operate on principles of relativity, permitting the prosecutor as much latitude rhetorically as may seem consistent with the evidence in the case on trial.

IV

A great deal may, of course, be said to extenuate the transgressions of prosecuting attorneys. They are dealing constantly with a race of criminal lawyers who are shrewd, daring and often unscrupulous. In the rush and turmoil of investigation, preparation and trial it is easy to lose sight of the refinements of practice. Only a prosecutor of extraordinary character could keep strictly to the standards of conduct prescribed for him by the upper courts; and if he succeeded in doing so, his political career would soon be ended. His conduct is dictated principally by expediency—the expediency of serving the people in the way which they demand. His misdeeds are their misdeeds.

In fact, the tendency of prosecutors and trial judges to procure convictions—as many as possible, at any cost—is significant only because it is symptomatic of the public's attitude toward crime and criminals.

A committee of the American Bar Association, appointed to investigate the Lawless Enforcement of Law, emphasized this fundamental difficulty when it said in its report at the last annual meeting of the association:

> We are a lawless people. Crime exists among us to an extent unknown in Great Britain, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, France and Germany. And our lawlessness is not an acute, but a chronic disease. It is an old ulcer of which no doctor can say how or when, if ever, it will be healed.[1]

And being lawless by nature or tradition or whatever the cause may be, we are also lawless in our attempts to suppress lawlessness. Our extra-legal practices in administering the criminal law begin with the activities of the police, sheriffs and Prohibition agents, extend through the entire machinery of our courts, and continue even after the defendant is duly, or unduly, convicted and lodged in prison, for he may still be burned to death through official negligence or shot by feeble-minded guards—as happened in Ohio.

The Committee on the Lawless Enforcement of Law directed its attention principally to illegal arrests and seizures

[1] Report to the Section of Criminal Law and Criminology of the American Bar Association, August 19, 1930.

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and to the use of third degree methods in extorting confessions. "We are not sentimentalists," said the committee. "We don't believe in coddling men accused of crime." But, tough-minded though they were, the members of this committee were appalled by the wide-spread use of the sweat box, rubber hose, water cure and other forms of torture by officers of the law throughout the United States.

We should, no doubt, be thankful that civilization has advanced somewhat since the days when the Iron Maiden, the spiked cradle, the wheel, the rack and the thumbscrew contributed to the amusement of magistrates and jailers. Our ferocity in this respect has abated. We now rely on comparatively milder methods of giving a prisoner "the works." It has been found that depriving him of food and sleep is one of the quickest ways of destroying his morale and making him "come clean." Such a régime, combined with continual, relentless questioning by relays of examiners, will break down the most stubborn resistance. It was effective in the case of Wan, a Chinaman, charged with murder:

> Wan was taken into custody in New York City February 1 and brought to Washington. . . . He was ill at the time. He was taken to a secluded room in Washington and grilled five or six hours by officers. Late in the evening of the first day in Washington he was taken to a hotel, but not registered, put in a room where he was detained one week, all the time ill, most of the time in bed. He was attended by a police surgeon as physician, was not allowed to see his brother who was held in another room in the same hotel. Day and night at least one policeman was on guard in Wan's room, in shifts of eight hours each which were from midnight to 8 A.M. and 4 P.M. Morning, noon and evening, and once after midnight Wan was visited by the superintendent of police or one or more detectives, or both superintendent and detective, and interrogated in persistent lengthy and repeated cross-examinations, sometimes subtle, sometimes severe, always with a view to trapping him into a confession. When these visitors came, the guard was placed outside the closed door. On the eighth day a detective was present all day. In the evening Wan was taken to the Mission [at which the homicide involved was committed] and for ten consecutive hours he was led from floor to floor to examine and reëxamine the scene of the crime, give explanations and answer questions. From 7 P.M. to 5 A.M. the questioning continued without a moment of sleep. On the ninth day he was taken to the station house and placed under arrest, and the examination was resumed. On the tenth day, again at the Mission, he was questioned for hours. On the eleventh day he was questioned at the station. On the twelfth day, a typewritten report of the interrogation was given him to sign, and he signed it.

But Wan's signature to a document obtained in this fashion had no weight as an admission of guilt in the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, which reversed his conviction.

Prosecuting attorneys, as well as the police and sheriff's officers, have been known to participate in coercive methods, but they are usually careful to avoid any semblance of the use of physical force, playing rather upon the natural fears and terrors of the suspect. This technique is in high favor because it gets results without leaving any tell-tale marks or bruises, although sometimes a report of such an inquisition reaches judicial ears. In a Texas case, the defendant succeeded in presenting the following facts for review before an appellate tribunal:

> The county attorney testified that he told the defendant, a woman, that a mob of white folks would get her if she didn't sign the confession, that the mob was waiting outside. After her statement was written she declined to sign it, whereupon she was again told that a mob was coming. One of the officers took her to a window and

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pointed out a place close to the jail where persons had been hung. One of the officers told her that if she didn't sign the statement a mob would swing her to the big limb. The county attorney testified that the sheriff and deputy sheriff and himself brought the woman to the sheriff's office, told her that they already had enough evidence to justify a jury in breaking her neck; that if she would confess they would try to make it light for her. . . . "One of us suggested that the white folks were getting wrought up over the killing and unless she told a different story they might come in and take charge of it. Something was said about a mob. She begged us to protect her from the mob, but the sheriff told her that unless she would come clean and tell a different story he did not feel inclined to give her any protection. It was after many threats were made before we were able to get her to tell anything that would coincide with the confession of Birdie Green. She never did tell a connected story, but I would ask her questions and she would answer. Finally our patience was about exhausted, and the sheriff took her to a window and pointed out the water-tower and asked her if she knew what it could be used for. There was something else said about a mob about that time, too."

She signed a confession (who wouldn't under the circumstances?) but her conviction was set aside.

The beating and manhandling of prisoners, however, is still the average officer's first resort. He honestly believes that if a man is guilty (and why should he be under arrest if he isn't?) you can knock the truth out of him. And if the prisoner gets pretty badly banged up in the process, he has only his own stubbornness to blame. This attitude is even current in the orderly state of Wisconsin, where the Supreme Court had to reverse a conviction based on a confession obtained by the following methods:

A physician testified that in company with two other persons, one of them a physician, he examined the defendant at the county jail. There were marks on the right arm, marks on the left side from shoulder down to the edge of the ribs; the left arm was bruised to the elbow, and below the elbow toward the wrist left arm was swollen, tissues of back somewhat swollen, bruises on the buttocks. . . . Defendant must have suffered extremely. . . . The condition of his back, right arm, buttocks, must have been brought about by severe hurt. There was testimony that one of the officers on being asked if he had heard of the Lang confession remarked, "Didn't I help knock it out of him?" That when a lady told him she had heard he had helped beat him up he replied, "Well, maybe I did; what we ought to have done would be to kill him." This officer said, "They accused me of beating him up, and I said Yes. And to avoid an argument I gave them the benefit of the doubt and says Yes." Another officer on being asked if they had beat him up said, "We tapped him a couple of times," and another time said, "Yes, they had to use the clubs on him." This officer said the defendant got kind of thirsty about 3 o'clock and asked for a drink of water. . . . From 11 o'clock at night the ordeal of questioning began . . . at times defendant complained that he was thirsty and faint. He was subjected to the third degree inquisition until 4 o'clock. No evidence of resistance at any time. . . .

But such proceedings are not peculiar to any one State. Similar cases can be cited from every jurisdiction. A Texas Torquemada, for instance, obtained a "free and voluntary" confession in this way:

Defendant was denied communication with friends, relatives or attorneys. On his arrest was brought to the jail; denied any connection with the offense; was then whipped by the sheriff who used a leather strap about 2½ feet long with some strips of leather sewed on the end. He was whipped all over the head, shoulders and neck, and there remained scars on his body and head. These scars were exhibited. Testimony about them was given by a doctor and another witness. The injuries to his arm, he said, prevented its use for months

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and caused him to swell up so that he could not lie on his side for several months. He was whipped with the side of the strap and the butt end of it, nearly killed, and when he came to they were kicking him in the side; that his head still gave pain and swelled up. The swelling was verified by other witnesses. The county attorney said: "He [the defendant] was whipped by Mr. Plot in my presence. A strap was used with a wooden handle on it. He was whipped there a little while, I don't know, three, four or five minutes possibly."

V

Naturally only the most flagrant instances of cruel and oppressive treatment are likely to find their way into the court records. The extent to which minor brutalities are indulged in by officers of the law will never be known. In asserting that such practices are habitual and common we must base the allegation mainly "upon information and belief." The victims themselves may occasionally complain, but not too loudly, for fear of reprisals. If an innocent prisoner is held *incommunicado* for days without being booked or charged with any specific crime, if he is bullied and browbeaten, if his home is broken into and searched without a warrant, he is nevertheless inclined to keep his mouth shut in the hope of thereafter staying clear of the fearful processes known to him as "the law." Sometimes, however, a hard-boiled official, like former Chief of Police Hughes of Chicago, will frankly express the attitude of the *gendarmerie*:

> You can't pamper a criminal with cream puffs. That's the trouble with all these so-called reformers and criminologists and social workers. They want to protect the criminal and kick the police. I'm for protecting the police and kicking the criminal.

In all their multifarious activities, lawful and unlawful, the police and prosecutors are merely playing the rôles in which the public has cast them. Crime stalks the stage with the hound-dogs of the law yapping hysterically after him. He is the lurid, but alluring, villain of an endless serial melodrama. No one really wants it to end: for we are all fascinated by the horror, the suspense, and the heroics of the tawdry spectacle.

Of course, when our sense of personal security is shaken by "crime waves" or "gang killings," we send up a howl that something ought to be done about it, invoking the three almighty R's—Righteousness, Revenge and Retribution. But it is all part and parcel of the same big show.

The officials charged with the detection and capture of criminals keep their ears to the ground. When they hear rumblings of Righteousness, they stage wholesale raids and clean-ups, during which the professional criminal, like Br'er Fox, will "lay low and say nuffin'." When the furore dies down he creeps quietly back to his business.

On March 3, 1930, a Chicago newspaper reported a round-up by the police of 868 prisoners in twenty-four hours. Only three "big shots" were included, and they were soon turned loose, along with most of the others, for lack of evidence against them. Gang killings thereafter flourished unabated. Three months later another "crime drive" was commenced, under new management. The results were, of course, identical. Ask any newspaper man (especially in Chicago) how many criminals of major iniquity are netted in a well advertised clean-up and you will get an earful of irreverent laughter.

The police in these forays are not as stupid as they may seem. They are discreetly catering to the popular demand. Even those officers who might otherwise wish to respect the law and retain some

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degree of integrity are driven by the never-ending bally-hoo from press, pulpit and reformers for more arrests, more convictions and more and better punishments. It is small wonder that the hapless suspect who falls into their hands is subjected to the amenities of the coercive confessional.

The prosecutor, even more than the police, must take his cue from the public. He is Nemesis personified. If he flaunts a blood-red necktie at every murder trial, so much the better. His ability is measured by his record of convictions. In fact, in some States he is still paid a bounty for every defendant hanged or jailed. A former State's attorney, now a prominent politician, is said to have collected more than $200,000 of such blood money during four years in office.

Puppets of expediency, the officers of the law spend their lives fighting crime or compromising with it and have little volition of their own. They are creatures of a society which still cherishes Old Testament notions of crime and punishment, while its individual members exercise the prerogative of breaking or evading any law which may conflict with their desires.

The situation, according to the Committee on Lawless Law Enforcement, is serious but not hopeless. The hope, so far as any can be discerned, lies in the chance that an intelligent minority now at work[2] may eventually succeed in changing the public attitude and creating a constructive social consciousness. Such hope requires unbounded optimism.

We shall undoubtedly see many experiments in procedural reform. The abolition of the grand jury, and even the petit jury, has been widely advocated and discussed. These institutions will probably be among the first of our ancient palladia to go. But the change, when it comes, will not stop there. It will also sweep away the offices of the public prosecutor and the trial judge—as they are now constituted.

Our children's children's children may witness the development of a new technique, which will involve a closer liaison between the law and the social sciences, with special emphasis upon the anticipation and prevention of anti-social acts. Under such a system the hopeless misfits would be weeded out by specialists and assigned to useful supervised tasks, or in extreme instances, eliminated altogether via the lethal chamber.

There should be consolation in such a prospect for those who still believe that fear is an effective crime preventive. The "habitual criminal," who at present has only contempt for our imposing array of threatened punishments, would quail before the inexorable processes of a well-organized and civilized society—processes which he could not understand or easily evade. He would be lost and baffled if we should abandon our primitive ideas of revenge and retribution and treat him as a malignant growth to be excised from the social body—dispassionately, yet humanely, without bluster, bullying or rancor.

[2] American Law Institute, the American Judicature Society, the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, the National Crime Commission, the Social Science Research Council, the American Psychiatric Association, the Institute of Law of Johns Hopkins University, and numerous crime commissions, judicial councils and university research departments.

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THE WORSHIP OF THE MACHINE

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

I know no more deplorable programme than the current effort to "humanize" the machine. There is, for the appreciative ironist, a sardonic humor in the attempt; as man becomes more and more systematized, less of a temperament, the factory grows more and more temperamental. The robot, dissatisfied with mere robot efficiency, desires a soul; and the protagonists of the machine, quick to oblige their creature, take away the one thing which distinguishes man from his toy-creations. There is, as I said, something humorous about the transference. The surrender to industrialism—in itself a too-early confession of the defeat of the individual—implies the subservience of man not only to things, but to things he has made without love, uses without thought, and destroys without compunction.

There is, it seems to me, only one further extension of the irony, and that step is being taken—tentatively, it is true—but with a fantastic inevitability. It is this: The machine (so say its proclaimers) is now part of our lives; we are governed by new rhythms, hitherto undreamed-of speeds, angular and incisive patterns. We rise at the metallic summons of the machine, are propelled to our labors by it, are clothed and comforted by its dispensation, live every hour by its powerful and beneficent variety. Since we cannot escape it, let us accept it. And since we must accept it, let us do it, not with futile regrets, but whole-heartedly. Let us, first, understand it. Then—as happens with all the intimate connections of our lives—we can transmute the machine into loveliness, sublimate it through art, employ it in beauty.

Such, in short, is the argument. It is, even on the surface, as fallacious as it is familiar—a pathetic fallacy in the actual as well as the technical sense. To begin with, man is actually no more responsive to the machine than he has ever been. Paraphrasing Whistler, I might say there has never been a machine-conscious people, there has never been a Machine Age. Or, rather, there has always been one. The invention of the wheel by some Neolithic Henry Ford was completely revolutionary—the double entendre is unavoidable—but I doubt if it affected the soul of man any more than the perfection of the engine by Herr Diesel. The chariot speeded-up Egyptian blood no less than the Californian; but not one of all the obelisks, stelæ or papyri mention the profound change in motor power which affected the citizens of Thebes and Karnak.

It is not difficult to guess the reason why the Greeks composed no odes to the loom, why the Latins celebrated the wine but not the wine-press, why the Hebrews sang psalms to the Temple but none to the cranes and pulleys that erected it. The reason is the inherent distrust which man has for his engines of power. It is a distrust which springs from a dislike for the

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mechanisms he employs and which he feels, with instinctive certainty, employ him. Only a few self-indulged and self-deceived painters and poets, only a theory-ridden musician who has mistaken his medium, can believe that man *en masse* has ever loved or identified himself with the machine he serves.

II

Before I could afford the luxury of a life of letters, I worked in a factory that employed some two hundred men. For almost twenty years it was part of my task to design the jewelry and superintend the machines that manufactured it. I mention this only to indicate the degrees of interest aroused in the men as well as myself. The employes were curious about the individual shapes which the lockets, link-buttons and lavallieres assumed; they were not the least concerned with the sometimes massive, sometimes delicate mechanisms used to produce the articles in quantity. There was a machinist whose duty it was to look after the lathes, the drop-presses and the human-fingered chain-mesh machines; but when I, in my ignorant and enthusiastic twenties, tried to draw him into conversation about their mysteries, I found his regard for them was wholly in proportion to how easily they got out of order.

The men are too used to them, I thought, with an apologetic obeisance to the machine; they have lived with these marvels so long that they think no more of them than of their other ordinary associations. Then the war came and the factory was patriotically if only partly transformed to turn out 'plane-parts, contact-points and surgical instruments. But the introduction of unfamiliar machinery made no impression on the men. After a casual inspection of the superintelligent automatic monsters, the foreman went back to the making of his own Pilsner and his assistants told me at length about their little war-gardens on the outskirts of Newark. The only one who wanted to talk about the dexterous screw-machines was myself, an unripe poet.

It is the unripe poets—whether their medium happens to be words, pigments or semi-quavers—who have devoted themselves to the cult of the machine. That they fail is obvious. The quality of their failure is less apparent, but it is the more significant. Even they, with a predetermined affection for the "new, unpassioned beauty" of the great machines cannot love them for what they are. The only way they can identify themselves with derricks and grain-elevators is by "humanizing" them. Thus the force of dynamos becomes the *élan vital*, the thrusting piston-rods project the male principle, magnetos are translated into breasts supplying the quickening juice, the steam-shovel is a romantic being, half-dragon, half-dinosaur, with a wise and wicked brain.

These, I repeat, are pathetic fallacies—fallacies which, though, presumably "modern," are no less absurd than those *clichés* of the Eighteen Eighties which made the rough-shod Wind seduce the bashful Rose, the Sunset give birth to the Opal, and the Moon hold intimate converse with the Water-Lily. The impulse is the same; the machine is not only being humanized, it is being prettified. To recognize this, one has only to compare the boiler-shop with the petty and grotesque batteries that pretend to imitate it in the concert-hall; the soaring problem of sky-scrapers with the arbitrary "arrangements" that stylize them on canvas; the circling of a Corliss engine-wheel with the neat epithets that try to hold it. It is,

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or so it seems to a captious craftsman, no sillier to speak of "Morning's shy kiss laid on the blushing hills" than to compare the valves of a worn-out Buick to "the valves of the suffering heart" or to call riveters "the wood-peckers of the town." Both are the results of cliché-thinking and both are specious. That they are both sentimental scarcely needs to be added.

III

That the machine has always resisted man's attempt to exploit it "artistically" must be clear to anyone whose history embraces more than contemporaneity. Every first-rate artist has realized this. When Da Vinci drew his types of destructive machines, his purpose was utilitarian. He never fell in love with them; he never questioned but that their end was antipathetic to the spirit as well as the body of man.

Before me lies a curious illustration of my text. It is a sonnet by a poet who determined to glorify the advent of the New Age. It begins bravely enough:

> What nudity is beautiful as this
> Obedient monster purring at its toil;
> These naked iron muscles sweating oil,
> And the sure-fingered rods that never miss.

But by the time the sestet was reached, something had gone wrong with the poet. He had lost control of his idea, or, rather, another idea had ejected the original one. He had not completed his traditional eighth line before he saw the danger to the worshipper of the machine, and the apostrophe to the machine concluded thus:

> It does not vent its loathing; does not turn
> Upon its maker with eruptive hate.
> It has a deeper cunning; lives to earn
> Its master's bread, and laughs to see this great
> Lord of the earth, who rules but cannot learn,
> Become the slave of what his slaves create.

Here, too, even in revolt, the tone is wrong. Like everything connected with machine-worship, it is high-pitched, sentimental, "literary." But its twisted direction is amusing and the point is definite. The deification of a motor agency under the misconception that it is "modern" is as childish as the confusion of the dynamic spark with a dynamo. The machine has no independent life; it possesses no animating principle, for it is, in spite of its induced motions, inanimate.

The cult of the machine is merely a poor substitute for a lost faith in what made the machine possible. But the machine has none of the appurtenances of a god. It lacks those twin attributes of godhood: authority and inscrutability. Its miracles can be predetermined and compelled. Only to a primitive or unripe mind has it a creative power of its own. And it is this which makes the mechanistic idolatry both pitiful and comic. In the absence of God man must make gods. And the longer he lives with them the poorer he makes them.

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EDITORIALS

Statecraft as a Practical Art

Everyone seems to agree that the English have a great talent for government, but no one seems to notice that England itself is one of the worst governed states of modern times. The English, in time of peace, pay appalling taxes to no purpose, and in time of war they pour out their blood to the same witless end. The country offers rich pasturage for a small gang of knavish money-grabbers and professional politicians, but what the average Englishman gets out of it is hard to discern. If he is of the hard-working, well-meaning, useful middle class he is barely able to make a decent living; if he is of the working class he is always on the verge of starvation. All of the money seems to go to a few men, none of them of any visible value to the state. They and their women waste it, and that is the end of it. Every gambling-house in Europe is crowded with Englishmen, and it is they, and not Americans, who support such playgrounds as the Engadine, Egypt and the Riviera. London is full of expensive restaurants, night-clubs, and other such arenas of conspicuous waste. But the average Englishman is lucky if he is able to dine upon a cut from a greasy joint and two soggy vegetables.

This gross and crying unfairness in the distribution of the national wealth has been going on for two centuries. Every politician in practise during that time has made loud promises to remedy it, but not one of them has ever succeeded. In that field, indeed, such radicals as Ramsay MacDonald have failed even more miserably than such defenders of the existing order as Chamberlain and Disraeli. One and all, they have come croppers at the principal aim and purpose of their trade, which is to secure the safety, prosperity and happiness of the people. The English would probably be better off today, taking one with another, if, for a hundred years past, they had had no government at all. They are an orderly and industrious people, and carry themselves very decently when left to their own devices. All that their so-called government has achieved for them is to make them poor and to expose them to serious risks of disaster. The realm is plainly wobbling today, and despite the natural advantages which have saved it so often in the past, it may go down to wreck and ruin tomorrow. No sensible insurance man would care to write a policy on the English state.

I have said that it is one of the worst governed countries of modern times. This is only too obvious, but it does not follow that the other great nations are substantially better off. All of them are run extravagantly and idiotically, and by men who appear to be as lacking in good sense as they are in common honesty. In none of them is the government in the hands of the superior minority of the people. Here I do not confuse superiority with social dignity, nor even with education. I mean simply superiority in the common talents and virtues, universally recognized as such —superiority in intelligence, in tastes and habits of mind, in disinterested patriotism, in honor. Everywhere one sees governments operated by men wholly lacking in

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such attributes—an endless procession of cheap vest-busters and crude self-seekers in France, an ignoble and preposterous Socialist turned Caesar in Italy, a gang of verminous agitators in Russia, a series of military ignoramuses in Spain, and a motley gang of professional job-seekers in Austria, Scandinavia, the Balkans and South America. Perhaps Hungary, Turkey and Switzerland are exceptions—but certainly the United States and the British dominions are not. Of Germany, more anon.

Contemplating the United States, I pass over the case of Dr. Hoover as a matter too painful to be discussed quite frankly, and point once more, as I have often pointed in the past, to the roll of State Governors. There are forty-eight of them —and perhaps eight or ten are genuinely competent and decent men. The rest shade down from blatant Rotarians and unconscionable demagogues to fellows who distinguish themselves from criminals only by a hair. No sensible person could frequent their society for an hour without being nauseated. Far from being the best citizens of their States, or the best local exponents of whatever trades or professions they practise secularly, they are only too often nearly the worst. If a Babbitt reigns, then he is the most stupid and venomous Babbitt immediately at large. If a lawyer, then he commonly belongs to the lowest quarter of the State bar. If a professional job-holder, then he is one willing to resort to any infamy to hold his job. At the top float the eight or ten worthy and competent men, mainly accidents. Below is rubbish.

Yet out of precisely such rubbish issue the policies and fortunes of nearly all the great modern states. Now and then, as happened in Germany when Hindenburg became *Reichspräsident*, an honest if not too intelligent man finds himself at the helm, but he never lasts long, and he is usually desperately badgered while he lasts. Nitti, if he survives in Italy, is probably under police surveillance; the dreadful mountebank Mussolini gyrates and postures in his place. Some grisly and abhorrent natural law, at odds with all rational logic, seems to operate in favor of such charlatans. They gravitate to the top as inevitably as Iowans gravitate to Los Angeles. They acquire a complete monopoly of the trade of statecraft, and every man, woman and child in Christendom pays the penalty of their venality and imbecility—in taxes, in wars, in economic insecurity, in misery without end. Their incompetence is visible on every hand. Not a civilized people of today is at ease to do its work and seek its happiness. Everywhere there is waste and folly, injustice and terror. And no way out is in sight. After MacDonald is disposed of England will only get a worse. What Italy will get after Mussolini, and Russia after the soap-boxers, and the United States after Harding, Coolidge and Hoover I hate to think.

It is truly amazing that the human race, in managing this, its principal business on earth, has managed it so badly. Even religion is measurably better ordered. It fails, of course, in its central function, which is to save men from fear, but, at least in modern times, it is far less costly than government, and far less a nuisance. Government, as it is run by the incompetents I have described, becomes the common enemy of all honest and well-disposed persons. Instead of protecting them against outrage and oppression, it becomes the chief agent of outrage and oppression upon them. They cannot trust their property to it, and they cannot trust their lives to it. The more diligent and admirable they are, and hence the more valuable to the race, the

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more cruelly it exploits them and grinds them down. That they have devised no way to make it decenter is surely one of the marvels of human history. In all other fields, man is the most inventive and ingenious of animals, but here he is left far behind by the anthropoid apes, and shamed beyond measure by the bees and ants.

Less Noise Than Formerly

The late pious bellowing against the crimes and carnalities of Flaming Youth seems to be dying out: one hears a great deal less talk than aforetime about gin-toting in the colleges and necking in shady lanes. This is a welcome relief, and perhaps shows that there is such a thing, after all, as human progress. It would be curious and instructive to examine the business historically, and find out who set up the first alarums. My guess is that they came from oldsters, male and female, whose own youthful conduct was anything but chemically pure. Find me an active moralist and I'll point out for you a fraud who has something to conceal and forget. Most of the more violent Prohibitionists know only too well the horrendous magnetism of the jug, and have for it, in consequence, the Devil's nervous, indignant feeling for holy water. And practically all of the literary censors, when they allege solemnly, to the astonishment of the rest of us, that a single reading of a naughty book can establish life-long habits of a secret and unsanitary character are simply publishing incautious autobiography.

The truth is that the moral divagations of the youth of today probably do not differ three percent from those of the youth of yesterday. When I was a youngster, which was very long ago, with Victoria in full blast upon her throne, great numbers of college boys were diligent lushers, just as they are now: the only difference I can make out is that they then drank beer, which was relatively harmless, whereas they now have to put up with bootleg gin, which often makes them sick. There was necking, too, in my early days, and all of it that the traffic would bear. Who will forget, indeed, the protests that used to ascend to God against kissing games, then so immensely popular? Didn't every Wesleyan divine preach upon them lubriciously at least once a year, and were they not denounced violently by Edward W. Bok in the *Ladies' Home Journal?* Yet they went on, day in and night out. There were, to be sure, boys who refrained and gals who escaped, but they were just as rare and singular as non-neckers are today. The vast majority were quite as willing in the dim, gas-lighted parlors of that remote era as their heirs and assigns are in parked roadsters now. Perhaps they had a shade less opportunity, but that was surely not their fault.

A little necking, I am convinced, does no normal and healthy girl any appreciable harm. On the contrary, it tends to improve her, if only by ridding her of groundless fears. Those fears, when they appear in her bosom, are probably planted there by her mother, and it is a good thing for her to discover that her mother's ideas are not always reliable. In case the business goes further than mere necking there is some ground, of course, for sociologists to intervene, but I doubt that it goes further today any oftener than it did yesterday. The notion that it does is simply a delusion spread by two classes of nuisances: parents who forget what they did themselves when they were young, and professional moralists who live by unearthing and denouncing sins which

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do not exist. Such moralists are always reckless pornographers. A few years back they were filling the papers with filthy and incredible tales about virgins stabbed with hypodermic needles in movie parlors and sold into white slavery. Yesterday they were alleging that half the young girls of America were carrying on *à la* Greenwich Village. Tomorrow, with this buncombe played out, they will probably switch from fornication to adultery, and begin charging that every married woman has a lover.

In the department of drink they are equally unreliable. On the one hand, they grossly exaggerate the amount of guzzling among the young that is going on today, and on the other hand they grossly underestimate the amount that went on twenty or thirty years ago. There has been, under Prohibition, an undoubted increase in drinking in certain circles, but it is not serious in amount, and it is by no means confined to the young. My own impression is that the chief speeders are married women above thirty-five—in other words, not youngsters but the mothers of youngsters. These baggages, having taken to liquor somewhat imprudently, fall into the error of assuming that everyone else is going the same route. I doubt it. The movement toward sobriety that began with the turn of the century was halted by the Methodist millennium, but it is now under way again. Most American men, I believe, drink less today than they did ten years ago, and a great deal less than they drank in 1900. So with college boys. They may go on occasional gaudy toots, but the steady boozing of thirty years ago is now out of fashion. Even women, I believe, will soon return to more decorous habits. They are not fitted by nature for really voluptuous drinking, just as they are not fitted for voluptuous eating. They always choose their cocktails by the looks thereof, and no one ever heard of one who could distinguish between two wines without looking at the labels.

Psychological Hypothesis

One of the errors that all of us make is to judge the conduct of other men by our own standards. It is, perhaps, the human weakness *par excellence*, and at times it can be as misleading and dangerous as judging the gin, wives or epistemologies of other men by our own standards.

I am reminded of this too often forgotten fact by certain recent moral onslaughts, made by so-called Liberals, upon the Hon. David Aiken Reed, LL.D., D.S.M., senior Senator from the great State of Pennsylvania. The gravamen of these onslaughts is that the hon. gentleman is a mere intellectual jackal (*Canis aureus sapiens*), ready and willing to bark and bite for any patron who can make it worth his while. In substantiation thereof, some of his operations in the Senate are cited, and especially his voluptuous championship of the Hon. William S. Vare and his tender solicitude for the Hon. Andy Mellon. One never hears of Dr. Reed speaking out bravely for liberty, social justice or any of the other great boons that Liberals cherish. When he unchains his Wagnerian eloquence, it is almost always in defense of money. His god, it appears, is the glittering Mazuma, by Mammon out of the Queen of Sheba.

These allegations, it must be confessed, have no little plausibility. No doubt many a reflective American, himself neither a Liberal or the son of a Liberal, has wondered that a man so favored by Providence as Dr. Reed should waste himself upon such sordid causes. The cadet of a rich

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house of the Allegheny marches, dowered with a good head and a vibrant tongue, an eminent figure in the highest court circles of both Pittsburgh and Washington, and with a safe-deposit box full of high-grade securities, it seems odd and even a bit pathetic that he should show so little imagination. One somehow expects a man so fortunate, when fate throws him into public office, to fight more romantic battles. One looks for him to bust out heroically, now and then, in the interest of the downtrodden. But Dr. Reed seems to regard only the interest of the downtreaders.

The Liberals, of course, being mainly Calvinists defectively deloused, put it down to congenital depravity, and try to save the hon. gentleman by calling him evil names. But it is really hard to think of so amiable a man as depraved, whether congenitally or otherwise. He is, indeed, too palpably respectable for that—too respectable and too well-intending. He fought gallantly, in his day, to save the world from rapine, pillage and relativity, Goethe, Wagner and Nietzsche; he is president of a hospital board and trustee of a great university; he is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor; he is an A.B. of Princeton; he is a dutiful husband and father. To hint that such a man is not what he ought to be is to stand the science of morals on its head. If he is wicked, then George Washington was also wicked.

My own view is that the peculiar attitudes of the gentleman are to be accounted for precisely as the peculiar attitudes of other and lesser men are to be accounted for, to wit, by scrutinizing his environment. His good is not a metaphysical generalization; it is a good of a concrete and definite kind, with limits both temporal and spatial. In brief, it is a *Pittsburgh* good; yet more briefly, it is the good of a Pittsburgh *lawyer*; yet more, it is the good of a lawyer fit for the honor and dignity of membership in the Duquesne Club. Remember so much, and the whole mystery vanishes. For at once Dr. Reed ceases to be a guinea pig under the scalpel of Liberals, and becomes a natural and authentic human being, inhabiting a clearly defined circle, surrounded by friends who love him, and susceptible to their praise and their policing. What he permits himself to do and say in this world is what they approve; what he avoids is what they frown on. It is not the good-will of Liberals that moves him, nor even the applause of the Senate, nor yet the adoration of Pennsylvania and the country, but simply the approbation of the little world which surrounds him—the world of well-heeled Pittsburgh lawyers, fed from the troughs of Mellon and company, and consecrated to the Mellon evangel.

Well, we are all just like that—though most of us, of course, are not Pittsburgh lawyers and do not belong to the Duquesne Club. Every man, high or low, sets more store by the opinion of his fellow craftsmen than he sets by the opinion of all the rest of the world. A bootlegger does not value the praise of Methodist bishops; he wants to be esteemed and respected, envied and imitated by other bootleggers. Contrariwise, a Methodist bishop does not solicit the encomiums of the Pope; he solicits the encomiums of his brethren of the Wesleyan rite. When Brahms wrote *"Leider, nicht von Johannes Brahms"* upon a waltz by Johann Strauss, the words were more precious to Strauss than ten thousand huzzahs from the massed archdukes of Austria, for Brahms was a great musician, even greater than Strauss was himself, and archdukes were only archdukes. Even Liberals, I dare say, are like the rest of us here. Find one who has a laudatory letter from Dr. Reed, and you will be a week

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inducing him to show it to you, but find one with a certificate from Sacco and Vanzetti and it is hanging on his parlor wall.

The learned advocate from Pittsburgh, viewed in this light, becomes at once less mysterious than he was, and more virtuous. Human juices begin to drip from him; he ceases to be *Canis aureus*. I believe that, within the limits of his vision, he is really a notably moral and conscientious man. The one thing to remember is that the ideal before him is not that of a Perfect Liberal, hobnobbing with blackamoors and hunting for atrocities; it is that of a Perfect Pittsburgh Lawyer, fat, prudent, correct in every thought, and a pious votary of the god Mazuma. If I am right, then he deserves to be praised for his close approximation to his goal. There has never been, in all the history of Pittsburgh, a more magnificent incarnation of the legal, economic, political and sociological concepts which prevail in that great city.

H. L. M.

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SKYSCRAPERS

BY CLAUDE BRAGDON

EUROPEAN architects visiting these shores are most interested in our skyscrapers, for of all of our architectural flora they alone are truly indigenous to the American soil. Our churches, court-houses, libraries, museums, banks, are for the most part uninspired adaptations of forms with which these men are familiar—forms which they themselves are even now in process of abandoning in favor of others more rational, more economical, and more eloquently expressive of the spirit of a mechanical age. In the skyscraper they discover these same qualities, and they also see in it a symbol of our uniqueness—that ruthless, tireless, assured energism, delightedly proclaiming, "What a great boy am I!"

The skyscraper is important both as an architectural and as a social manifestation. Let us therefore seek to discover and define those forces and those influences which have shaped and are in process of shaping it as it exists today.

Of the social and economic forces I shall not treat other than to remove a few prevalent misconceptions. It is popularly supposed that the skyscraper arose as the result of the impossibility of lateral expansion; lower Manhattan, with its confining rivers and the Chicago Loop—districts where these buildings first shot skyward —being often cited in proof of this. But the so-called Loop is not a nature-made, but a man-made b a r r i e r—metaphysical, not physical—and an ærial view of New York reveals at a glance large tracts of low buildings in and around the Wall Street district which if built up to the height of a few more stories would accommodate a population larger than is housed there now; and it is a fact that the average height of buildings on Manhattan island is lower than those of European capitals where the skyscraper is a thing unknown.

The *raison d'être* of the skyscraper is therefore not physical but rather psychological: it arose in answer to the desire of the herd to become a super-herd; to the ambition of the spot cards to become face cards. Skyscrapers appear always and only on those sacred acres which for some mysterious reason have become the blue heaven of the business man. High buildings in preferred areas owe their existence to the same cause as high prices for front-row seats at a show.

But from another point of view the skyscraper came into being as a result of an effort to get the better of the real estate agent and the tax collector by expanding in the free dimension, and capturing and turning to profit more than an equitable share of air and sunlight. Ugly as the word may sound, the skyscraper is a product of human greed, thus standing in ideal symbolic relation to the country and to the times. I hasten to add, however, that this motive is no more ignoble than those which inspired architectural masterpieces canonized by universal acclamation and sanctified by time. Motives—even one's

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own—will not bear too close an examination. Some of the finest products of the building impulse throughout the ages had their origin in emotions far other than those which they now inspire. As for example, blood-lust—witness the Coliseum; fear of invasion—witness the Great Wall of China; personal pride—witness the Mausoleum of Hadrian; the love of luxury—witness the Thermæ of Caracalla and the Palazzo del Te; and so one might go on.

The littleness of the motive is lost sight of in the greatness of the monument, just as the hook and bait which landed him is swallowed up in Leviathan. This is all part of the universal paradox so disconcerting to our moralities: the favorite food of epicures springs from the dung-hill, and from ground richly manured by dollars spring sky-piercing Valhallas crowned with light. It militates nothing against the skyscraper that it is in the last analysis only an enclosure for the transaction of sharp bargains, so long as we do not kid ourselves into calling it a Cathedral of Commerce and try to make it look like something other than it is: simple truth has overtones of beauty; success lies only in sincerity.

Of the purely physical factors which have gone to the shaping of the skyscraper the first, and of the first importance, is steel-frame construction—that system of riveted-together vertical and horizontal members insuring strength, lightness, rigidity, stability: a skyscraper being, in effect, a truss stood on end. Co-equal with this, in the sense that vertical building would have been impossible without it, is the fast, safe passenger elevator—the very piston of the machine. And the bringing of this to its present state of perfection was not so simple a matter as might appear, involving as it did mechanical difficulties greater than the mere piling of story upon story once the trick was learned. Mention must also be made of the ingenious methods now in use for the sinking of foundations to great depths, for without this Chicago could never have stretched its neck as high as New York, the early Chicago skyscrapers having been floated on rafts, so to speak, on a lake of mud, with perilous results. And finally, the draining, heating, lighting, water-proofing, fire-proofing and wind-proofing of these buildings had to be competently taken care of in order to make them possible at all. The aggregate of purely mechanical ability and intelligence involved in the production of a modern skyscraper is perhaps greater than in any other work of man.

A conditioning factor in skyscraper construction in certain localities has come about in recent years through legislative action designed to diminish encroachments upon the ethical rights of property owners and the right of everyone to a modicum of light and air. In New York this has resulted in the so-called set-back type of skyscraper. (The French Mansard roof was the product of a similar necessity —legislative, that is, not structural or æsthetic.) Occasionally, by a glossing of the crass fact of this necessity, or by making a virtue of it—such as transforming the setbacks into hanging gardens—the effect has been happy, giving a greater play of light and shade; but without skilled treatment of some sort these buildings have the look of gigantic bureaus with partly pulled-out drawers.

II

It will be clear from the foregoing that the skyscraper has been shaped and developed by practical, not æsthetic necessity: like a bridge, though in a lesser degree, it

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is an engineering problem. The engineer has performed his part magnificently, because American engineers are the most daring and competent in the world—they have to be, by reason of the demands made upon them. The architect, on the other hand (and what I shall say holds good whether engineer and architect be two men or one man) has misconceived his problem, which is not to *adorn* the necessitous engineering structure, nor to make a translation of it into this or that dead architectural style, but to *dramatize* it. Louis H. Sullivan was the first architect to face the problem from this viewpoint, and his was therefore the first important influence, though during his period of activity the skyscraper as a cloud-piercing obelisk did not exist.

Sullivan's contribution consisted in demonstrating, by precept and by means of admirable examples (the Prudential Building in Buffalo is one) that a steel frame encased within a protective fire-clay envelope need not and should not be made to look as though the walls were of solid masonry supporting the weight of the floors as well as their own weight. He treated the walls frankly as a veneer. Furthermore, he made the tall building (using his own words) "a proud and soaring thing, rising in sheer exultation from bottom to top without a dissenting line." That is to say, he emphasized and "optically" increased the building's height by means of long, unbroken vertical lines, forever putting an end to the ridiculous practice of piling the classic orders on top of one another like a house of cards, common up to the time of his innovation. That anything so obvious should need to have been innovated seems incomprehensible, but it is a fact that the schoolmen exercised their ingenuity not to enhance, but to diminish the height of the first tall buildings by means of horizontal string-courses, cornices and other devices.

Viollet-le-Duc in his "Discourses on Architecture" declared that it was the business of the architect to "fulfil with scrupulous exactness all the conditions imposed by necessity, and to employ materials with due regard to their qualities and capacities." Sullivan laid firm hold of the fact that new materials and methods of construction demand new architectural forms for their expression; that the form should follow and reveal the function, and that a vivid realization of the function would unfailingly point the way to the development of the appropriate form. "It is my belief," he wrote, "that it is of the very essence of every problem that it contains its own solution." And having stated the problem of the tall office building in winged words he solved it in steel and terra-cotta, even going so far as to invent an altogether new style of ornament appropriate to the nature of baked clay. He did this so successfully that it came to be regarded by his contemporaries as his most important contribution to an American style, much to Sullivan's chagrin, who saw his ornament being imitated and his sound architectural ideas ignored. It was this, perhaps, which prompted him to declare that it would be to our æsthetic good if we should refrain entirely from the use of ornament for a period of years in order that our thoughts might be concentrated acutely upon the production of buildings "well formed and comely in the nude."

This statement alone reveals his greatness, coming as it does from the finest inventor of ornament we have produced. Like a mountain the magnitude of which becomes apparent only as one recedes from it in space, the true greatness of Sullivan is realized as we recede from him in time. He was the first American modernist, the prophet and precursor of the small best

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that is being done today under that banner, and although he failed to write himself in any arresting way upon our national architecture, engulfed as he was in the great bromidic tide, he cracked the hard shell of our complacency, and was an inspiration to certain young men of his day. As Charles Harris Whitaker writes of him in a recent issue of the *New Freeman*, "He was a flash of beauty in the dull and deadly world of the American drafting-room of his day, where copyists slaved over plates and photographs under the delusion that they were practising the art of building."

Cass Gilbert, an architect of great ability, but not so deep a thinker as Sullivan, conceived of the skyscraper as a Cathedral of Commerce, and his Woolworth Building and the New York Life Building are embodiments of this idea. He argued, I suppose, as follows: Today we make a religion of business; therefore, why not treat the mart more or less as a temple, lavishing upon it all our best? The Gothic style lends itself admirably to modern uses, for it is all vertical, the very thing called for in a skyscraper; moreover, it is infinitely flexible, adapted to all uses, and unencumbered by canons of proportion as are the classic orders.

The Woolworth Tower, which struck this new keynote, is certainly "in every inch a proud and soaring thing," and remains today in many respects the finest embodiment of the skyscraper idea. It so stimulated the architects throughout the country to emulation and imitation that Gilbert's must be reckoned as the next important influence after Sullivan's on skyscraper architecture. But in spite of the admirable nature of his work as regards disposition of parts, line and mass, and more than all else, its essential practicality, it seems to me based on a false premiss so far as the use of Gothic forms and ornament is concerned. We do not and cannot think in terms of medievalism; therefore, logic inexorably prescribes either no ornament or else a new ornamental mode expressive of our particular psychology: to fill Gothic niches with the effigies of scientists and captains of industry instead of disciples and saints and to substitute dollar signs for symbols of the Trinity is a ridiculously wrong answer to the problem—not that Gilbert was ever guilty of just this, but other modern Gothicists have been. The necessity of which I speak cannot be evaded or escaped, because it is inherent. But a system of ornament is of slow growth, the product usually of many minds, it cannot be developed overnight, and in the meantime what is the poor architect to do? The only answer seems to be: string your own bead necklace, however crude, or else go bare—give over this rifling of foreign graveyards in any case.

Proceeding with our necessarily cursory survey, we may pass as of negligible importance such a manifestation as the Metropolitan Tower, a magnification in marble of the Venetian Campanile punched full of holes; also, those numerous giraffe-like structures of recent growth, so frankly, almost blatantly cheap and utilitarian, manifesting not only no effort to solve the æsthetic problem presented by the skyscraper, but no evidence that their authors knew there was such a problem. We may even pass so vastly more pretentious a manifestation as the tower of the New York Central Building which terminates the Park Avenue vista. It is an example of the *Architectur über alles* attitude of the style-men. The lower and intermediate stages of this building are handled with competence and directness, and possess the added grace of beauty, even though the ornament is reminiscent of by-gone France. But alas! The Beaux-Artician knew not

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where to stay his hand, and so around the top of his tower he has bracketed out from the face of the wall a continuous row of columns, purely for ornament, which do not hold up anything, not even themselves —in the spirit, to this observer, of the captain of a sinking ship nailing his colors to the mast.

III

The next important influence after Gilbert's came in a strange way and from a strange source. "The Loser Wins" might be the title to its story.

The Chicago *Tribune* Building, widely advertised as the most beautiful skyscraper in the world, was built according to the design submitted by John Mead Howells and Raymond Hood in a world-wide competition of which they were the winners. It is in the pseudo-Gothic style, a piece of magnificent but irrelevant and insincere stage scenery, the limestone casing made to look as picturesquely medieval as possible; the crowning lantern flanked by flying buttresses which cast interesting shadows but do not buttress, being like hands pressed to a bewildered head engaged in wondering "So this is Chicago! How did I get here, I wonder?" —so different from Sullivan's Auditorium Tower, which seems to say, "Chicago, that am I!" The second prize design, by Eliel Saarinen, a Finnish architect, was everything his successful rivals' was not, but should have been: simple, sincere, direct, with a square tower which just *stopped*—but with an indefinable felicity—at the point where the necessity for its farther rising ceased.

Sullivan hailed this design as a return to, and a carrying forward of, those principles of which he had been the advocate and exemplar; Bertram Goodhue, himself a competitor, who had an advance view of all the competitive drawings, came to me with the news that Saarinen's design was in a class by itself; and such was the consensus of cultivated opinion, both in the profession and out. There was a current rumor that Saarinen had been denied the commission, in violation of the terms of the competition, because he was a foreigner; but romanticism goes so hand in hand with spread-eagleism that the Hood-Howells design probably won out on the strength of its romantic appeal alone.

Observe, however, the workings of poetic justice: Though the victory was theirs, and the spoils of that victory in good American dollars, the winners themselves suffered conversion; at least I can draw no other inference from the appearance of the New York *Daily News* Building, lately risen in East Forty-second street, by these same architects, for it seems more or less directly inspired by Saarinen's design. Destitute of ornament except about the entrance, or of any architectural grace saving only its soaring verticals and finely disposed, proportionately related parts, this building somehow succeeds in making its neighbors, the Chrysler and the Chanin, look a little bit silly by comparison. It does not attempt to stand on tip toe and blow a silver trumpet, as does the one, nor to give the effect of massiveness by means of squat pilasters and false buttresses as does the other. It assumes to be only what it is: a work of engineering, a cliff-like human hive, a monster of the mere market.

Saarinen's influence on skyscraper architecture has been pronounced, particularly in Chicago; he brought to a focus elements and tendencies which had already been making themselves felt: simple rectilinear masses, the verticals rising sheer without the interruption of string-course or cornice, the absence of applied ornament. In New

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York Harmon's Shelton Hotel, Howells' Pan-Hellenic, and Voorhees, Gmelin and Walker's Telephone & Telegraph Building belong to this *genre*, as does Corbett's Master Institute, otherwise known as the Roerich Museum—the first skyscraper ever erected in honor of an artist. In all these the architecture is *integral*, one with the structure, in contradistinction to the sort of thing represented by the Ritz Tower, for example, where the architecture, in the form of pilasters, entablatures, pediments, cartouches, is *applied*, like frosting to a wedding cake.

The final influence to be noted is that of Hugh Ferris, who is not, in the strict sense, an architect at all, but an architectural "renderer." His structural sense and his æsthetic sensitiveness are however so much greater than those of many of the architects who employ him, that it is often highly disillusioning to compare his drawings with their originals, though theirs was of course the enormously more difficult problem.

It would seem that he has served his masters so well as to himself enslave them, in that they manifest an increasing tendency to make their buildings look as much as possible like his imaginative drawings. Ferris' "The Metropolis of Tomorrow" appears to be exerting an influence on skyscraper design in a manner analogous to that which Piranesi's prison etchings exercised upon the design of George Dance's Old Newgate.

Turning the pages of Ferris' book we may read not only the last skyscraping word, but the one which has not yet been uttered, for both Ferris and Frank Lloyd Wright (a pupil, but in no sense an imitator of Sullivan, and our most brilliant modernist) have conceived of the skyscraper of the future as having its walls of glass, not supported by masonry, but hung from the steel framework. Ferris not only shows drawings of such a building in his book, but a model of it stands in his office, and Wright's working drawings of his own conception of an all-glass skyscraper have already been published in the architectural press.[1]

Such a next step would be entirely consistent and logical: glass is one of the few building materials still in process of development, and of late there has been a marked tendency to increase window area at the expense of masonry surface. A building with walls of glass would present no practical difficulties not easily overcome, and such a treatment would constitute a more honest dramatization of the essential nature of the skyscraper than those now in vogue, for it is not, in essence, a masonry structure, though always made to appear as though it were.

Those lofty steel frameworks, in process of construction, outlined in sable or orange against the cerulean New York sky, are always to me a marvel and delight; but no sooner have they put on their masonry overcoats than the chief element of their charm has vanished—that *strong lightness*. So strong are they that their structural limit of height far overpasses the economic limit; and so light are they that the finished edifice weighs less than the rock removed to give it foothold and cellarage.

[1] It may interest the reader to know that the modernistic architecture all the way from the Rhine to Stockholm and Helsingfors is known in Europe as "the American style" because originally inspired by Sullivan and Wright, whose work was given an early and wide acceptance abroad, and only a grudging and tardy one at home. When the foreign commissioners of art came to the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 they found more to admire in Sullivan's Transportation Building, relegated to the back yard of the Exposition, than to those highly classic confections which constituted the Court of Honor. They had seen this sort of thing before, and better than we could show them, but the like of the Transportation Building, the Auditorium Hotel and

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Because they are thus strong and light it is the job of the architect to make them look it, but this appears to be the last thing that it occurs to him to do; on the contrary he tries to make them look as heavy and spineless as possible. The Woolworth Building gives something of the desired impression; also, especially when seen at a distance, the Empire State Building's tower, by reason of its shining verticals. The idea, however, must be capable of still more eloquent expression.

IV

Having traced the evolution of the skyscraper even beyond the point at which it stands today, the object of this essay would seem to be accomplished, and with a few words of recapitulation it might end. But my survey would be superficial did I not now continue in a somewhat different strain.

An incorrigible symbolist, I cannot but attach symbolical significance to the fact that one may turn page after page of "The Metropolis of Tomorrow" without coming upon a single human figure: here is pictured a world from which humanity appears to have perished—done to death by the successful realization of its own egregious dream. The skyscraper, that latest and highest product of human skill and ingenuity is essentially inhuman, not because its construction exacts the toll of a workman killed for every story—he would be no less endangered building a church—but because it has arisen in defiance of the common rights of common humanity, and this disregard is likely to spell its doom. That is, if these buildings continue to multiply as in some sections they are multiplying, traffic congestion, for which they are directly responsible, will become, at times, traffic paralysis; and conditions will be created not unlike those shown in the German film, "Metropolis," where everyone lived and worked, in effect, underground except the overlords who had preëmpted the right to look upon the sky. The skyscraper's great advantage is gained at the expense of his more lowly neighbor, but when the surrounding property-owners avail themselves of their inalienable right to build themselves skyscrapers *no one* benefits, on the principle that

> Where everybody's somebody
> Nobody's anybody.

But under different conditions the advantages, practical, economic and æsthetic, of this manner of vertical building are many, and too great to be foregone. These advantages can be insured only under conditions long familiar to every student of the science of cities, but apparently impossible of fulfilment short of a social revolution or a complete change of heart on the part of almost everybody concerned. As Le Corbusier, Ferris and others have made plain, skyscrapers should be built only at focal points where traffic lanes converge,

the Schiller Theatre they had seen nowhere. So just as a horticulturalist might take home seeds of the blooms which he admires, they returned with photographic views and drawings of Sullivan's buildings and plaster casts of his ornament for use in their museums and schools. Subsequent to this, drawings and photographs of Wright's work were published in Germany in typographically admirable editions which were widely circulated. These influences had an effect upon the contemporary architecture analogous to that of the Roman Vitruvius upon the Italian Renaissance, and the books of Vignole and Palladio upon English Eighteenth Century architecture. That is to say, the modernistic movement in Europe received the stamp of Sullivan and Wright by somewhat the same process and to something of the same extent that Italian Renaissance architecture received the stamp of Imperial Rome, and the English Renaissance of the Italian; and although the modernistic movement in Europe is now advancing upon lines of its own that original stamp remains indelible.

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and the surrounding buildings should be kept relatively low, or else broad avenues flanked by high buildings should alternate with streets flanked by low ones. In this way light and air for all would be assured. But it is obvious that under the existing governmental and social régime, property laws and system of land-ownership, such solutions will continue to remain only a city-planner's dream. A city should be a garden and not a jungle: the other night as I was watching from the roof of the Shelton a great fish-shaped balloon swimming about in the blue void above the tops of the buildings, big and little, lofty and low, I was momentarily subject to the illusion that they were all weedy growths in the bottom of some great aquarium, so unrelated to reason and order did they seem.

But putting aside all sociological and narrowly æsthetic considerations, if we look at these megatheria of commerce with something of the same detachment and young-eyed wonder that we are able to bring to the contemplation of the pyramids —to which they are related as life to death —we shall see these buildings most truly. But so great is our immersion in the medium which produced them that this is more difficult for us than for foreigners visiting our shores. A world-battered, hard-boiled Englishman confessed to me that his first vision of the towers of Manhattan, sun-lighted above the low-lying Atlantic mist, moved him to tears for some reason that he did not understand; and a cynical but sensitive Frenchman, on beholding the same sight was heard to murmur: *"C'est beau, c'est grand, c'est vrai!"*

Such emotion, such enthusiasm, does them honor, and is far more truly inspired than our own unimaginative acceptance of what is surely the eighth wonder of the world. Silhouetted against the grey of dawn, the crimson of sunset, or bright with the pellucid radiance of mid-day; rain-drenched, mist-enveloped, or piercing the darkness with late-lighted windows and shining coronets of flame, these campanili of the New Feudalism, however base-born and æsthetically uninspired, are none the less the planet's most august and significant symbol of proud-spirited man flashing unquenched defiance to the stars.

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AMERICANS AT THE ANTIPODES

BY MACK MATHEWS

WITHIN the confines of the two largest land masses in Oceania, Australia and New Zealand, the *genus Americanus* is still relatively rare but increasingly potent. Australia, for long the white hope of the Empire, is becoming Americanized from, as usual, the bottom up. Here, on the sunny side of a forbidding preferential tariff wall, the Yankee go-getter has reared his factories and opened his shops. A list supplied me by the American trade commissioner in Melbourne reveals the happy fact that 113 American firms are either established productively within the dominion or maintain Australasian representation. They range all the way from General Motors to a modest nut and bolt man, and there is even a Yankee vendor of peanuts.

Many, like Henry Ford, have incorporated their Australian enterprises under British law, dropping the Yankee *Inc.* for the sedate and imperial *Ltd.* Ford's publicity men give you the reason for this in their colonial advertising: "The Ford Motor Car—An *Empire* Product." Some of the smaller concerns, of course, have none of the True Blood in their Antipodean personnel, while others, notably the G.M.C., employ Americans exclusively as staff managers and executives. The high-pressure selling outfits (Eureka Vacuum Cleaners, etc.) naturally employ as many Americans as are available.

The entry of one great firm into the Australian market made up in novelty what it lacked in dignity. The youthful manager of the Adelaide branch—who employed me for several days until I had thoroughly demonstrated my utter incompetence—told me that the head office had shipped him out of New York on a Shipping Board freighter with the assurance that "influence at Washington" had secured for him a passenger's berth gratis. Once outside Sandy Hook, however, the skipper professed entire ignorance of the arrangement and in spite of his protests put the young captain of commerce to work at the more lowly forms of shipboard labor. Thus the new Australasian representative entered Sydney Heads, dungareed and dirty, with a heart bursting with bitterness. My own efforts to convince Australian housewives of the indispensability of the invention he was sent to sell ended in abysmal failure. At each door I was received with overwhelming colonial courtesy and although I never made a sale I was invariably proffered tea. On my first afternoon I began counting at three o'clock and between then and five I consumed nine cups in the homes of prospects. The next morning I called exclusively upon the wives of publicans.

The decline, during recent years, in the world prices of wheat and wool, upon the export of which Australia depends to meet the interest on her heavy foreign debts, has plunged the country into an economic depression that is not lightened by the fact that the old Australian custom of making

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new loans to meet the interest on old is being frowned upon by her erstwhile cheerful creditors.

The repercussion on the populace has taken the form of weakened purchasing power and widespread unemployment. Out of a population of 6,250,000, 2,000,000 are officially accounted for as wage and salary earners. Of these two millions, 300,000 adults, the equivalent of 12½%, are at present unemployed. In the light of these facts, the peculiar healthiness of the statistics of American trade with Australia is perhaps significant of the way the winds of commercial conquest blow. In 1929, a year of extreme depression in the Southern continent, the value of American exports to Australia passed the $150,000,000 mark, an increase of nearly $9,000,000 over the '28 figures. British trade, snugly ensconced behind sharply preferential tariffs, erected in the name of the dear old Empire, isn't doing quite so well in spite of its protection. British sales to Australia were actually $34,000,000 *less* during '28-'29 than they were during '27-'28.

The wide discrepancy between the figures for imports from, and exports to, America cause Australian statesmen no little annoyance, but they have been signally unsuccessful in effecting any substantial alteration in the unwieldy balance. During 1929 the U.S.A. spent a scant $32,000,000 on Australian produce, a modest 1% increase over her 1928 South Pacific shopping, while her 1929 sales to the two children of her Britannic rival increased, respectively, 6% in Australia and 10% in New Zealand over the preceding year. A standing reproach to the disloyal colonial consumers is the fact that Great Britain buys from Australia almost as much as she sells her. Australia gets rid of some £54,000,000 (or $260,000,000) worth of her produce in Britain yearly.

As consumers the Australian and American citizens stand on equal terms. The minimum wage in the United States for a forty-eight hour week is approximately $20.64, while the minimum in Australia, averaging thirty towns, is $20.76. If these wages are referred to the cost of living their purchasing power works out at 100 for Australia, and 72 for the U.S.A.; implying that the real return for the lowest paid kind of labor is 28% more in Australia than in the United States.

II

The power of aggregate consumption in the Antipodes is of equal benefit to all merchant adventurers seeking to dispense their goods on Pacific markets. The character of this power, however—built up, as it is, of the spending capacities of a comfortable democracy of wage earners—is of peculiar advantage to the traders of the United States.

The unfortunate British manufacturer has no equivalent in his home market to the bulk of Australian consumers. Working men possessed of the same purchasing ability as is held proper only to the professional and leisured classes in old England are anomalies concerning whose tastes and preferences the production executives of the United Kingdom remain in unhappy doubt. The Yankee merchant, on the other hand, can produce for the Australian market with the comfortable feeling that economic similarities between his own consumers and the Antipodean variety will readily outweigh the more superficial divergencies of race and environment.

Great Britain appoints economic missions and sends persuasive statesmen to protest against her trade losses but there is no stemming the rising tide of American influence. So numerous have American

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motor-cars become on the highways of the continent that in 1928 a British Motor Delegation, ostensibly appointed to investigate the possibilities of establishing the industry in Australia, confidentially recommended that "the present 12½% duty on foreign unassembled chassis and raw materials to be used in the manufacture of motor cars, be increased to 35% . . . and that all British raw materials be imported duty free."

Surely the plaintive yelps of protest emanating from Whitehall should give the Hollywood moving picture producers a wrench or two, for it is they who are trumpeting the theme song of American encroachment. Statistics show that Australians, *per capita*, are the greediest foreign consumers of Hollywood's cans of culture. Six million colonials hard at work developing a continent equal in area to the United States have little time for cultural improvement. Adolescent Australia was thus ripe for seduction by the first of the older civilizations to make overtures. And it was Hollywood which swept her off her feet. Romance, as Lasky and Laemmle see it, prevailed over its less ardent rival, the culture of Europe. Everyone knows that English pictures are mostly tripe, so, in the face of a government edict necessitating the projection of a certain yearly percentage of British films, Australians simply remain away from the theatres where they are being shown. They want romance *à la* Peter B. Kyne and love lyrics that can be hotly danced to. "The Diplomatic Meanderings of Rashleigh, R.N." leave them quite cold.

The average Aussie attends the cinema at least twice a week. Always he sees one of the firmament being mouthed and yodelled at by a mis-cast interior decorator in a Hart, Schaffner & Marx. Once a five-guinea hand-me-down was the insignia of the dinkum Aussie. Today it is a pseudo Palm Beach, "like Buddy Rogers wears," whose retail value on this side is about $16. The Australian pays $36. He wears shirts that his abused tailor copies from William Haines's, and—God help us!—since the advent of the talkies he says "Oh, ye-ah!" Even the great commoner, ale, has lost prestige. Throats adorned with Yankee bows must be oiled with gin cocktails out of a shaker "like in the movies" at two shillings a throw. The English language (which was never really popular in Australia) is almost unrecognizable beneath a garbled mixture of chorus girl Yankee and backwoods Australian.

So American movie-minded has the Australian picture public become that during the construction of a new theatre in Melbourne recently, the film interests seriously ballyhooed the suggestion that a number of weighty concrete blocks, bearing the pedal impress of the fairest of Hollywood's luminaries, be imported to lay in the foyer of the new palace.

The *maisons de dance* in the Commonwealth are almost homesickmaking. In each is a sweating jazz band thumping out the latest concoctions of Irving Berlin—the British Mr. Coward seemingly unable to produce his gentler melodies in sufficient quantity. The American brothers Phillip are the Big Shots of the amusement industry in Melbourne. Two years ago they imported a "real Yankee band—direct from 'Frisco" to fill an engagement at their big palais on the St. Kilda foreshore. This band became so well known and the rumors of its members' salaries so fabulous that the leader was besieged almost nightly by impecunious Americans from the Seamen's Mission wanting a few bob on the strength of national kinship.

For years Australia regularly crashed the world's headlines with her strikes and labor troubles, but now the last great

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fortress of unionism is crumbling. With tipping and time-payment has come the open shop. Although it is still in the throes of bloody penetration, this unalterable stigmata of the Industrial Enlightenment is upon the land. The workers have swallowed the "human relations" bromide of General Motors and Ford, and American industry no longer fears the Australian labor bogey.

A government that is strangely honest maintains a publicity bureau (of which I was once a member) to disseminate information on the latest industrial, pastoral and agricultural developments throughout the world. Ninety per cent of this publicity has always been American in origin. Subheaded "What America is Doing," we recounted, in our free space, how the sheep tick problem had been solved in the Dakotas, and described the Texas (and presumably best) method of harvesting cotton, and for the Australian industrialist we had weekly messages from Dodsworth of Zenith or a despatch from the U.S. Department of Commerce instructing him in the elimination of waste in manufacturing. Thus, at every turn, the Australian meets what he believes to be the practical contribution of America to the betterment of his lot. The vaster and vaguer political manœuvres of the Mother Country leave him with no sense of personal kinship. Most of the imperial despatches in his newspapers concern remote after-dinner speakers who plead for emphasis on that "fine Empire spirit" or give the glad news that a new shipload of migrants is *en route* from London to add to his unemployment problem.

Glib Americans with tall tales of past fortunes can usually sell their ideas to Australian capital. Petrol in Australia was retailed exclusively through garage or kerbside bowsers until Geo. Bester, U.S.A., arrived on the scene. Fresh from a service station job, this bright young man interested a group of Melbourne capitalists in the establishment of a chain of service stations throughout the city. Within a year, ten model stations, each with its lawn and shrubbery, were operating under the able hustlership of Mr. Bester. The capital outlay had been heavy, due to the incorporation of the latest American wrinkles in attractive design, and fourteen months after the first had opened for business, the stockholders called a mass meeting of all the employés (I was one at the time) and regretfully informed them that a substantial wage-cut had been effected to meet the growing need for economy. Mr. Bester soon afterward departed from Australia's shores.

Rotary has made its appearance on the Australian scene and the nation's leading politicians pay it tribute with speeches in the best tradition, but, as yet, the general public thinks its cog-wheel emblem is only an advertisement for machinery. In 1926, the Hon. Everett W. Hill, then vice-president of Rotary International, first belched the spirit of Service upon the land. In an interview he said: "It pained me to see how many local jealousies you have between city and city, between State and State. . . . I said to myself, 'This is ridiculous,' and I laughed to see how one particular community vaunted its particular glory in the face of another . . . I laughed." Unfortunately, an unimpressed Sydney-sider pointed out, in a letter to a national magazine, that Mr. Hill's own home town, Oklahoma City, was not above jealous bickering with Tulsa, its neighbor and hated rival in the census returns.

Until six or eight months ago the Australian theatre had stood its ground firmly against the talkie avalanche. But here

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again were indisputable evidences of Americanization. Far more than half its plays were (and are) of American authorship, brought to Australia by second rate Yank companies. For the rest, the local theatrical fare is British in origin. The native playwrights are few and mediocre. Only one, C. J. Dennis with his "Sentimental Bloke," has scored any appreciable success in the theatres of his own land. In the musical field as well, the password is Broadway. As recently as a year ago "Whoopee" and "Hold Everything" ran many weeks longer than the more graceful revue, "This Year of Grace," which came direct from the London stage with a first-rate cast.

The Americans in residence are many of them boisterously good fellows but they are not much intellectually. Most are of the barmaid-kidding type, prone to take their whiskey neat, and loud in their bar laughter. Some few are earnest young men with sales records to maintain who drink sparingly and wench furtively. The new, young trade commissioner in Melbourne, one of Dr. Hoover's old efficiency boys, entered office auspiciously with a signed, half-page article in the *Herald* entitled "Hoover As I Knew Him." This article quoted a few of the platitudes uttered by the Sage when he was chief of the Department of Commerce, and extolled the virtues of that department under his inspired leadership.

There is little organized social activity among the Melbourne Americans. Everyone is earnestly getting on and if your personal foibles may be frowned upon by the Y.M.C.A. there is no need of exposing them to back home gossip, is there? In Sydney the Yanks are more clannish, but in Adelaide the consul's wife and consequently the countrywomen of her choice, move in the very best local society.

The consuls discourage destitute American seamen calling upon their more successful countrymen. These impecunious mariners constitute the only flaw in the picture of America as a prosperous philanthropist. When some hungry (or thirsty) soul gets out of hand and goes around town bumming the local charities, the consul is ready with a sharp rebuke. In Melbourne he keeps the destitutes in a grim flophouse, and ships them out as speedily as possible. It is immaterial whether your home is in San Pedro or Seattle; if the consul ships you as workaway on a vessel due in New York five months hence, you must go or forfeit your shilling bed. The consul in Adelaide gives away only handshakes and the latest maritime information. The Sydney consul's generosity depends upon the eloquence of the petitioner. In Brisbane there are so few Yanks ashore that the consul can usually place them, without delay, on outward bound steamers.

To the Australian waiting for a visa, the American consul's office presents an appearance that he will recognize many times in his travels through the Land of the Free. In each waiting-room hangs a sombre, dusty likeness of the First President or the Emancipator. The official's inner sanctum will have attained to modernity with a picture of Harding or Hoover, depending upon which administration gave him his job.

Each waiting-room is equipped with a table and a couple of post-office pens, but it is the literature that lends tone to the establishment. For here may be found, stacked in every corner and covering the table, the Chamber of Commerce periodicals of a hundred American cities, "business" magazines, trade reports, the New York *Times,* and the *Saturday Evening Post.*

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III

Only in the ranks of the emerged tenth are there no symptoms of Americanization. Its more articulate members carry on a very real intellectual movement, and to this circle, alas! the American in Australia is a stranger. Private libraries keep their customers abreast of the latest trends in Continental, as well as English and American art and literature, and for this class too, the finest artists may make profitable tours to the Antipodes. During last Winter, for instance, Australia had both Pavlova and Brailowski on extended engagements in all of her principal cities.

This minority chuckles with Dreiser and Lewis at the antics of the Americano and blithely ignores those specimens in its midst. It is represented by at least two world renowned black and white artists—Norman Lindsay and Will Dyson—; by several novelists of distinction, at least one of whom, Henry Handel Richardson, is being read in a dozen countries; and, among its crop of gifted landscape artists, are Blamire Young, Arthur Streeton and Penleigh Boyd.

Such intelligent articulates control a number of the newspapers of more modest circulation. Chief among them are Hugh Grant Adam and Brinsden Fletcher, editors respectively of the Melbourne *Herald* and the Sydney *Morning Herald*, who watch, and write on, the Americanization of their country with amused detachment. Adam, a sociologist of Empire repute, accompanied an Australian delegation on an extended examination of industrial America. His resultant book, a critical survey entitled "An Australian Looks at America," enjoyed a popular sale in those bookshops not given over exclusively to the enrichment of Zane Grey and Edgar Wallace.

Although her economic development has reached a point no more than equivalent, roughly, to that of the United States of fifty years ago, Australia has a youth movement as fresh and full-blooded as the American cult of the prairie prophets. As surely as a literature of revolt is rising against the illusion of American culture, so there is springing up in Australia a literature as individual as the Mallee scrub of her dusty bushland, and with no trace of American, or for that matter, English or Continental influence. In Sydney the movement is in the hands of a group of youngsters who write and rhyme lustily on human freedom, the joys of drinking and wenching, and other such pleasantries. The fine paper magazines are willing to pay for their stuff, although some of them sell to the weekly newspapers in return for full page layouts. A band of the younger poets own their own press in Sydney. From here they publish the *Vision*, a quarterly with illustrations by Norman Lindsay, and numerous volumes of Australian verse. The most recent anthology is an excellent collection containing few immaturities.

Fond of necking the wives of American visitors, the youngsters have little liking for anything else American. The imperialism of Britain and the States alike they lampoon constantly in story and sketch. Cartoons invariably depict Uncle Sam as a gentleman of Hebraic countenance, clutching a money-bag in a predatory hand. Many of them, in the manner of youth, nurse a strong personal animus against Americans. During the visit of the Pacific fleet in 1925, the literary habitués of a certain bookshop rendezvous in Sydney gathered unto themselves a number of black eyes and split lips—souvenirs of bar encounters with the forces of Admiral Coontz. Of course, there is the possibility that an increase in their American sales might do much to mollify them.

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To my mind the most incontestable evidence of Americanization is the presence in the land of those two staunch hundred percenters—the game of baseball and the glory shouter. Baseball is still no more than the *hors d'œuvre* on the Australian athletic menu, but there are already baseball associations in every State and the game is increasing in popularity year by year. Consular attachés and General Motors salesmen are usually the key men on the crack teams.

Although the response to him has been slower and at times hostile, the American revivalist is hard at work capturing the souls and shillings of the nation's five million public bar patrons. In spite of an occasional set-back, he is undoubtedly making headway. One fiery Cape Cod prophet was objected to because of his nasal twang and his zealous habit of leading suburban maidens to salvation through seduction. Likewise a Melbourne colony of Brigham Young's finest had their efforts at conversion somewhat handicapped by police interference. The Mormon's extensive solicitation of funds had aroused the curiosity of one of the national debunking weeklies.

But these are exceptions. For the most part the revivalist's lot is a lucrative one. In the deadly bush towns where alcohol provides the only recreation he is as welcome as a circus in Spring. The technical differences in the kinds of salvation hawked by different performers pass unnoticed by the hard-bitten bushmen. The music is welcome where radios are rare. The divine contact-man knows that, even though he saves no souls, he is storing up the wherewithal to continue the good work. What if his customers are drawn by nothing more serious than the desire for a bath of alcoholic harmony?—drunks are notoriously generous. He knows that they will all flock back to the pubs as soon as he is gone. Never mind. They've met the Lord for one night, even if they were in no condition to meet anyone.

I watched them roll up to the big tent in a certain bush town on the River Murray —bullock drivers (nationally acknowledged masters of profanity), boundary riders in boots and spurs, loggers, harvest hands, and sheep drovers. Bottles were stored, with a great clattering, under the wooden benches. The hymns rolled high in one vast, exuberant discord. Independent quartettes, in the shadows outside the tent, joined the swelling chorus, bottles raised in maudlin salute. The breathing spaces were filled with the wetting of many throats. The Southern Cross twinkled merrily overhead. In half an hour the raucous crowd had taken the meeting into its own hands. The gentle shepherd started a catchy hymn and couldn't stop it. Chorus after chorus, they roared it out, growing louder and hoarser with each repetition. Then a shrill, piercing falsetto diverted it into a popular bush ballad, particularly unsuited to the house of God, and the evening was on. Everybody had a grand time.

For bachelor Americans there is no dearth of female companionship. Australian girls reason naïvely that every male American is a desirable catch, because, (1) he has the same accent as Buddy Rogers, (2) he is a citizen of the Last Land of Romance and his consort may some day herself attain to that desirable status, (3) he is adept, presumably, in all the latest dance steps, and the bluest rendition of the newest songs, and (4) he is undoubtedly rich. The newcomers whose telephone lists are undeveloped attend the suburban beer-flats or sly-grog shops, where the three follies are expensively dispensed. Melbourne, with its Little Lonsdale street, is the only city in Australia that tolerates

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open prostitution. Americans with reputations to maintain are never to be seen in this quarter. Their clothes and speech make them conspicuous. Two Americans in Sydney keep bar-maid mistresses, who, alas! have the habit of cheating on them with other Americans.

The Yankee attitude toward the country and its people is—during business hours—excessively cordial. Otherwise, I sadly suspect that it is very much like the attitude of a certain type of American everywhere else. Wherever Yanks foregather, privately, may be heard an enlightening recital of Australia's obsolete business methods, obnoxious social customs, and general economic instability. A popular toast goes: "To Australia—the land where the flowers have no fragrance, the birds no melody, and the women no virtue."

When the *Malolo* arrived recently on its Pacific tour, sponsored by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, the government enthusiastically facilitated travel and sight-seeing for its complement of Pacific Coast business men. The scenery left them somewhat cold, but many, in their interviews, admired the country's "business possibilities" and "looked with confidence to increased trade between Australia and the West Coast of the United States." The Prime Minister patiently shook each by the hand on the steps of the new Parliament House, while the tourists looked as if they were appraising its probable cost.

IV

New Zealand is very English in the most conservative tradition. Although the *Australasian* appended to the Yankee names in business in Australia signifies that its owners have commercial designs upon New Zealand as well, the external appurtenances of Americanization are less manifest in the smaller dominion. Americans are regarded as dubious blessings. During the visit of the Pacific fleet, one or two American fatalities actually occurred in the encounters between gobs and civilians.

The shrewd custom of a certain American ship-owner has had a lot to do, in recent years, with the suspicion in which Yankee enterprise is held by a great number of New Zealanders. This ingenious trader purchased a number of obsolete sailing ships on the Pacific Coast at bargain prices, secured lumber charters, and sent them off to the Antipodes, one by one. After pocketing the freight, he accepted no further responsibility for the cheap bottoms. The ships were then, necessarily, auctioned off to the highest bidder to pay harbor dues and crews' wages. In 1926, three American windjammers lay around the New Zealand coast waiting buyers to settle crew and harbor accounts. The crew of one eventually received about a third of its wages due, and relegation to the Auckland beach.

There is something of drama in the whole situation in the Pacific. On the one side there is Britain desperately clinging to vast territories, almost unoccupied and of untouched potential resources. On another side lies Asia, piling up her reserves of man power with ever increasing momentum until the inevitable moment arrives when she must either expand her boundaries or condemn countless multitudes to starvation. On the third side of the triangle lies the most powerful single nation in the world, rich as no other nation has ever been, and almost untested in the field of conquest. Will the growing need for fresh overseas markets not force the young giant to depose utterly his progenitor and seize the richest possessions that remain in an overcrowded world? Who can tell—and for the matter of that—who cares?

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AMERICANA

ALABAMA

EDITOR J. C. NORWOOD of the Cullman *Tribune* gives over a column to ingenious variations upon a joyous theme:

E. D. Goodwin, a well-known farmer and coal man, was in the city Wednesday, paid us a call and had his name added to our list of readers.

J. H. Burns, an excellent citizen and good farmer of route one, while in the city Monday, called into see us and left one fifty for a renewal of his subscription.

E. V. Kelley, a splendid good citizen and prosperous farmer of route one, was a business visitor to the city Saturday, paid us a call and left one fifty for a renewal of his subscription.

Alvin Howard, a good citizen and prosperous farmer of route three, was a business visitor to the city Saturday, called by our office and left the cash for his name to be added to our list.

S. P. Bexley, a good citizen and prosperous farmer of route three, was a business visitor to the city Wednesday, called by to see us and left one fifty for his name to be added to our list of readers.

J. W. Kilgo of Logan, an excellent citizen and prosperous farmer of our county, was a business visitor to the city Friday, paid us a call and left one fifty for a renewal of his subscription.

Joseph Humm, one of the pioneer citizens of the Cullman colony, and a successful old-time trucker and farmer of route three, called in to see us Saturday and left one fifty for a renewal of his annual subscription.

J. A. Vickery, of Logan route one, one of our county's leading citizens and prosperous farmers, was a business visitor to the city Friday, honored our office with a visit and left one fifty for a renewal of his subscription.

Lamar Harris, an excellent citizen and prosperous farmer of Hanceville route one, was a business visitor to the city Monday, honored our office with a pleasant visit and left one fifty for a renewal of his subscription.

Julius Hartwig of route four, one of our county's splendid good citizens and prosperous farmers, was a business visitor to the city, accompanied by one of his sons, honored us with a visit and left one fifty for a renewal of his subscription.

J. B. White of Steppville route one, one of our county's leading farmers and fine types of good citizens, was a recent business visitor to the city, honored us with a highly appreciated visit and left one fifty for a renewal of his subscription.

A. W. Schlichting of route five, one of our county's leading citizens and enterprising farmers, was a business visitor to the city Thursday morning, honored us with a visit and left one fifty for the *Tribune* to go to his address another twelve months.

L. D. White, an enterprising citizen and prosperous farmer of the Jones Chapel community on Cullman route four, was a business visitor to the city Saturday, honored our office with a pleasant visit and left one fifty for a renewal of his subscription.

Simon Keller, a fine citizen and enterprising farmer of route two, was a business visitor to the city Saturday, called into see us and left the names of four subscribers secured by his charming little daughter, Elizabeth Anna Keller, to secure one of the *Tribune's* pretty large dolls.

Mrs. John Rackl, an excellent lady of route four and her two charming daughters, were shopping in the city Saturday, honored our office with a pleasant visit and Mrs. Rackl handed us one fifty for the *Tribune* to pay a weekly visit to her home for another twelve months.

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SPORTING item from the *Southern Star* of Ozark:

> The milking contest between Mayor Flowers and Prof. Snuggs was held with County Agent Ray taking the place of Prof. Snuggs, who was called out of town and asked Mr. Ray to take his place. Each milked three minutes, with Mayor Flowers extracting four and five-eighths pounds of milk during this time while Mr. Ray could only get four pounds. Supporters of each seemed very much interested in the outcome of this contest, some stating that the Mayor was at a disadvantage by being first to milk and old Bossie seeming reluctant to let down the perfect baby food. However, this handicap was offset by the fact Mr. Ray drew the two back teats, and had more trouble finding the bucket with the gushing streams.

THE Hoover Prosperity in Opp, as reported by Editor Kimbro of the *Weekly News*:

> We have noticed some of the shortest cigarette stubs here lately we have ever seen.

ARKANSAS

FROM the *Arkansas Star*:

> Quite a lot of excitement was caused in East Town last Sunday afternoon when the baby of Mr. and Mrs. John Smithers disappeared. After a search of several hours they found the little fellow on the porch lost under the Sunday paper.

CALIFORNIA

FROM the Hollywood *News*:

> Action to prevent Dr. Albert Einstein, German mathematician, from entering California was urged yesterday by Dr. A. D. Houghton, American Legion organizer, in an address before Los Angeles Legionnaires. Dr. Houghton characterized the renowned father of the relativity theory as "a pacifist traveling under the guise of a mathematician" and called attention to Dr. Einstein's recent speech in New York in which the German scientist urged men of military age to refuse to fight as a means of preventing war. Urging the assembled Legionnaires to take action to prevent his landing in California Dr. Houghton stated:
>
> "Dr. Einstein's theory of relativity—of which I don't think much—may be one thing. His pacificism is another. He is a propagandist against the best interests of the country."

FROM the advertising columns of the Los Angeles *Examiner*:

> Scientific research center, human radio mind, tunes in with any one in any part of the world, sees through mind, body and matter; builder of business and character, vanishes diseases, solves any problem. Diagnose cases for the medical profession, lawyers, credit men. DU, 0814. 408 S. Lake street.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CHRISTIAN news item from Capitol Hill:

> Dr. Earle H. Clapp, of the Forestry Service, appeared before the House Appropriations Committee in behalf of a $15,000 increase in appropriations for forest-fire research.
>
> "The general purpose of this research," said Dr. Clapp, "is to find out how to grow timber, how to grow timber crops, under the different conditions that we find in different parts of the country, different climates, different kinds of soil, with a very large number of species, all of them different in their requirements, and their habits of growth and seeding characteristics."
>
> "Did not the Lord tell you a great deal about that before you boys began?" asked Representative James Buchanan of Texas.
>
> "What we want to find out," continued Dr. Clapp earnestly, "are the things about the habits and characteristics and requirements of the trees that are not obvious to casual observation."
>
> "In other words, you think the Lord has some secrets He is not telling you," inquired Representative Lester Dickinson of Iowa.
>
> "Some of them are difficult to find out," admitted Dr. Clapp. "If we knew them we would not need research."

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"The Lord does not have secrets," broke in Representative Buchanan. "We are too ignorant to grasp His real object."

FLORIDA

THE ASSOCIATED NEGRO PRESS on the judicial process in Jacksonville:

> Timothy Rouse, employed as orderly by the Municipal Hospital located on Davis Island, was accused of approaching one of the white nurses and asking her to kiss him while riding on the elevator. He was arrested the following morning, and put in jail. Without a trial or hearing he was released about midnight. His release seemed to have been timed with the assembling of a mob, for before he had got a block from the jail he was taken by a mob and carried to some part of the city, anæsthetized and an operation performed on him, evidently by a physician, and left by the roadside. An ambulance was called and advised to pick up a patient at this point. He was taken to a Negro hospital for treatment. No investigation has been made; no attempt to discover the responsible parties or to verify the alleged foundation for the tragedy. Why the jailer released him without trial or why the release came at such an opportune time is a question.

GEORGIA

THE HON. W. B. TOWNSEND, editor of the Dahlonega *Nugget*:

> The editor of the *Nugget* sets all his type for the paper without any copy—spins it out as he goes. So if you discover an error do not be alarmed. You will not know the difference in a hundred years from the day you find it.

ILLINOIS

LITERARY criticism in America today, as recorded for posterity by the Los Angeles *Times*:

> Awarding of the Nobel prize to Sinclair Lewis was decried by Dr. R. L. Lyman of the University of Chicago, president of the National Council of English Teachers, in his address yesterday at one of the two general sessions which began the last day of the Los Angeles Teachers' Institute. Dr. Lyman said: "It was one of the tragedies of the last few months that this prize had been given to a portrayer of life's ugliness. Truth that is clean and wholesome and uplifting is the ideal of true literature. Artists and etchers in the city of Chicago, which is not so beautiful and not so wicked as it is painted, can go down on avenues where street cars jangle and rumble, with ugliness all around, and can find things of beauty that the average eye cannot see. They can portray ugliness as just a dim background. Those who put beauty in the foreground are artists and not Sinclair Lewises."

THE chief editorial writer of the celebrated *Daily Register-Mail* of Galesburg, also tells the author of "Babbitt" where to get off:

> SINCLAIR
>
> The Nobel prize in literature was bestowed on the novelist, Upton Sinclair an American, who in his speech of acceptance was ungracious enough to speak in disparaging terms of the people of his own country. Such an address at such a time indicates his love for the spectacular and the sensational. We cannot conceive that the distinguished audience before whom he delivered this diatribe has any such feelings toward the people of the United States as those which he entertains. . . . The trouble with the author seems to be that he is afflicted with a monumental ego.

COMMUNICATION from an institution of the higher learning gracing the city of Chicago:

> THE NATIONAL COLLEGE OF INSPIRATIONAL RESEARCH
> Incorporated
> *Home of Inspiration*
> 1219 Foster Avenue :: Chicago, Illinois
> PHONE SUNNYSIDE 10291
>
> *Dear* ——
>
> As you well know a great work of art is the result of inspiration. The greater the

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inspiration the higher the quality of your work.

This college is all the name implies—THE NATIONAL COLLEGE OF INSPIRATIONAL RESEARCH. We will be glad to have you call on us, tell us of your dreams and ambitions, tell us all about yourself. Talk with our instructors who have given their lives to the study of inspiration. You must be flowing over with inspiration or you would never be in that great inspirational profession—ART.

We are all inspirationalists. How our Souls reach out for enlightenment and power to achieve!

We shall be glad to have you call, be our guest for one hour, visit with our scientific instructors who are all inspiration like magnets attracting the great unseen forces who inspire great minds like yours to do even greater things. And when in that state the product of your brush carries the touch of genius, the result of inspiration, the true path-way to untold beauty.

Be our guest for one hour between 2:00 and 5:00 P.M. or 7:00 and 9:00 P.M. any day this week except Saturday and Sunday.

This is the "Home of Inspiration," where great inspired minds develop.

We will expect you and you may bring a friend; leave your pocket book at home as you will be our guest.

O. M. MACKIE,
Director of Administration.

FOOTNOTE on the Noble Experiment from the correspondence columns of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*:

To the Editor:—The young people of this community are using from 15 to 20 grains of aspirin dissolved in the well-known soft drink Coca Cola as an intoxicating beverage and seem to get a result very closely resembling that from alcoholic beverages. Can you explain the mechanism of the intoxication? Will the continued use result in physical impairment and, if so, what may we expect?

E. L. ROBERTS, M.D.,
Cissna Park, Ill.

KENTUCKY

PUBLIC notice in the Henderson *Gleaner*:

NOTICE—The public is hereby notified to stay off my land, unless calling on me about business. Unless parties stay off my land steps will be taken to legally prevent same. I want it understood that I am a dignified lady.

MRS. E. L. OTEY,
Robards, Ky.

MARYLAND

SCIENTIFIC announcement:

ELECTRIC FLUID
IT IS GREAT

It is the best ever heard of for Catarrh, Cold in Head, Cuts, Sores, Bruises, Piles or irritation of any kind. It will remove grease and oil spots from all kinds of wearing apparel and is death to insects. Directions on the bottle.

Small bottle 15c Large bottle 25c

Just try it and see for yourself.

Do not let the store-keeper say I have something just as good, because he has not, but let us know and we will send it at once and thank you for same.

JOHN A. RUTH
Manufacturer
341 S. Woodyear St. Baltimore, Md.

MICHIGAN

THE progress of liturgical science in Detroit, as reported by the *News* thereof:

The ceremonies incident to the dedication of the St. Clair Shores Methodist Church, Ridgway and Mack avenues, are to be concluded at 12:30 P.M. today with a christening of the edifice from an airplane. A bottle of water is to be dropped from a plane and broken on the roof of the church. The container will be dropped by Carl Mager, a member of the congregation, and the plane in which he will ride for the ceremony is to be piloted by Howard Hartung. This is believed to be the first time that an airplane has figured in a dedication ceremony of the kind.

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MISSOURI

Pious document circulated in malty St. Louis by the local W.C.T.U.:

"LINDY DOESN'T"

The good influence that Col. Charles Lindbergh's example is having on American youth is indeed far-reaching and the following incident is one example as reported in the *Christian Science Monitor*:

The chief speaker at a man's club meeting, who was particularly interested in boys, stressed the point that every boy has a hero, and that fathers, by their good example and companionship, should be heroes to their sons.

A few days later the speaker was having some work done by his barber, when the latter remarked:

"I was very much impressed by your address and perhaps you will be interested in something that happened in our home along that line. My wife and I had always liked our glass of beer before retiring and since Prohibition has been in effect I have been making it at home. The other night, while taking our usual glass, our little son, aged ten, looked at us with an odd expression and then said:

"'Daddy, why do you drink that stuff? Lindy doesn't.'"

"What did you do?" asked the patron.

"Well, after he went to bed we talked it over and I remembered what you said, so we decided that there would be no more beer made or used in our home."

NEW JERSEY

The alert reporters of the New York *Times* discover the Happiest American in Bloomfield:

Expert testimony that his body was "a fermenting plant in itself" won for Charles J. Glackin of 87 Clinton street, Bloomfield, an auto mechanic, his freedom yesterday from a conviction for driving while drunk and the consequent $200 fine and two-year suspension of license. Judge Walter D. Van Riper in Common Pleas Court in Newark reversed the conviction found on June 30 by Recorder Grimm in East Orange. Judge Van Riper based his decision on consultations with specialists, which brought out the fact that Glackin's physical condition is such that it produces auto-intoxication and makes him appear habitually drunk.

NORTH DAKOTA

Advertisement of a local scientist in the eminent Lakota *American*:

EJNAR LOHRBAUER, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon
Office over the Lakota Mercantile Company Store
Childbirths, C. O. D.
Lakota, North Dakota

OHIO

Music criticism in the Toledo *Blade*:

It is delightful to hear Paderewski and wonderful to watch him in his dramatic mastery of the piano. And hearing and seeing, one is astonished with the vision of what the future may hold for him in the musical world, provided he keeps up his practice work.

Cultural news from the rising town of Oxford in the Dayton *Daily News*:

To the many weeks which are celebrated by the American public, Western College for Women has added another, Posture Week. The purpose of this campaign is to stimulate good posture as a health, beauty and a mental development. It is an attempt to overcome the characteristic and notorious slouch of students. The most outstanding slogan of the hour at the college is, "A Slumped Body Means a Slumped Mind." The entire effort of the student body and the faculty is directed to the encouragement of the campaign. Talks are given in chapel, the subjects ranging from "Mental Pose" to "Toeing In." There are parades around the campus and to and from classes illustrating the correct way to walk. A secret committee surveys each student and member of the faculty and to those who are judged as possessing good posture, a "Peter Perfect" is awarded. A "Peter Perfect" is a tag upon which is the imprint of a human figure standing in perfect balance.

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OKLAHOMA

SCIENTIFIC note from the celebrated Oklahoma City *News*, organ of the enlightenment in the Oil Segment of the Bible Belt:

DISCUSSES CYCLONE

Editor of The News:

I am herewith presenting you for publication, the scientific cause and effects of tornadoes. In some particulars I agree with the world's most distinguished scientists.

So far as I am individually concerned, I do not find that people in general are aware of any important source of energy for the maintenance and tensification of tornadoes; nor, am I acquainted with a clear exposition, by any scientist, that the condensation of aqueous vapor will be sufficient. . . .

It is generally known that tornadoes start within cirrus clouds, such clouds being in the rear and in the front of any development. Certainly barometric pressure has a great deal to do with the formation and the development. Still there is a force of tremendous intensity, which I have never known mentioned by any scientists, which I am satisfied is the central axis or force through which the formation of a tornado begins and ends.

This force is electro-magnetic in its nature, a force upon which all moving bodies of the universe depend.

In the very beginning of the formation of a tornado, the upper stratas of air move in a circle, covering an enormous area, at the same time it gathers the electric molecules herein encompassed. With the gradual closing up of this area, the molecules of electricity come in such close contact with each other that friction is created, and through friction combustion. When combustion takes place, at the moment that the tornado comes from the upper stratas of atmosphere to the earth, is the time that destruction of property and life takes place. Undoubtedly, the super attraction of the earth's gravitation draws the tornado to the earth.

The atmospheric pressure of the average tornado is one ton to each square foot. Through my most severe calculations I ascertain that a current of atmosphere matters not what its rate of travel may be, could not produce such tremendous results without the aid of electricity. It is more than probable, too, that the development of tornadoes is brought about by large currents of atmosphere running into doldrums with the convergence on the border of other currents moving in the same direction with different velocities, which develop ascending air streams. As a rule it has been the history of tornadoes to travel on their axis from the left to the right, at the same time moving at an angle of 45 degrees across the country; or, in other words, from the southwest to the northeast.

L. HOWELL LEWIS, *Astronomer*.

OREGON

FROM the advertising columns of the Portland *News*:

> WILL PAY $1 to anyone writing best 12-line poem. Oregon must be mentioned. Must be about young man who went on trip and left 2 poems on dresser. WA. 2844. 751 Missouri ave.

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE intellectual Charleston *News and Courier* gives aid and encouragement to the work of the South Carolina Poetry Society:

AMERICA'S GREATEST SOLDIER

(The author of the poem printed below, Elly M. Rowell, of Marion county, is a veteran of the World War.)

If you ask me who was great,
I will tell you 'ere it's too late.
Though he fought a great lost cause,
Robert E. Lee was greatest of all.

As a soldier Lee was true,
Brave, fearless, prayerful, too.
Purity, truth and virtues were his
Attributes seldom found in man.

Lee was charming—a man of poise.
His men followed in one accord.
"To the rear, Lee," they would call
As they feared their leader would fall.

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When a victor Lee was great,
Was greater still in his defeat.
He bade his men, "Let's go home;
Re-build our homes and have not hate."

A college president he became,
Character building was his game,
In peace or war, was all the same
Lee was always winning fame.

Of all the men of genius
Somehow it appears to me,
At last it should be written
The greatest was Robert E. Lee!

You can think of old Napoleon
Or Alexander the Great—
Cæsar was only a pygmy
Versus Robert E. Lee, our great.

When in the course of history
When Civil War hate is done,
America will claim old General Lee
The greatest of all her sons!

TEXAS

A PATRIARCH bids for the world's championship in the celebrated *Primitive Baptist*:

I met Miss Sarah C. Carr on Saturday evening before the fourth Sunday in February, 1871, and was married on the ninth day of May, 1871. To this union were born eleven children, seven boys and four girls. One boy died in infancy; the other six are still living. Two girls, who were married and had families, are dead. Will give names of our own children and the number of their children: Mrs. G. E. Farmer, births 11, deaths 1; T. B. McClenny, births 11, deaths 1; H. W. McClenny, births 4, deaths 1; Mrs. L. M. Granberry, births 11, deaths 1; J. C. McClenny, births 10, deaths 3; W. C. McClenny, births 7; J. W. McClenny, births 3; S. R. McClenny, births 10, deaths 2; Mrs. C. E. Preddy, births 8, deaths 3; Mrs. C. L. Perryman, births 1. Total, 76 grandchildren. Great-grandchildren: Mrs. Lonnie Malone, births 6; Mrs. Hattie Burgin, births 7, deaths 1, T. H. Granberry, births 7, deaths 2; Geo. Granberry, births 6; J. W. McClenny, births 2; Mrs. Sarah Lee Davis, births 1. Total, 29 great-grandchildren. Great-great-grandchildren: 1, Mrs. Loise Wright. My own children 11, Grandchildren, 76, Great-grandchildren 29, Great-great-grandchildren 1. This makes my descendants 117 in all. I would love to see all these together.

T. C. MCCLENNY

Minola, Tex.

WEST VIRGINIA

THE consecrated life in St. Albans, as disclosed by the *Advertiser* thereof:

The Adult Bible Class of the Atkinson Memorial Bible Class will be entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Dearien, Pennsylvania Avenue, Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All members are invited to attend. Part of the programme will be a debate, subject: Resolved that a few fleas are good for a dog. The debaters on the affirmative side are Mrs. Fred Lytton and Miss Eva Hughes; negative, J. S. Barker and Clark Hamilton.

WISCONSIN

THE renowned Milwaukee *Sentinel*, organ of 100% Americanism, does its bit for swell letters in Milwaukee:

"Say, Girlie, You're a Cute Looking Baby!"
One of the Tense Moments in
"SHIRLEY"
by NANCY BARR MAVITY
a fascinating story of "New Youth" and a girl who leaped into life and won

A great story . . . fast moving . . . full of breathless thrills . . . love, mystery and romance . . . strange adventure . . . that is "Shirley!"

It is the account of a well-bred girl who is thrown among the riff-raff of the world, down on the San Francisco waterfront. Out of funds, out of everything but beauty and courage, she bucks up against life at its worst.

Of course, you are not going to miss reading this thrilling new story! It's much too good to pass up! Start from the very first chapter.

Beginning
TOMORROW
THE MILWAUKEE SENTINEL

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CORNER SALOON

BY TRAVIS HOKE

It was known as Schultz's, or the Dutchman's, or McGuire's (but never the Mick's) or more simply, the Corner: "I'll just run down to the corner for a minute." As you drew near the entrance set diagonally in the junction of its walls you saw fly-punctuated posters in a curtained show-window and you smelled a sweet, moist smell of malt and hops and rye and corn, soaked and sprouted and fermented and boiled, and the cool fragrance of sawdust. You pushed through swinging doors that parted in the middle, and that by law, it was rumored, must stop so many feet short of the ground and the top, and you were in a saloon—not a genteel hotel bar, not a water-front dive, not a levee barrel-house, not an across-the-tracks wine-room, not a roadhouse or tavern, not a cider-stube or rathskeller or beer-garden—but a neighborhood corner saloon, the prototype of thousands throughout this great land.

In it millions of American men spent a sixth of their time and almost as much of their wages. It had more influence on more men than all the colleges from Harvard to Stanford. It affected profoundly politics, religion, the lives of families, the destiny of the nation—and it has been gone only eleven years. Yet there are men of today, drinking men, who never knew it, and many of its alumni have forgotten it; forgotten even to say, as they once said: "I'm against Prohibition, but I hope the corner saloon will never come back." (That seemed its unforgivable offence. It stood on a corner.)

Certainly the swinging doors were disgustingly easy of entrance. Cards, passwords, secret knocks and lookouts belonged only to lodge meetings in those days, and the horrific thrill of entering a speakeasy was lacking. And there was nothing lurid about the interior. The room was long and rather narrow, oftener than not, dark and damply cool in Summer and warm and bright in Winter, with a thin, soft carpet of sawdust. At one side ran the bar, of a height comfortably to rest an elbow while one foot trod the brass rail eight inches from the floor. The rail was more than a footrest; it was a symbol of masculinity emancipate, of manhood free to put its feet on something. The bar itself was of oak or mahogany or maple, stained and polished a deep, mellow—but then, it was much like the bars in speakeasies today.

On it stood bowls of pretzels, the equivalent of speakeasy potato-chips, and dishes of cloves and coffee beans, efficacious in concealing the odor of liquor on the breath—for drinking then was not an inevitability and the liquored breath no social asset.

The wall opposite held at least one choice work of art of the circus-lithograph school. Not infrequently the subject was the female form divine—a large form, demonstrably female and perhaps ostentatiously healthy—executed, not in your

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meagre, cheating, modernistic style, but forcefully and full of detail if not realism, and propounded in colors that gave the eye nourishment. The lady reclined lightly on an elbow, her triumphantly blonde hair disciplined to assist her modesty. Stockings saved her from complete nudity and she avoided vulgar display by wearing only one garter.

There was still other art on the mirror which ran behind the bar—a landscape done in colored chalks in the same satisfying *genre* as those on sleds and the sides of furniture vans, by an artist who turned up once a year to change the emerald hill, scarlet house and amethyst brook into a chaster but no less brilliant snowscape. This masterpiece occupied the centre of the mirror; on either side of it were signs written with soap in angular, heavily-shaded script telling the tale of Sherry Flip 10c With 2 Eggs 15c, of Hard Boil Eggs 5c, and in their season, of Tom & Jerry 15c. A huge white bowl with their names entwined in gilt stood on the bar around Christmas time. Over all of the mirror and its decorations hung, in Summer, a white mosquito net to protect it from flies.

At each end of the mirror and high above the bar was a champagne bottle, magnum size and empty. They were the only champagne bottles in the house. Top centre was the bust of a wall-eyed deer bitten to death by moths, from whose antlers depended, at the proper time, wreaths and Peace on Earth signs. Along the opposite wall were tables and chairs, but never so many that they interfered with standees along the bar.

Across from the bar or at its end, somewhat higher, was a counter decked out with food and knives and forks. This was the free-lunch counter, strategically placed far from the door so that a desperado who lunched himself and attempted to get out without buying so much as a glass of beer would have to run a frightful gauntlet, and it was a famous and important institution.

The luncher took a plate from a stack on the counter, and a fork from half a dozen standing in a glass of water, and toyed with such snacks as pickles, kippered herring, sardines, Spring onions standing in a vase, sausage, cheese, baked beans, corned beef—none of these precisely thirst-quenching, it may be noted. Then he took two slices of bread and stood before the feature of anybody's feast. It was a gigantic roast of beef, towering, sleek with gravy, in a shallow metal pan, delicately brown on the outside and vigorously, juicily pink everywhere else. It was superb. Its smell alone was worth paying for. The luncher might help himself to other things, but he might not touch the roast. It was served by the lunch-cutter, so called, who at other times, a humbler being, might be seen sweeping out, or rolling barrels of beer down the sidewalk hatch.

He wielded an armory of razor-sharp, thin-bladed knives, the whetting of which obsessed him, and he pared the beef with an artistry more fascinating than that of a flapjack tosser in a Childs window, so that the beef retained its symmetry to the end. There was ham, sometimes, baked and embossed with cloves, but the beef was the glory of the corner saloon—the best that could be bought ("saloon cut" was the butcher's synonym for the most expensive) and perfectly cooked. No down-town bar did better; some not as well.

But the lunch-cutter shaved exceeding small, and the bread was split into half or even third slices. And busy though he might be, slicing and serving and whet-

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ting, he seemed to know whether a luncher had bought another beer before he returned for his second roast beef sandwich. Perhaps he would have served more than once for a drink; nobody knew then and nobody knows to this day. As it was, it cost several trips to the counter and the price of several beers before a neighborhood appetite was satisfied.

For which reason some saloons set out, in addition, what was dexteriously called a Merchant's Lunch. The menu, chalked on a slate, was erased and rewritten each day, but never need a merchant go without his Bean Soup 5c, Wieneys & Saurcraut 10c, Schmierkase 5c, Pot Roast & Mash Potatoes 15c, Bread with Only Soup 5c Extra. Or he could have an entire lunch for twenty-five cents. He could have soup, pot roast and noodles, potatoes boiled or fried in a style blamed on cottages, a stack of rye bread, and a slice of sturdy pie. Or he could have ham and beans, or beef and beans, or pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut on days when, inexplicably, there was no pot roast. Five cents more for a glass of beer and the merchant had done himself well.

Past the free lunch counter a door gave on the back room, to which the Family Entrance led from the street. No family ever entered, but an occasional woman or child did, to rap on a table and summon the bartender to fill beer pitcher or pail—rushing the can, this errand was called, and it was the old-time equivalent of sending the elevator boy to the delicatessen for the evening gin—and that was as close as women or children got to the bar. The Family Entrance was popular with the police, and at night the tables in the back room were used for profound games of pinochle and seven-up. That room was the nearest approach to the European café that American ideas ever reached, but it never attained great popularity with either customers, proprietors or reformers. Customers were not encouraged to like it, saloonkeepers found sales in it were less frequent, and reformers opposed it because they suspected that gaudy vice paraded there. There were rumors, indeed, of back rooms in which ladies and gentlemen (unrelated) drank together, but such places only pretended to be neighborhood saloons.

An adjunct of the Family Entrance and the back room, and one which has never been replaced, was the toilet. It was free of cost and embarrassment. It was popular and it was necessary—or at least, it was thought so then. Yet nothing has risen to take its place. Here is a mystery. The abolition of saloons must have brought about a sensational change in the habits, other than drinking, of the American people.

In the front or back room, only too often, was a mechanical piano, an instrument with strings of tin which played selections thought to be "Good Old Summer Time," "Hiawatha," "Alexander's Rag Time Band," "Red Wing," etc., when a nickel plumbed its vitals. The antiquarian will find the identical instruments installed in the Chicken Dinner hells which now throng suburban highways.

II

The person who managed the corner saloon and served the drinks was considerably more than the mere proprietor or employé of a business. He was one of the biggest figures in the neighborhood, of tremendous importance and influence in its life. He was a bartender, but he was many other things.

He was counsellor in all the ways of life, recipient of confidences, disburser of

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advice, arbiter of disputes, authority on every subject. Gentlemen told him their domestic difficulties and their affairs of the heart, their misadventures with landlords, or what they would say to the boss next time. They sought his opinion on prize fights, aching teeth, court summonses, stock in fox farms, the pennant race, sheath skirts, the tariff. He could tell a boil from a carbuncle. He was stakeholder of wagers and the court of last resort. He knew the inside of things; his saloon was owned by the brewery or leased from it or in debt to it; the breweries ran the politics of the town, hence he was close to important people and spoke mighty names with familiarity—especially before election, when a word from him was very much to the point.

Usually he was robust in build, but he might be small and wizened. In cartoons he was shown wearing diamonds of doorknob size, and in or out of pictures he affected handle-bar mustaches of impressive length and a watch chain heavy with lodge emblems. His glossy hair was parted in an incredibly straight line which, it was whispered, had been shaved in, and pasted in a graceful curve over what passed for brow. He was a figure of exacting dignity. The details of his occupation—the handling of glassware and towels, leveling the foam of beer glasses with a celluloid ruler, pouring whiskey, polishing glasses, wiping the bar—were messy, feminine, menial, yet he was a hero, liked, admired, a little feared, and reverenced for sapience of the strong, silent sort. He knew everything—knew, for example, that there never would be a Prohibition Amendment, knew it long before everybody else; and long after.

He knew everything and he could understand everything except the accusations of his enemies. They bewildered his innocence. He didn't beat no wives or take no bread out of no children's mouth. He had a wife and family himself and just as good as some parties that was always passing remarks. Sure, he was in the liquor business, but what of it? If a man wanted a drink he was going to get it, and if *he* didn't sell it to him some one else would. He ran a clean place where a working man could have his glass of beer in peace—no fights, no rough stuff—and he never sold a drink to a drunken man in his life. Which last was true, according to his rigid definition of drunkenness. There were certain distinctions between just feeling good, being a bit under the weather, having trouble at home, just needing a little straight rye to brace up, and being plain drunk, which others might ignore, but not he. He never saw a plain drunk.

There was all too much truth in what his enemies—mainly women—said about him, but there was still another reason why they hated him, a reason which neither he nor they ever recognized. They hated him because his saloon was a refuge for men.

This was before Prohibition, of course, when America was so different, so different and so quaint. Speakeasies, in those naïve times, were board shacks on Indian reservations, and women didn't meet in them for luncheon. Bootleggers were low persons operating secretly in three or four dry States, and housewives were not on their calling lists. At parties in homes they made fudge instead of gin. There was scandal in country clubs if the punch was spiked at dances, and the few night clubs weren't smart enough for wives and sweethearts. The women of that crude day didn't drink, in short. There were exceptions, of course: women of the smart set, the minority that is just a bit ahead of the

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times—the same smart minority that just now is a good deal dryer than it was five years ago—but even they did not drink in public places.

Drinking was a man's sport. And women not only loathed the saloon for its intrinsic evils but, quite naturally, because men often sought each others' company there and excluded women. Safe in his saloon, a man boasted of marital independence, complained of marital injustice, gained strength to defy the dominant sex. There he could play at being devil-may-care and independent and generous and brave and debonair, at being manly—and there no woman dared invade him with drab truths. The saloon was for men only. It was their last stronghold in a world of women, and for that reason if no other, outlaw and wicked.

The bartender personified all its evils, and between women's hatred and men's veneration he grew gigantic in stature. Yet this great man worked long hours for what was even then an inadequate wage—$60 a month would not be out of the way. Why? Because of the glory of masculinity that contact with liquor always brought. Drinking was manly; a bartender was a man's man. And where has he gone? He is not in speakeasies; the quality of speakeasy bartending was never his; nor at soda fountains—he could never abide guzzlers of melbas and sundæs.

A colossus, yet he could be humbled, for women did storm the barriers now and then. There were painful moments in the great life—little suspected by his clients, for they usually came of mornings, in the slack of trade—when vituperant wives would demand that he cease to serve husbands who had come home drunk and minus pay envelopes. He must accede to their demands; there were certain mysterious things that could happen to him if he refused, and he never dared back his suspicion that the housewives were as ignorant as he of what those things were. Sometimes a wife would face him when there were customers present, and naturally, it behooved her to denounce him with the excess violence of righteous wrath. His dignity took refuge then in silence and in vigorous scrubbing of the bar, and his cold fury was visited, after she had retired, on the husband. If some parties, he announced, wasn't man enough to take care of their own business and had to let their wife say what they could do and what they couldn't do, then they could keep their ugly mugs out of his place, and tell 'em he said so. After which there was a round of drinks on the house.

He was, for so innately conservative a man, a great believer in what later came to be called Personal Liberty. If a man took a drink, whose business was it but his own? Yet he himself—and the paradox was rarely remarked—was frequently a total abstainer. "Never touch it myself," he would state quite frankly when he bought a drink or was offered one. Then he would toss off a glass of seltzer or take a cigar from its box and put it on the ledge of the cash register. If he were not a teetotaler he had to have a tremendous capacity and a hard head, for it was his judgment of the psychological moments when a free drink would start a lot of buying that made a bartender successful, and since he joined in all rounds on the house, he might consume an enormous quantity of liquor in a working day.

It was from experience as well as from academic knowledge of medical and physiological lore, therefore, that he drew his formula for the magic pickmeup which he prescribed for mornings after.

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No matter how much he drank he was always sober enough, when he closed up the saloon, to uncap a bottle of beer and take it upstairs with him. In the morning he drank the stale beer before he got up.

"First off," he would explain, "there's a lot of gas in the stomach—drinking, that makes gas in the stomach. Well, this here beer it has gas in it too, only not no more after it stands all night without no cap. So I drink it, and in the stomach it takes up all the gas that ain't in it no more, see?"

He had other remedies for those who had neglected to equip themselves with stale beer. In fact, he had a remedy for every ill man ever thought himself heir to, from colds and rheumatism to appendicitis. Sloe gin fizz was one favorite head-clearer for the morning after; a raw egg in sherry was esteemed as soothing to a roiled stomach. It might be peppermint in whiskey for cramps, or hoarhound, honey and rye for a cold in the chest. A little jalap in whiskey was good for one kind of trouble, Jamaica ginger or wild cherry cordial for its antithesis. He knew dozens of remedies, all different—different ways of flavoring alcohol—and all popular. But he never slipped an obstreperous customer the croton oil Mickey Finn of the modern night club; his weapon, when he needed one, was a bung-starter over the head.

Thirsts were simple in the neighborhood. A man usually drank beer or whiskey, and only beer or whiskey. Gin was considered as appertaining mainly to colored brethren, although for some reason, certainly not its lighter alcoholic content, it was occasionally thought a better Summer drink than whiskey. Now and then it appeared in a Martini or a fizz, with lime and seltzer as a rickey, or with lemon and dry soda in the more expensive Tom Collins. But it was never mixed in sweet, sickening and ladylike messes such as Alexanders and orange blossoms, or with ginger ale. Gin was then what it always had been and is today, a synthetic combination of alcohol, water, glycerine or turpentine, and flavoring ethyls and esters, but it was not as strong as modern appetites demand, running then only some 80 proof, or 40% alcoholic content.

III

Behind the bar were ranged bottled whiskeys sorted according to their species, rye, bourbon, and Irish, and in carafes, the unmarked house whiskeys which came from barrels in the cellar. Also displayed but seldom used, were bottles and gilt-labelled carafes of cordials and liqueurs and such speculative liniments as rum, rock and rye, Irish moss in whiskey, crème de menthe and, long ago, absinthe. Occasionally a bottle of Scotch was seen, but its lighter alcoholic content and its roofing-material flavor kept it from being popular. When Scotch was drunk, however, it was either straight or with water, plain or fizzy, and never, barbarously, with ginger ale.

Whiskey was aged for years instead of hours, then, but it was as synthetic, by and large, as it is now. There never were more than a few straight whiskeys on the market; they were otherwise blends of various mashes which made either rye or bourbon, and distilleries handy to illicit stills, as most were, bought moonshine alcohol secretly and used it to cut their own product, just as modern bootleggers cut Scotch malt with alcohol. Whiskey, on the whole, was not much better then than it is now, since bootleggers have taken to making their own alcohol instead of "washing" the denatured kind. But gen-

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tlemen were just as particular then as now about the kind of whiskey they might drink, and as easily impressed by a label, and there were about as few of them who could judge a whiskey by its taste.

Somewhat better in quality than the whiskey was the beer. It came from the barrel or bottled, in two shades, light and dark, the latter being heavier and richer in malt. When a good beer could be had "off the wood" it pleased the connoisseur better than any but the imported German or Bohemian brews, but in later years almost all draft beer was pumped from the cellar through metal pipes, and bottled beer, which meantime had vastly improved, was held preferable. Bock beer, a strong new brew, not the light beer of the French cafés, made its appearance each Spring, heralded by a sign showing a goat festooned with garlands of sausage.

While there were many brands of whiskey to be had, there was almost never more than one kind of beer in a neighborhood saloon—the brand of the brewery to which the saloon paid tribute. Breweries owned or controlled saloons as effectively as modern beer racketeers control their distributors, and, barring the gun play, in about the same manner.

Gentlemen were not only particular about what kind of beer or whiskey they drank, but about all the details of their manner of drinking it. Some liked beer in the thick glass called a seidel, others preferred a thin glass tumbler. Few, however, learned to sip it slowly, and fewer still would drink it less than ice cold, and so they lost its full flavor.

Gentlemen were even more particular as to what accompanied or followed whiskey down their throats—the liquid called a chaser. The majority tossed a shot past their palates without tasting it, and then as quickly drank off a chaser of plain water, thereafter producing the smack of the lips and the "Ah!" that etiquette demanded. Others poured a small quantity of water into the whiskey glass; still others poured their whiskey into the chaser. Some even drank their chasers first. Some took seltzer or soda water, others favored ginger ale. A few drank milk for a chaser. But the real die-hards drank chasers of beer. They would let no charge of effeminacy be lodged against them. They diluted alcohol with more alcohol, and their stomachs seldom knew the softer beverages which they termed belly wash.

Whiskey was not always drunk straight, of course. Particularly in Summer rye was esteemed in a highball, with still or sparkling water or ginger ale. Highballs were the frontier between straight and mixed drinks. For anything more complicated there was slight call in a neighborhood saloon. When a bartender made a mixed drink he poured the ingredients into a tall, thick, straight-tapering glass. On top of the glass he jammed a metal shaker of identical shape, and since there was as much space empty as there was full, and since the ice was cracked very fine, the shaking produced a much colder, fizzier, foamier drink than is possible with a modern cocktail shaker, packed almost to the brim with ingredients and too-big chunks of ice. In this manner he made Martini, Manhattan, Bronx, Clover Club and a host of other cocktails, and various silver, golden, cream and other fizzes, and on the whole he did them very well. But the neighborhood bartender could never learn to use both French and Italian vermouth—and very little of either—in a Martini, and he held a searing scorn of pousse cafés and the various frappés.

The Old Fashioned cocktail was known as toddy, then, and in Winter it was

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served hot, along with various hot punches and Tom and Jerry, a sort of hot egg-nog. In Summer, beside highballs and rickeys, one of the most plausible drinks was a punch compounded of milk, whiskey, sugar, a dash of rum, and grated nutmeg. It was held that since milk was a food, a man might with beneficial effect limit himself during hot weather to a diet of milk punches and exclude more solid foods. A Summer drink imported from the South was mint julep, and there was a never-ending argument as to whether the mint stalks should be crushed. It was usually made with bourbon whiskey, but once in a great while a customer turned up who demanded it in its original form. Its aristocratic inventors knew whiskey only as a Highland liquor of inferior bouquet and strength; bourbon and rye had either not been invented or were not yet ennobled. The first mint juleps were thus made with brandy in a day when Napoleon was too young to have really fine cognac named after him—brandy, with a touch of rum from Barbadoes, and the mint leaves thick to bury the nose in, all in a silver goblet. Nor was the mint crushed; it was sufficient for its aroma to mingle with the cognac on the palate.

Some towns, even certain saloons, were famous for certain mixed drinks. Probably the most famous of all was the gin fizz invented at the Ramos bar in New Orleans, and known all over the land as a New Orleans fizz. It was compounded of cream, white of egg, and lemon juice, and one of its secrets lay in the fact that it was shaken with such vigor and at such length that the cream did not curdle. New Orleans, and to a lesser extent San Francisco, were about the only towns where a champagne cocktail might easily be had; there was enough demand for them to use up a bottle of champagne before it grew flat. There was a Fishmonger's Punch in Philadelphia that stood many a good lad on his ear, and in New Jersey they did effective things with apple-jack and other forms of liquid lightning and called the result a punch.

St. Louis, Milwaukee and Cincinnati were great beer towns and their famous brews were exported all over, though certain minor brands found more favor, sometimes, at home. Chicago had no special drink, but it did have Heine Gabubler's, a bar which probably no man re-entered without bringing a newcomer. Heinie's was a trick bar: glasses dribbled down the sleeve, electrically charged plates shocked the hand or elbow, foot-rails gave way on springs, stairs leading to a hypothetical museum collapsed. Stockmen brought green hands off the ranches to Heinie's; merchants took Eastern salesmen there. It and Hinky Dink and Bath House John and the old First Ward balls were major characters in the rich drinking history of Chicago.

Wherever the saloon, if it was a neighborhood saloon, prices were about the same. Beer was five cents a glass, ten cents a seidel, ten or fifteen cents a bottle. Whiskey, which cost perhaps $1.75 a bottle at a grocery, was ten cents a drink in a three or four ounce glass which etiquette forbade filling to the brim, and later, two for a quarter. When only one two-for-a-quarter drink was bought fifteen cents was charged, but in change was given a metal disc which stated that it was worth two and one-half cents in trade at Gus's Place. Two were worth one glass of beer; gents on a whiskey régime went around with their pockets jingling. Mixed drinks were at least fifteen cents straight, as was Scotch whiskey.

In the neighborhood saloon there flourished the great and wholly American

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ritual of treating, or as it was more graphically known, setting 'em up. Almost certainly it sprang from the English custom of taking wine. One diner would say to another, "A glass of wine with you?" and the other, responding, they would drain their glasses, at no expense to either unless one happened to be the host, which wasn't essential. The American equivalent was "Have a drink?" or more simply, "Have one?" and the difference was that Americans didn't treat with some one else's liquor.

IV

The neighborhood stood treat on a variety of occasions: births, deaths, funerals, weddings, betrothals, on meeting friends, on meeting strangers, on perpetrating a joke or becoming the butt of one, on telling a story or hearing one, or for no reason at all except the desire to be friendly and have a drink. There were many canons in the code of treating. Whoever was treated must treat in turn, of course. No one must take a more expensive drink than that ordered by the treater. It was insulting to refuse to be treated—so much so that a weak (or hardy) soul who could not endure the thought of more liquor down his gullet would order a cigar, even if he put it in his pocket. Taking a cigar was looked upon with the disgust with which one views bad manners in a child; still one must have something, and it was never argued that if each man played fair nobody gained but the house.

It was part of the ritual not only to clink glasses but to mutter exorcisms such as "Looking at you!" "Over the river!" "Here's how!" or to exchange benevolent greetings such as "Here's mud in your eye," "Hope you choke," etc. And it was the very essence of wit to remark "First today" when the rounds of drinks had multiplied sufficiently to make the point clear.

As a potent breeder of drinks the treating system was first-aid to the will power. A man could enter a saloon for half an hour and one drink with the comforting assurance that if he met a friend he would have two drinks instead of one, and that by the end of the half hour these would become mere preliminaries to three more, one of which would be on the house. By that time there were more friends and soon everybody was a friend and naturally he couldn't desert them. That would be the trick of a short-sport, a quitter—unmanly, in fact. All of which made it easy for him to resolve, next time, that he would stay half an hour and have one drink, and which also made other people say: "I don't want Prohibition, but I would like to see the treating system abolished."

As in ways of drinking liquor, there was a great difference of opinion as to when and under what conditions it should be drunk. Some never drank before meals, others never drank after them. The theory was that the stomach should have food in it when it was given alcohol, yet it was held by others that the effect of alcohol on food, especially certain sea foods, was deleterious. The majority favored a slight admixture of food with drink—hence the "blotters" of pretzels or peanuts, which, it was assumed, were given free for the benefit of digestions rather than thirsts. Sentiment was united, however, against mixing drinks. If a man started with whiskey he should continue; an interlude of beer was poisonous. And a great many feared mixed drinks. But no one accused alcohol of causing disaster—always it was the other liquids and flavors which made it potable. In fact, then even as now, one

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who suffered on the morrow was apt to blame food which had disagreed with him, usually a last fatal olive.

Neighborhood saloons were open from seven or eight in the morning till one o'clock at night and for seven days a week, unless there were a Sunday closing law, in which case one used the Family Entrance. The few early morning customers usually sought relief from illness contracted by eating a sandwich just before closing time the night before, though one or two vainglorious souls might boast their need of a hair from the dog that had bitten them. There was very little business until noon. Then, ten minutes before the factory whistles blew, in would troop lads with the tin pails, strung on laths, of all the bricklaying, hod-carrying, carpentering, sewer and ditch digging gangs at work in the neighborhood. It was the privilege of the apprentice or the youngest man in every crew to collect the beer buckets, borrow a wiping of lard from the nearest housewife so that the collar of foam would not lie so thick as to cheat an honest workingman of his beer, and get back from the saloon by the time workers knocked off for lunch.

The merchant's and free lunch trade was good at noon too, but the afternoons were fairly empty, except for the few perpetually unemployed who somehow existed in reasonable comfort on no work at all. They did not go off to work every morning like the rest of mankind. They swung neither the imitation camera lunch box nor the pail; the shipping room and the freight clerk's desk knew them not, nor the plumber's bag. They toiled not, yet they had money for modest drinking, shot an occasional game of pool, and bought a shave every other day. Their only gainful occupation was as watchers at the polls on election days, yet they were not regular ward heelers. They drank carefully through afternoon and evening, spent more time than money, and yet were not to be confused with moochers, cadgers or bar flies, who had slim pickings indeed in the neighborhood saloon.

From five to six there was a moderate increase in trade, the custom coming from men homeward bound, including those who could not get back after dinner—it was supper, then—because of wifely objection. They and the supper can-rushers and the casualties who dropped in for a quick one and forgot to proceed, made up a brisk early evening trade.

But it was from seven o'clock on that the saloon really became itself. It came to life because the life of the neighborhood filled it. Every individual, every type held forth, free from the discipline of daily toil, from the exactions of domestic life, from the repressions of an outer world. One ceased to be a man among women. One breasted the bar, downed a drink, and became a man among men.

There were all too many who made good the indictments of the enemies of the Workingman's Club. Drink for them was a narcotic. They came as early as possible and drank themselves with despatch into torpors in which boring and painful existences grew dim enough for endurance. They were never exhilarated by drink, never mellowed, rarely infuriated. Only on Saturdays and Sundays did they approach anything like a debauch—and it was merely a sodden protraction of their week-night stupefactions and resulted in the Monday hangover and payroll docking. But there were others in whom alcohol quickened something and made them, for a while, if not their true selves, at least the selves they would like to have been.

The saloon would have provided a

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psychoanalyst's field day, had there been any fixations or complexes in those times, for alcohol and security within the citadel of maleness stripped souls in a few moments of the wrappings that long series of psychoanalytical séances could never unroll.

The bartender and other leaders of thought held forth on news of the neighborhood, politics, and sporting events. There were passionate discussions of the commonplace in which opinion was used for fact and accusation for argument. Long, intricate quarrels were begun, and beautiful friendships founded on mutual distastes suddenly discovered. There was much shaking of dice—poker dice or "horses," whence came the expression, "That's a horse on you," to decide who should pay for drinks. There was tremendous boasting, unchallengeable assertion of prowess.

They boasted of their physical strength, of the iron hand with which they ruled their households, of the excellence of their various attributes and possessions. There was the man who never boasted of himself but who always knew the strongest, most successful personages; he could outdo another boaster with circumstantial details of the achievements of an intimate friend referred to as a certain party. But mostly they boasted of their capacity for drink. They could drink astounding quantities without in the least feeling it, they said, meantime weaving a bit and trying to keep both eyes in the same focus. The ability to consume large amounts of liquor without being affected by it was greatly admired, simulated and praised. They drank to feel the effects of alcohol, yet they scorned those who felt it most and quickest, nor was it ever suggested that if they did not feel their liquor they might as well not drink it. Drunkenness was a sort of accident, and they would not have understood modern youth who drink to get drunk and announce their intentions beforehand.

There were stories, too, not always too well pointed, and more Rabelaisian than Decameronian, which might seem tame today, but for the most part conversation was too general and unorganized for anecdotes; they were reserved for the more formal society of barber-shops and smoking compartments. Now and then in the Winter there was the turkey raffle to get excited about: a twenty-pound turkey was the prize of a lottery costing twenty-five cents a chance. It was invariably won by a barber from the Fifth Ward.

About ten o'clock—nine on Saturdays—and especially on lodge nights, there were deep, complicated and soul-stirring harmonies through which permeated occasional accessory words recognizable as silvery moon, you wouldn't dare insult me sir, she may have seen better days, dear old girl, blinding tears are falling, etc. and etc. Extensive rehearsal was expended on these arias. The tenor would not be parted from his higher notes, the key was too low for the bass, the baritone kept straying into the melody, and the lead not infrequently went sour on a minor swipe, so that it was necessary to try over chords several times before they were right to the critical ear. Once perfected, it would have been sheer waste not to repeat them, and when the whole song had been properly rendered, false starts and all, it was only fair to insist on self-requested encores. The captious, therefore, might find the chorales somewhat more than satisfying but they met with profound appreciation from simpler and sadder souls.

In every saloon there was pointed out with awe the man who was drinking himself to death. He seemed neither un-

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aware of his impending fate nor averse to describing its preliminary pangs, and he exhibited a pleasing lack of reticence about discussing the cause, which was that he was alone in the world, his wife having run away with the gas-meter man and his children being with their grandmother. A staunch champion of the sanctity of the home was he, and a lover of little children at their grandmother's. About the time the joys of freedom began to outweigh those of the martyr, however, his wife would return, and then he would have to begin drinking himself to death all over again because she abused him.

Then there were the crying jags—those whose alcohol always turned to tears—but any man might attain a crying jag when the right combination of alcohol and circumstances arose. Then he became lush with sentiment and generous with sorrow, over his own or anyone's troubles. It did not matter what the troubles were or whose they were. Indeed, they did not have to be troubles. The bankruptcy of a great corporation, a felon on his brother-in-law's finger, the newness of the moon or the demeanor of English sparrows—the woes of the world were his and they made him weep and bore him down until his head sought the rail where his foot had been.

And there was the type that made a great to-do about his drinking—the ancestor, no doubt, of the Prohibition bore who talks of nothing else. He was defiant and defensive, even in the saloon. He could take liquor or leave it alone, he said, but mostly he took it. There were others in whom a very little alcohol inspired a profound distaste for the world, its fauna and flora complete. This comprehensive displeasure was accompanied by a great urge to self-expression, and they spent eloquent evenings being bitter about things—the wart on another gentleman's nose, for example, or details of his attire, or the name with which accident or art had endowed him—achieving, in good time, the personal encounter which it was assumed they sought.

But by one o'clock only the last customer remained, the lad who nightly closed up the place with the bartender, waiting hopefully and not always in vain for a free drink. The others were all gone, the boisterous, the mournful, the sullen, the merry—striding, staggering or carried. They had won, some of them, release from reality—from laying brick and driving nails and adding figures and paying rent, and sweetest of all, from the hateful virtues of a woman's world—but freedom had been brief. They had spent, selfishly, some of them, money that might have bought food and shoes and carpet and a bit of ease in old age—and they had nothing to show for it. But as the bartender said, if they didn't get their liquor there they would get it somewhere else; a statement amply proven since he closed up for the last time.

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THE BERKSHIRES: OLD STYLE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

More than a hundred years ago a youth still in his 'teens, after a year on Mark Hopkins' log called Williams College, returned to his native hamlet tucked high and remote in the hills of Western Massachusetts, and there wrote the first American poem of distinction—"Thanatopsis". Presently he was trudging over these same wild hills to become a lawyer in a neighboring village, and beguiling the lonely journey by composing "To a Waterfowl". In his later life, as editor of the New York *Evening Post*, he garnered a new fame, but it was by virtue of his metrical reactions to the Berkshire Hills that Bryant lives today. Matthew Arnold called him "the American Wordsworth", and there is more justice in the appellation than those people who have not read his best verse since their schooldays might suppose. Wordsworth found much of his inspiration in the Lake Country of Old England. Bryant found his in the lake and hill country of New England which most resembles it—the Berkshires.

Bryant's father was a doctor in a frontier settlement—a poor, struggling community thrust out from the Puritan Bay Colony into the western barrier. But this father brought back from a trip to Boston the "Lyrical Ballads," and young Bryant knew Wordsworth and Coleridge by heart when he was still almost a child. The family was poor, the community was restricted, but there was food for the imagination inside the house as well as outside. There was, however, no law practice near Cummington, so young Bryant moved on, after a few months at the next village, to Great Barrington, in the Southern Berkshires, a larger village in the fertile Housatonic plain, just below Lenox and Stockbridge. Here he remained five years, practicing law, serving as town clerk, and hating his job. Obviously, he wanted to write and to be with writing folk. It was his friends the Sedgwicks, in Stockbridge, who persuaded him at last to chuck the law, and take the plunge into New York. That was in 1825. He amassed a fortune in New York, thanks to his ultimate ownership of the *Post*, and came back to his native village of Cummington in Summer, where he remodelled the old homestead according to Victorian standards, and wandered again in the wildwood, white whiskered, aloof, Jovian but serene.

"Thanatopsis" was not the first literary production to emanate from these frontier hills. To Stockbridge, in the mid-Eighteenth Century, came Jonathan Edwards, as preacher to the Indians, and in Stockbridge he wrote "The Freedom of the Will." This eminent production, which most of us have heard of and few of us have read, owed little enough to the aspects of surrounding nature. It was a paradox of Puritanism that its theology taught men they were helpless worms, predestined to damnation, and that their conquest of the wilderness taught them they were almighty, energetic, resourceful and self-sufficient creatures, who

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came to love the land they had conquered. That was why Jonathan so often complained that New England was backsliding. Nature was winning out. Jonathan had a daughter, Esther, who at the age of seventeen was courted by the rather elderly Rev. Mr. Burr, president-elect of Princeton College. Esther kept a journal, for the Adamses of Quincy were not the only Yankees given to voluminous self-records. In June, 1752, she departed from Stockbridge for Newark, where she was to be married, and thus recorded her farewell:

> When we mounted the hill, on our way toward West Stockbridge, I was fain again to turn and look back on the lovely little town in the valley, and the surrounding mountains in their grandeur. On either side stood the hills, lately clothed with new verdure; between them, the beautiful intervales; beneath which crept the river, the smooth-gliding Housatonic, and where were feeding the cattle. I shut my eyes if I might fix the picture and make it mine forever, and then rode on with my companions.

Esther, certainly, was aware of the charms of nature, and those charms tempered the parental rhetoric into prose that seventeen-year-old schoolgirls of today infrequently equal. This daughter of Jonathan deserved a better son than Aaron, though she did not survive to behold his stormy youth and ignominious end. Aaron came frequently to Stockbridge as a lad to visit his uncle Timothy Edwards, and the cracked panel of a door is still piously preserved in a certain Stockbridge house, mute witness to one of his temper fits at the age, I believe, of seven.

It was in Stockbridge that Judge Theodore Sedgwick resided, the Squire of the Berkshires, friend of Washington, and Senator from Massachusetts after the organization of the Federal government. Squire Sedgwick was undoubtedly class-conscious, and that consciousness embraced a belief in the duties as well as the privileges of his caste. In spite of his personal inclinations, which were all for a quiet life in his pleasant mansion on the bank above the Housatonic meadows, he yielded to the urging of Washington and others, and remained two terms in the Senate, opposing such Jeffersonian heresies as universal suffrage.

The squire's most distinguished offspring was a daughter, Catherine Maria, who became one of our earliest female literary luminaries, antedating Mrs. Mowatt, Margaret Fuller and Mrs. Stowe. Catherine Sedgwick's stories are little read now, even as curiosities of American literature, but in their day they had a great vogue; they were, indeed, best-sellers. And like Irving down in Manhattan and Bryant in Cummington, she stuck close to her native scene for her material. "Hope Leslie" was one of her famous stories, and in its day "A New England Tale" was almost as popular as Mrs. Stowe's work later became.

This story, like all her highly ethical tales, carried a full measure of "purpose," for in it Miss Sedgwick smote lustily at the dry, barren theology of her day and neighborhood, even using revered and living theologians as her models. But she was a kindly soul, liking them as men if not as pastors, and in all her stories, amiably insipid as they often were, the Berkshire scene, the Indian legends, the daily life of the people, the hills and woods were lovingly depicted.

Catherine Sedgwick was a person as well as a writer, with the faculty of attracting about her interesting friends. When Harriet Martineau made her famous tour of America in 1834, she visited Catherine, and the Yankee authoress and her Berkshire hills were among the few things in

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this land to which Harriet gave her approval. Already the Sedgwicks had understood Bryant, and prodded him out of his village law practice (mostly litigation over hog damage and the like), sending him to New York.

Travel to the Berkshires from the city of New York in those days was up the Hudson river to Hudson, and thence over the hills by stagecoach. Via that pleasant route (only thirteen hours, after the building of steamboats) came numerous visitors to the Berkshires, especially to the Sedgwick manse. Lenox, a village on a hilltop six miles north of Stockbridge, was then the county seat, and when Catherine's favorite brother moved there, she went with him, torn 'twixt sisterly devotion and a firm belief (still held by all true Stockbridgians) that any town but Stockbridge is a bit barbarian.

The Lenox of those days was far less umbrageous than now, there were no great country estates, and from the windows of the Berkshire coffee-house, the stagecoach inn at the town centre, there could be seen, beyond the farms and pastures, the whole tumbled world of the Berkshires to the south, with a glimpse of a lovely lake in the valley, and far beyond that the Dome of the Taconics, which later was to be aureoled by the approval of Matthew Arnold. The stagecoaches came galloping up to the inn door, and when court was in session across the street the Yankee love of litigation filled the town with excitement.

Here, in this simple village, with its white meeting-house dominating the scene, Catherine Sedgwick resumed her literary court, and here she was speedily joined by a variety of interesting people, some of them strange visitants in the shadow of a Puritan church, but all drawn by the charm of the hills and some quiet and gracious dignity in the community life.

II

One of the earliest, one of the strangest, and one of the most brilliant was Fanny Kemble. Odd that Fanny has escaped the pen of a modern biographer in this age of excavation among bygone individualists. The daughter of Charles Kemble, and hence the niece of John Philip Kemble and the great Sarah Siddons, Fanny made her début in London in 1829. She played Juliet to her father's Mercutio and her mother's Nurse. No beginning at the bottom of the ladder for her!

The blood royal evidently ran true to form, for her success was immense, though Tom Moore said her acting was "clever but not touching." In 1832 she toured America with her father, and was everywhere hailed as a genius. She played, among other parts, Lady Macbeth, but hated the rôle because of her aunt's fame in it. Once, in Boston, she recorded in her journal, "I played like the clever girl I am, which means I was about as much like Lady Macbeth as the great Mogul." But Wendell Phillips and his fellows at Harvard saved all their money to go to see her, and old Judge Story, asked how he reconciled his playgoing with his inherited Puritanism, replied, "I don't. I only thank God I'm alive in the same era with such a woman." It is also recorded that men purchasing tickets to resell (the speculator problem was always with us!) smeared their clothes with molasses to keep others from crowding them away from the box-office.

But Fanny Kemble, in spite of her success, never really liked acting, and in 1834 she married Pierce Butler of Philadelphia and retired from the stage. Butler, whose name had been changed from Mease to that of a more aristocratic maiden aunt, had inherited plantations in Georgia,

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whence came his fortune, and in her first Winter of married life Fanny came into contact with slavery. It revolted her, and she could never reconcile herself to living on its profits, any more than she could persuade her husband not to. It doomed their marriage, though not before there had been offspring, one of whom, a daughter, married John Wister of Germantown and became the mother of the author of "The Virginian." Probably Fanny Kemble and her husband were none too compatible, slavery aside, and certainly she resented the attitude of Germantown toward her. She left Butler for good in 1846. In 1848 he sued her for divorce, alleging desertion. Her counsel was Rufus Choate, and Butler vs. Butler became a famous case. The divorce was granted.

Fanny Kemble came to Lenox first in 1836, to spend the Summer, and from that date until her death in London in 1893, the Berkshire Hills were seldom long out of her thoughts, nor was any spot so dear to her. Whatever Germantown society thought of this "play actress," Catherine Sedgwick and her circle took her at once to their bosoms, and the staid communicants of the white church on the hill, while they were often astonished and sometimes shocked by her unconventionality, were her staunch friends, flocking to the town hall to hear her read Shakespeare for "the town poor." Only, as she discovered, there were no poor in Lenox, so the money was presented to the public library.

For some years she lived at the inn every Summer when she was in America, but in 1849 she purchased a house, in which she dwelt until after the Civil War. She always kept a fine horse, which she sometimes rode, so legend says, astride, and she thundered over the hills every day, with the freedom of a Valkyrie. Somewhat enviously admired by Judge Bishop, who rode to court on his steed, she said, "The great difference between you and me is that when you are on a horse's back he knows you are afraid of him; when I am on his back, he knows he is afraid of me." With which remark, she flicked the rein, and off she clattered, leaving the judge at his hitching post, looking after her, and wondering a little, perhaps, what Massachusetts would be like if it had more Fanny Kembles.

Only once, apparently, did Fanny go too far. She sent out beer to the men who were cutting her hay, and Catherine Sedgwick's brother remonstrated, "as introducing among the laborers of Lenox a mischievous need and deleterious habit till then utterly unknown there." And she added, "my meadow was mowed upon cold water from the well." Probably she rather enjoyed such episodes. Once, in the village, she informed a tradesman, in her best regal tragedy manner, "Gentlemen always take off their hats in my presence."

"But I'm not a gentleman, I'm a butcher," said the Yankee, and cemented an abiding friendship.

In London, in 1845, she wrote, "My little sketch of Lenox lake lies always open before me, and I look at it very often with yearning eyes." Again she said of the Berkshires, "It is the most picturesque scenery I have ever seen." And it was to this scenery, and to these friends, that she came to live after her divorce.

By that time, however, the Berkshires had begun to attract other luminaries. Herman Melville, returning from the South Seas, had followed his grandfather and uncle to Pittsfield, six miles north of Lenox, and his near neighbor, in Summer, was Oliver Wendell Holmes. Holmes' ancestor, Jacob Wendell, had originally owned most of Pittsfield, and Holmes for many years maintained a farm there, was

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annually persuaded without difficulty to read a poem at the agricultural fair, and drove about the region in his buggy, the friend of all he met.

In 1846 the first of the estates which were later to transform the simple village was laid out by Samuel G. Ward, American representative of Baring Brothers. This estate was at the head of the Bowl (as the large lake is called). Ward, though wealthy and correct, was a member of the Saturday Club, and friend to the literary lights of the day. He had first come to Lenox, in company with Charles Sumner, for a visit, and yielded to its charms. Sumner evidently yielded to the equal charms of Fanny Kemble, who took him out on horseback through the wooded trails. "She seems," he wrote back to Boston, "a noble woman, peculiar, bold, masculine and unaccommodating, but with a burning sympathy with all that is high, true, humane." She rode all the way to Pittsfield with him, and put him on the train when he departed.

Through the influence of Ward, Lenox received, in 1850, one of its most distinguished residents. But it was to no "estate" he came. It was to a tiny red house at the north end of the Bowl. His name was Nathaniel Hawthorne, and he had just published "The Scarlet Letter" and lost his job in the Salem Customs-house. He and his family lived in the little red house for two years, and then he returned to the seaboard. The truth is that Hawthorne hated the mountain Winters. But while in Lenox he wrote "The House of the Seven Gables," and "The Wonder Book"—the Tanglewood of those tales being his own tiny place and the Shadow brook the woods which later were converted into the Stokes and then the Carnegie estate.

He was not a sociable man, and was abnormally shy, but he is said to have brightened perceptibly when he heard a clatter of hoofs on the road, and then the loud halloo of Fanny Kemble. With her he chatted, or, rather, he listened while she "conversed in heroic phrases," and generally she snatched up little Julian upon her horse's back, trotted away with him for a mile, and brought him back with the announcement to his father, "Here's your precious child."

Melville completed "Moby Dick" in Pittsfield while Hawthorne was writing "The House of the Seven Gables" in Lenox. At first the two did not meet, though Melville, who was much the younger, evidently desired a meeting, hoping to find at last in the disillusioned Hawthorne a friend who could understand him. And it is a legend believed in Berkshire to this day that the meeting was arranged by David Dudley Field, one of the famous Field brothers of Stockbridge, who invited Melville, Hawthorne, James T. Fields, the publisher, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and a few others, on a picnic up Monument mountain. Caught in a sudden thunder-shower, the party took refuge in a cave, and Hawthorne and Melville, in this Emersonian "tumultuous privacy of storm," became friendly and at ease. At any rate, the cave is still there, by way of authentication.

Poor Melville! He made many a trip to Hawthorne's red house, he talked metaphysics far into the night, he drove his buckboard back to Pittsfield and wrote letters. But Hawthorne was not the man who could be his friend and give his tortured bosom ease. Raymond Weaver, in his life of Melville, is inclined to belittle Hawthorne, one feels, on this account. But is it so strange that a man of forty-six, absorbed in his own creative work, and neither expansive by nature nor fond of speculation, should be, perhaps, even a little bored by

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the perpetual tortured metaphysics of a youth of thirty-two? Mrs. Hawthorne knew Melville was a great man, and doubtless was a bit jealous therefore. Probably Hawthorne knew it, too, but he gave no sign of jealousy. Indeed, he was kindly and courteous—but he was not at home with White Whales.

A year after the Hawthornes left Lenox, no less a person than Henry Ward Beecher arrived, probably in that day considered more than an equivalent, and for some time spent his Summers, often visited by his sister, Mrs. Stowe, on a hilltop whence he could gaze for fifty miles in either direction. Here he wrote his "Star Papers," once highly esteemed, and full of references to the Berkshire scene. Down in Stockbridge G. P. R. James was now a Summer resident. His works, too, were once highly esteemed, or at any rate widely read. In Sheffield, a bit farther south, the Rev. Orville Dewey, a famous Unitarian divine in New York, spent his Summers, and President Barnard of Columbia had his homestead in that village. In Pittsfield, not far from Dr. Holmes's farm, was the Appleton house, where Longfellow visited with his wife's relatives, and where ticked the old clock on the stairs—which has gone on ticking in the enforced memory of American school children ever since. Charlotte Cushman, the American tragedy queen, went to school in Lenox, and spent several Summers there, but she did not ride horseback—certainly not astride, and she did nothing to disturb the tranquil traditions.

III

It was a pleasant little corner of the green world, incomparably rich in natural beauty, not long enough emerged from the Puritan rigidity of Jonathan Edwards and his successors to have lost its Eighteenth Century flavor of propriety but neither bleak nor intolerant; and not far enough from the Eighteenth Century, either, to have lost its respect for squire families.

These families had attracted cultivated people, who fell under the spell of the hills, and remained for longer or shorter periods, forming a community which in its day, certainly, could well be called distinguished. Indeed, a mountain climb even today which had David Dudley Field for its leader and Herman Melville, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Oliver Wendell Holmes as members of the party, might be considered an event. It is small wonder that the people of the Berkshires called their land "the Lake Country of America," took a peculiar pride in their landscape, which included meticulous care of their village streets, and were rather given to considering themselves as something altogether cultural and superior. Undoubtedly they thought the stories of G. P. R. James better than "Moby Dick"—but so did the rest of America. Why blame Berkshire for not sorting out its giants aright? Concord thought Thoreau was a crank. And, of course, he was.

But the Ward estate in Lenox proved an opening wedge. David Dudley Field, a native Stockbridgian, built himself a great house on a hill. After the Civil War Berkshire inns were enlarged, hilltop farms were bought and converted into mansions and gardens and greenhouses, till Hawthorne, in his humble little red house, would have felt like a Fresh Air child at a charity picnic. Lenox especially, and Stockbridge almost as much, became the resorts of wealth and fashion. The old simplicities of life vanished into the back roads and upland hamlets, and there sank to the state in which the last Lenox author of note, Edith Wharton, found them when

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she wrote "Ethan Frome." Literature fled before the invasion. Besides, by the end of the century, literature was no longer written by the best people—except, of course, Mrs. Wharton! After all, Longfellow married an Appleton, Lowell (a frequent Berkshire visitor) was a Lowell, Holmes was a Wendell, Melville married the daughter of Chief Justice Shaw, and Catherine Sedgwick was the squire's daughter. Perhaps the change was not entirely in Lenox and Stockbridge. It was in the nation itself.

There was a flare-back in the '80's, when Matthew Arnold spent two Summers in Stockbridge. He approved of the trees, the wild flowers, and the view of the Dome. This was a high batting average for him. But in spite of Matthew's brief radiation of sweetness and light, the march toward costly estates, horse shows, country clubs, and "society" reporters went steadily on, and less and less the Berkshire people called their land the American Lake Country, with a full, proud relish of all the literary implications. A chapter in their history had closed—a pleasant chapter, not so rich and savory, perhaps, as they had thought it, but after all flavored with certain passages of exalted speech, when Herman Melville sat with Hawthorne in the little red house and, as he put it, they talked "ontological heroics together," and with certain moments of gay comedy, when Fanny Kemble rode her black charger astride down Lenox street, and even moments of deep spiritual adventure, when in the white church on the hill William Ellery Channing preached his last sermon.

Hawthorne's red house has long since burned down. The owner of the land on which it stood, now a fashionable estate, for years would permit no marker to be erected, because he didn't want to be bothered with tourists coming to view the spot. Where Beecher's house stood, a great mansion was later built, and it in turn has become a country club. The house where Melville's grandfather and uncle lived is also a country club, though Melville's own house is still a residence. The fields which Holmes cultivated with a gentleman farmer's pride are used for polo practice, and it would be a rash man who attempted to read a poem today at the agricultural fair. The house where the old clock stood on the stairs has been torn down to make way for a high school. The chapter is closed. Only the hilltops remain the same, wooded and serene.

They weren't such bad times, the 1840's and '50's—not in Berkshire. You can't tell us that our ancestors were barbarians.

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THE MYSTERY OF AMBROSE BIERCE

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Of late the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Ambrose Bierce in 1913 has become encrusted with an outlandish accretion of fanciful stories, marvelous explanations and ingenious conjectures. The newspaper writing on the subject is already voluminous and shows no sign of abating. Once a clue is run down, however, it always turns out to be false. In fact, so many bad ones have been announced that many investigators have now wearied of the chase.

It is, admittedly, a discouraging task and it has bred a crop of cynics who go to the length of holding that Bierce never entered Mexico at all. The case has become the special property of obliging gentlemen of the sort who appear periodically at headquarters and confess to the slaying of William Desmond Taylor or the planting of the Preparedness Day bomb in San Francisco. The general feeling that the mystery is insoluble has only fortified these romantics, who have no hesitancy in advancing the most extraordinary hypotheses. One man traveled from El Paso to Los Angeles to inform a newspaper acquaintance of mine that Bierce had been poisoned in his backyard!

Within the last few months a number of wholly new explanations have been advanced. This revival of interest has probably been provoked by the publication of four books about Bierce within the last few years. The fact that none of these biographies dealt conclusively with the question of his disappearance, if one may make exception of Dr. Danziger's highly imaginative account, opened the floodgates for an inundation of fanciful yarns. It would be an idle act to summarize all of these stories, for most of them are patently nonsense. But a few of greater plausibility have also been put forward.

One of them came from a Washington attorney who represented Pancho Villa at the capital during the Mexican revolution. According to this account, Bierce met his death seventy-five or eighty miles south of the Rio Grande at the hands of General Tomas Urbino, a Durango chief operating under Villa. No proof of the authenticity of this story was offered, but it was suggested that it could be verified by Colonel Dario W. Silva, "the Robin Hood of the Revolution," formerly military secretary to General Villa. Silva was with Villa during the major portion of the uprising and witnessed such exciting incidents as the ransom of Don Luis Terrazas and the execution of Thomas Benton. The mention of these incidents suggests the chief limitation of prior investigations into the Bierce case: the failure to interpret facts in the light of what occurred in Mexico prior to December, 1913, and what was actually happening about that time. In fairness to Colonel Silva, his story should not be considered apart from the Benton affair, for, as he points out, the disappearance of Bierce was for the revolutionists merely another "Gringo case."

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Benton, an English subject, was a wealthy landowner in Chihuahua. He left his estate, the Hacienda Remedios, on February 14, 1914, to interview General Villa in Chihuahua. He was never heard from again. His disappearance was featured in the press and quickly became a *cause célèbre*. No single episode was of equal importance in turning the tide of American opinion against Villa and surely none provoked such a storm of protest from the British and American governments. The case was investigated with typical Wilsonian lassitude and incompetence and, although the evidence that Villa had murdered Benton admitted of little doubt, nothing was done about the matter other than to send the Mexican government a series of charmingly ineffective diplomatic notes.

But from the time of the Benton furore Villa feared to have foreign names appear in his casualty lists. The case had demonstrated that the "mysterious disappearance" of an American or Englishman was a matter that could not be hushed up. Silva says that he was instructed to eliminate from the official reports any reference to the death of foreigners. Regardless of whether Bierce's death can be fixed prior or subsequent to February 14, 1914, the atmosphere of evasion and duplicity which thwarted the early investigations of his disappearance can be traced to the sensation that was aroused by the death of Benton.

In February, 1914, Villa's forces had proceeded from Juarez to besiege the City of Torreon, then in the hands of the Huertistas. During this campaign, Silva was acting as military secretary to Villa. He remembers that word was received at headquarters that a large ammunition train, destined for Huerta, was *en route* from the north. In this connection, it is significant that on February 3, 1914, President Wilson lifted the embargo on the exportation of arms and ammunition to Mexico. After information about the train had been received by Villa, plans were adopted for the capture of the train. A short time later a dispatch was received from General Gallegos, a Villista leader now deceased, announcing its capture. The report, according to Silva, came through the headquarters of General Felipe Alvirez, who was in charge of Villa's forces in Durango and who was subsequently killed during the Catholic disturbances about the time of the 1929 revolution. The forces accompanying the expedition had "resisted" and forty-five men were killed. Silva remembers that the dispatch listed among the dead two Syrians and an Englishman whose name was "A. Pierce."

Silva says that he recalls the incident for a number of reasons. In the first place, the dispatch listed the names of three foreigners; and, secondly, it was one of the largest ammunition trains captured during the revolution. As to the names of the foreigners, he insists that the name of the Englishman was "A. Pierce" and not Bierce. Because of the reference to an Englishman the dispatch was promptly destroyed. Silva was informed at the time that a British passport was found on the body of "A. Pierce"; hence the conclusion that he was an Englishman. It was understood at headquarters that the ammunition train was financed by Maximiliano Damm, a German-Mexican mine-owner, operator of the famous Promontorio mine near Tepehuanes, and known along the border as a Huerta sympathizer.

This story told by Colonel Silva is the basis for the report made current by the Washington attorney; it is also, in all probability, the real source of the George Weeks account of Bierce's disappearance.

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While not wholly incredible, it is subject to serious and apparently insurmountable objections. Frederico Damm says that he knows nothing of such an expedition, although his brother, Maximiliano, refuses to confirm or deny the story. W. W. Graham, British vice-consul in Durango and a man who had known Bierce in San Francisco in the nineties, was in Durango at the time. According to Mr. Graham, the railroad from Fresnillo to Torreon was in the hands of the Villistas, who had just taken Torreon, and the road was absolutely impassable and out of repair. Other experts corroborate this statement. They agree that during February, 1914, Villa controlled, practically without dispute, the territory from El Paso to a point about half way between Escalon and Jimenez stations on the railroad north of Torreon. Huerta held Torreon and all communications to the south, and so well guarded were these lines of travel that, when Villa finally captured the city after the bitterest fighting of the revolution, General Velasco and most of his garrison managed to escape in safety.

With these facts in mind, why should an expedition try to approach Torreon from the north? Every inference would indicate that the approach from the south or east would have been infinitely safer, particularly the route from the south along a well-guarded line of communication. The logical avenue of approach would have been by way of Vera Cruz. There is no evidence that Bierce was ever in the south; while it is established that he was in Chihuahua. The records of the State Department fail to disclose the issuance of a passport to Bierce, although he had announced England as his ultimate destination. Aside from all this, there are circumstantial objections to the story of even greater weight, which will be outlined later.

II

Another, and far more plausible, story is that unearthed recently by Tom Mahoney of the El Paso *Post*. Mr. Mahoney's story is based on an interview with Major Gaston de Prida. It is De Prida's theory that Bierce joined the Villista forces in Chihuahua about Christmas, 1913, and was killed in action less than a week later.

De Prida was censor of outgoing cables in Mexico City during 1917, when George Weeks, an American correspondent who was interested in the Bierce case because of his acquaintance with Day Bierce, a son, in Chico, California, years previously, announced that he had solved the mystery. De Prida was ordered to investigate the story which Weeks had released to the press. He went to Chihuahua, Parral, Ojinaga, Icamole, Sierra Mojada, and many other cities during 1917 and 1918. He investigated the stories of Bierce's disappearance that had been issued previously by Weeks, DeCastro (Danziger), and O'Reilly, but was unable to substantiate any of them.

Then De Prida discovered one Salvador Ibarra, a telegraph operator in Chihuahua, who recognized a photograph of Bierce shown him by De Prida. Ibarra had been a second captain in one of the last of Torbio Ortega's companies to leave Chihuahua for the siege of Ojinaga. He remembered having seen an elderly American, resembling the man whose picture he was shown, during the assault at Ojinaga. He never saw the man again. But no further details could be elicited that would tend to support the story.

However, an investigation recently undertaken tends to confirm at least parts of this report. During November and December of 1913 Villa had made great strides. He had captured Juarez on Novem-

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ber 15. Eleven days later he had defeated the Federals north of Chihuahua, and they evacuated the city on November 29 and fled northeast to Ojinaga, a point on the Rio Grande about 125 miles away. Bierce was in Chihuahua during December, 1913. Villa was then organizing his Division to the North in Chihuahua and the attention of all Mexico was directed to the approaching attack on Ojinaga. The siege of Ojinaga began on January 2, 1914, and the city was captured on January 11.

It seems highly plausible that Bierce would have accompanied the army from Chihuahua to Ojinaga and that if he had survived the fighting at Ojinaga he would have written to his daughter. After the capture of Ojinaga, a large force of American correspondents joined Villa and accompanied his army south to Torreon. Most of these correspondents have been interviewed and not one remembers having seen a man resembling Bierce. Villa did not break with Carranza until October, 1915; in fact, it was only subsequent to this date that he became actively hostile towards Americans. Hence the familiar story that Bierce was assassinated by Villa because he had announced his intention of deserting to Carranza is beyond the range of probability.

Captain Emilio Holmdahl, a soldier of fortune who was attached to Villa's forces, confirms De Prida's theory. He informs me that an elderly American did accompany the army from Chihuahua to Ojinaga. His description of this man, who was seen frequently at headquarters, could easily fit Bierce at the time he entered Mexico. In gathering information for General Villa after the battle of Ojinaga, Holmdahl learned that the "old gringo" had been shot in action. Moreover, Zach Lamar Cobb, formerly collector of customs in El Paso, tells me that there was a story current in El Paso shortly after the battle that Bierce had been killed at Ojinaga.

However, Norman Walker of El Paso, formerly city editor of the *Herald* and later correspondent with the Associated Press, covered the battle of Ojinaga and feels certain that Bierce was not with the army at that time. Mr. Walker followed the revolution closely from 1910 to 1922 and never heard any definite story of Bierce's demise other than the well-known rumor of his assassination at the hands of Villa. It should be remembered that Villa, Urbino and Fierro were legendary killers of almost fabulous reputation. If a man disappeared, it was common to assume that one of them had killed him. Lieut.-Col. A. A. King, of Fort Bliss, at my request, tried to confirm the report that Bierce was killed at Ojinaga, but was unable to do so.

III

There are still further stories. . . . Odo B. Stade, another member of Villa's staff and the author of a history of the revolution, informs me that during the early part of 1914 he knew an elderly American who was attached to the army. This man was about seventy years of age, of medium height, with gray hair. He was very asthmatic. He told his fellow officers that he was an American, and that, if they wanted to give him a name, they might call him Jack Robinson. He scoffed at the tactics of the Mexicans, sneered at their campaigns, and pointed out errors with the eye of an expert. Toward the end of his service he showed a keen interest in hospital-trains and the transport of the wounded. He wore a beard and told Mr. Stade on one occasion that he had been a writer in the States.

After the engagement at Guadalajara, in November, 1914, "Jack Robinson" quar-

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reled with Villa. Mr. Stade does not know the origin of this quarrel. But a squad under Fierro took Robinson out one evening and shot him, under Villa's orders. A member of this squad, Lieutenant Luis Rojo, told Stade the story the morning after the execution. In company with Rojo, Stade went to the scene, saw the body, and assisted in the burial. Later, after his return to the States, Mr. Stade associated "Jack Robinson" with Bierce, and gave his story to the New York *Times* in 1920.

Somewhat the same story is found in "Here Comes Pancho Villa" by Louis Stevens, published in 1930. As Bierce's name has been so persistently linked with that of Villa, this biography might reasonably have been expected to confirm the rumors or discredit them. But Mr. Stevens is content with repeating the legend of an execution by Villa. He says that Bierce announced at mess one evening that he was going over to Carranza and that Villa was no more than a bandit. Villa smiled. Then he sighed. He would miss Bierce's Rabelaisian stories. Bierce started forth that night, with his *mozo*, after an affectionate farewell. After an hour, Villa dispatched a detachment to overtake him. Bierce was never heard of again.

I give the story because it is quite typical of the irresponsible conjecturing and fictionizing that goes on about Bierce. It must necessarily refer to a period subsequent to October, 1915. For this reason it is subject to the objection that Bierce, if alive, would certainly have communicated with his daughter between December 16, 1913, and October, 1915. Mr. Stevens does not mention his sources.

Samuel T. Marston, an American lawyer practising in the City of Mexico, was engaged by former Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow to make a report on Bierce's disappearance. To quote him:

> I found the records of the Mexican War Department contained much data about Villa, but there was nothing on Bierce. I was only able to gather rumors of the writer having been killed while a member of Villa's army.

A recent investigation by Colonel C. J. Velardi met with no greater success. Likewise, most of the information in the present article was given to the Department of State for investigation, a broadside was issued and sent to all consular agents in Mexico, notices were published in *El Universal* and *Excelsior*, and special agents were detailed for work on the case, but not a word of confirmation has been obtained. George Carothers circularized the Society of Mexican Pilgrims for word of Bierce, but no response was evoked. Questionnaires were sent to the American and British consular agents who occupied key positions in Mexico during the revolution without eliciting any information. And so the matter stands.

IV

Despite convincing proof to the contrary, the rumor persists that Bierce never entered Mexico. The origin of this report may be traced to a statement by Marion Letcher, formerly American consul in Chihuahua, now with the service in Belgium. He wrote on April 12, 1930:

> I was serving at Chihuahua at the time of Mr. Bierce's disappearance and remember quite well reading references to the subject in the press, but so far as is known to me Mr. Bierce did not visit my consular district in those troublous revolutionary days. In those disturbed times it was my custom to keep a very accurate register of the movements of Americans in the district and I feel sure that had Mr. Bierce visited the State of Chihuahua for any longer period, let us say, than a few days, I would have had some record of such a visit and would now recall

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it. While I was at Chihuahua I had several exchanges of correspondence with a young lady in Washington, who was endeavoring to get some trace of Mr. Bierce through my office, and after my transfer to Washington in 1916 I had a personal interview with the same person. In response to this lady's request I investigated the subject at the time and could find no evidence that Mr. Bierce had been in Chihuahua.

In September, 1914, the late Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Interior, wrote to General Scott, Chief of Staff at Washington, requesting an investigation. General Scott wrote to Felix Sommerfeld, a confidential agent and adviser of Villa, as follows:

September 9, 1914

My dear Mr. Sommerfeld: The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Franklin K. Lane, is very anxious to get news of a man by the name of Ambrose Bierce, who went to Mexico last year and his friends have heard nothing from him since last December. He is quite a poet and writer, was 71 years of age when he left Washington last Fall, was feeling exceedingly strong and healthy. He went to Juarez last Fall and had credentials to permit him to pass through the Constitutionalists' territory and was accredited to the Villa forces. He did not enlist and did not take part in the activities of the campaign so far as we know. It was his intention to join with the cavalry and go along as an observer. He had a considerable sum of money with him. The last heard of him was a letter dated December 26 and posted at Chihuahua. In this letter he said that his subsequent addresses would be indefinite, that he intended to go horseback and by rail, when possible, through to the West coast of Mexico and from thence to South America. He expected to be gone a year or two.

The Secretary would like you to have confidential inquiry made to trace Mr. Bierce. Anything you can do in this direction will be greatly appreciated by him and by the Secretary of War.

Very respectfully,

H. L. Scott.

Brig. General, U. S. Army.

Mr. Sommerfeld went to Chihuahua and tried to get some word of Bierce. He found that Bierce had left the city some time in January and that no one had heard of him after that date. Further inquiry was abandoned because the south was held by hostile forces at that time. Otis Aultman, a photographer now living in El Paso, stayed for a few days during the month of December, 1913, in a lodging house in Chihuahua in which he claims Bierce was residing.

At this time Bierce was in almost daily communication with his secretary, Miss Carrie Christiansen, the lady referred to by Mr. Letcher. His letters to her, seldom more than a day apart, trace his journey in a definite manner. Miss Christiansen destroyed the letters, pursuant to instructions, but she wisely jotted down the facts in them in a notebook. This notebook, in her handwriting, passed to Bierce's daughter, Mrs. Helen Bierce Isgrigg, on the death of Miss Christiansen, and is now in Los Angeles. I quote the notes in full:

Ambrose Bierce left Washington Thursday evening, Oct. 2, on 10:10 train for Chattanooga. Oct. 3 reached Chattanooga, 5 P.M. Oct. 4 visited Missionary Ridge, ascending it from Orchard Knob. Oct. 5 visited Chickamauga, stopped at Hotel Patten; Oct. 6 reached Murfreesboro, stopped at Hotel Hermitage; Friday evening Oct. 10, reached Nashville from Franklin. Walked fifteen miles at Chickamauga, at Chattanooga ten miles; Stone River twelve miles, Nashville, Oct. 9, at Franklin seven miles. Little rain. Probable trip to Johnsonville, Saturday, eleven miles west on the Tennessee river; if possible there to Shiloh, Pittsburgh Landing, by steamboat. Thence to Corinth, thence to New Orleans, thence to San Antonio.

At Chickamauga made a sketch of monument to Grizzly's battery with its inscription and sent it to Grizzly. Sunday, Oct. 12, left Nashville for Johnsonville. Due at Pittsburgh Landing sometime Monday if low

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water does not prevail. Expect to stay there a day or two and then to New Orleans by rail. Letter from Shiloh National Park, Oct. 15. Left Nashville 2:15 P.M. Sunday. Oct. 12 arrived at Shiloh, 8 A.M. Wednesday, a long and tedious voyage by steamboat. Stopped at every landing to put on freight. Landings are not towns, just roads coming down to the water. River beautiful but at so low a tide that the country could not be seen over the banks. The park so abundantly marked that following route of brigade and regiment is easy. The fields across the river still as described in "What I Saw of Shiloh," and Savannah, eight or ten miles below, looked familiar; to remain a day or two about Shiloh; then to go on.

Oct. 18 remained at Shiloh three days; expect to go to Corinth, the nearest railway station, 19. Oct. 18 did nothing but sit in the sun. Oct. 17, found the graves of twenty men of regiment who fell at Shiloh. Their names are all right in the cemetery record, but only half the bodies had been identified. Greatly less than half of all the cemetery—more than three thousand—are named. The Confederate dead still lie where buried—on the field marked, but none of them named. Monday, Oct. 20 waiting for an auto to take trip to Corinth. Snow falling, a regular blizzard. Oct. 22, Hattiesburg, Miss.

Left Shiloh Monday, Oct. 20 afternoon in a blizzard and ramshackle automobile—a deadly combination. Got to Corinth so stiff with cold could hardly write name in hotel register. Corinth immersed in a sea of coal gas from the engines. Next morning Oct. 21, fled south on early train. New Orleans, Oct. 21 at night. Missed connection at Meridian, where a State fair was on. No bed, so took a night train to Hattiesburg. Good hotel, first square meal since arriving at Shiloh and first sure-enough bath since leaving Nashville.

New Orleans, Friday, Oct. 24, 1913. Interviewed by three reporters. Sat up night of 23; ill of asthma, but well again on 24. Weather had been cold and stormy, everybody wearing overcoats. But now the sun shines in evidence, the horses are twittering in the streets, and the autos hopping gaily from limb to limb. Good to see New Orleans. People in streets are not in a hurry; corridors of hotels are crowded; men play billiards as they did years and years ago, and the bars—Oh, you should see a New Orleans bar. The drinks they make, the trays and trays of the same sent upstairs; the general air of leisure and love of life! I'm only an on-looker, but I like it, remembering Washington and New York with compassion.

Lost about ten pounds. To talk Mexico the afternoon and evening and hope to visit the border Sat. morning, Oct. 25. Return of asthma, unable to lie down at night, but up and about through the day. Hope to go on to San Antonio, Sunday, reaching there Monday morning, unless remain over Sunday at Houston. Weather beautiful. Going to stroll along the river among the cotton bales. "All my old haunts are lost to me, and excepting a few blocks immediately about the St. Charles Hotel, it is a strange city. I can't find even places where Pollard and I dined and drank a few years ago."

Reached San Antonio Mon., Oct. 27. Texas in the grip of a blizzard—a norther? San Antonio population of 110,000, but Alamo can be covered with a hat. Oct. 28. At Shiloh on a headstone of the 9th Indiana group is the bald inscription, "411, T. J. Patton." He was the adjutant of the regiment and fell early in the engagement. For more than fifty years the poor fellow has been lying there, denied his rank. I've corrected that and though he will sleep no better for it, I shall.

Wed. Oct. 29, 1913, weight 165 pounds. Some woman claiming acquaintance with relations called up. Said she had a picture of AB's mother. Weather still cold. Oct. 30, health improving. Among callers was Lloyd Spencer, manager of theater. Passed an hour in Alamo; name means cotton woods. Rather interesting with relics, old documents and bad poetry—the shrine of each Texan's devotion. Expect to go to Laredo; shall probably return to San Antonio.

Oct. 31, 1913. Just in from Army post, Fort Sam. Houston. Officers of Third Cavalry sent in for company (AB). Met them all; treated like a foreign ambassador. Colonel hardly dissuaded from parading a troop or two of regiment in honor. Some have been stationed in San Francisco; others had met at club in Washington, most of them familiar with work. I thoroughly

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enjoyed the day. Nov. 1, 1913, rode a little and walked about five miles. Weather has moderated. Nov. 2. All Soul's Day; bright and beautiful, church bells ringing everywhere. San Antonio seems to be a pious town; many churches, some of them pretty old, as such things go in America. Nov. 5, 1913, telegraphed me evening of Nov. 4, telegram never received, no trace of it in main office here. Left San Antonio Nov. 5. Nov. 7, 1913 reached Laredo Thursday, going by rail Wednesday night at speed of fifteen miles an hour. Laredo is a town of 18,000, 3,000 being Americans. English is not spoken by any of the Mexicans, apparently not even by the waiters and chambermaids of the American hotel. Mexicans run the city govt. and even the Federal offices, particularly, it seems, the post-office. On the other side of the river, Nuevo Laredo is about half as large. It is held by Huertistas. About a 1,000 Americans don't go there. To remain at Laredo a day or two.

Laredo, Nov. 8, 1913. Nov. 7 saw a man, interviewed, recognized AB by Miss Campbell's portrait. He was editor of the *Herald*. The only newspaper in English in Mexico City. Told an entertaining story of a former member of Porfirio Diaz's cabinet who had an old copy of *Cosmopolitan* and bored all his friends by reading and quoting from "The Wine of Wizardy." Name forgotten, but a man of great literary distinction in Mexico, author of important books. Man who told story, Crowell, has never been north of San Antonio, but knows work of AB.

Nov. 10, Monday, visited military post, Ft. McIntosh, but did not make himself known. On Saturday visited Mexican quarter, four-fifths of town. Exceedingly interesting and picturesque; could easily translate most of the signs. Sat on river bank overlooking a vast expanse of Mexican territory, alluringly spread out but inaccessible. This is the region of mañana. Have almost regained lost health and have regained five pounds of lost weight.

Tuesday, Nov. 11, leave Laredo for days at a time. Thurs. Nov. 13, out of town down the river 11 and 12. Traveling with companions, comrades; enough of them or not enough according to what one meets. Twenty or thirty miles south of Juarez, Mexico, Nov. 28, 1913.

At El Paso found friendliest relations between rebels and Americans, with hardly any restrictions, only those of custom officers on intercourse between two cities. Crossed into Juarez. Cordially received and given credentials to accompany the army.

Chihuahua, Mexico, Dec. 16, 1913. Ridden in four miles to mail a letter. *Jornada del Muerta*, thousands of civilian refugees, men, women and children. Train load of troops leaving Chihuahua every day. *Expect next day to go to Ojinaga,* partly by rail. Mexicans fight like the devil, though not so effectively as trained soldiers. Addicted to unseasonable firing, many times at random. Incident at Tierra Blanca. Refuge behind a sharp ridge. Story of gringo; present of sombrero.

It is difficult to doubt the authenticity of this record. It corresponds with the known facts and is subject to verification. The notes are in Miss Christiansen's handwriting and a lady less likely to forge such a record never set pen to paper. It is scarcely necessary to underscore the lines in which Bierce announced that he expected to leave for Ojinaga. In the face of this record, can it be seriously contended that had he survived Ojinaga he would have failed to communicate with his secretary? To my mind, it is unthinkable.

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Physiology

THE FATE OF ALCOHOL IN THE HUMAN BODY

By Charles D. Snyder

The muddled state of current thought on the subject of alcohol and Prohibition has been due in part to a neglect (1) of defining terms and (2) of ascertaining facts. If a substance in certain quantities intoxicates and in other quantities does not intoxicate then it is important first of all to define what is meant by intoxication, and second to determine definitely the doses causing the condition of intoxication. The term refers to well marked symptoms of poisoning, and may not include the temporary excitation or depression of normal physiological processes. It refers to *ab*normal states and reactions: vomiting, incoördination of movements, incoherent speech, failure of reflexes, paralysis, hallucinations, stupor, maniacal exaltations and depressions, coma, respiratory and cardiac failure. Any or all of these symptoms may result from alcohol in large doses, but none of them is the experience of people who habitually indulge in the moderate use of alcohol, or of the vast majority of merely occasional drinkers.

It has long been known that alcohol (and by this term, as used in the present paper, only ethyl, or grain alcohol, is meant), after being imbibed in physiological quantities, is absorbed into the blood-stream and tissues, where it is disposed of to the extent of 98% as a food, being burned to carbonic acid gas and water. This process of combustion supplies the body with energy just as does the combustion of any other foodstuff, only with a much higher degree of efficiency than is usual. Less than 2% of the alcohol is excreted with the urine and a very small part is excreted by the lungs. None at all appears in the sweat or fæces.

It has been known for a long time also that normally the blood may contain some alcohol, even when none is taken into the body, the chemical changes in the foods, at one stage or another of their nutritional journey, yielding a small quantity. So that one may find, say, 1 part alcohol to 200,000 parts (and sometimes as much as 1 part to 50,000) in the blood of the most abstemious. On the other hand, in the body of a man dead of alcohol poisoning, the concentrations may be as much as 1 part in 200 of his blood and tissues. Thus a man taking a pint of whiskey without food, say within the course of an hour, and running thereby the risk of falling into a coma from which he may never recover, has brought himself into this state by raising the alcohol content of his blood from the normal 1/2000 of 1% up to the abnormal content of ½ of 1%, an increase of no less than a thousandfold.

But between these two extremes—that is, between blood-alcohol of a non-user of alcohol and that of a man dying of alcohol poisoning—there are intermediate levels of blood-alcohol among persons having imbibed alcoholic beverages moderately. Persons in possession of some, but insufficient, knowledge may suppose that

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one might calculate beforehand what the alcoholic content of the blood of a man would be, who had drunk a known quantity, say of beer, containing a known percentage of alcohol; for the blood volume is known to be roughly a certain percentage of the body's weight. For example, one might thus calculate that a quart of 3% beer contains enough alcohol to bring the blood-content to the lethal level (that is, to about ½ of 1%) in a man weighing 140 pounds, and thus put his life in jeopardy.

But as the sequel will show, and as every intelligent person knows who has imbibed beer to the extent of one quart, no such serious consequences ever supervene. It is thus of interest to learn by what mechanisms the body is able to keep down the blood-content in alcohol, and indeed how it regulates the composition of the blood in general. For this regulation covers not only the products of digested foods, but water, salts, gases, sugar, urea, ferments, disease toxins and antitoxins, immune bodies, glandular secretions, clot-promoting and clot-retarding substances, and many, many other substances, as well as alcohol. Only the mechanism of the regulation differs somewhat from substance to substance, and it is the business of the physiologist to discover the nature of this mechanism for each and all such substances.

It is a truism that the blood-content of a food or a drug, and therefore its effect, depends, among other things, not only upon the amount thereof ingested, but on the weight of the subject, the character and quantity of other foods and fluids taken along with the substance to be studied, the rate of absorption from the digestive tract, and finally, the rate of its destruction and elimination from the body. It is just to these points that a Finnish physiologist, Dr. P. I. Tuovinen, in a recent study of alcohol on the human body, has given special attention.[1]

In order to confine the study to the effect of alcohol alone Tuovinen did not use alcoholic beverages such as beer, wine and whiskey, but only pure ethyl alcohol diluted with water to the various degrees necessary to correspond roughly to the alcoholic content of these various drinks. Students, male and female, were used as subjects, and they varied in their drinking habits from non-users to occasional moderate drinkers. The tests were made during fasting, and again when foods of known composition and quantities were taken along with the alcohol. Samples of the blood were then taken at regular intervals during the next six hours following, and analyses made of them for their alcoholic content. Notes were kept, among other things, of the objective and subjective behavior and sensations experienced by the subjects during the experimental period.

Usually the same quantity (60 cubic centimeters of pure ethyl alcohol, a little more than 1½ ounces by weight avoirdupois) was used in various dilutions; in some series when the subjects were fasting, in others when they were given food. The results of one series, where the alcohol was taken on an empty stomach, are reproduced in the following table; the various percentages of alcohol, given in the second column, are for the actual volumes of fluid imbibed—about 1¼ quarts, 5/6 pint, 5 ounces and 3 1/3 ounces respectively:[2]

[1] "Ueber den Alkoholgehalt des Blutes unter Verschiedenen Bedingungen," *Scandinavian Archives of Physiology*, vol. 60, pp. 1-134.

[2] More accurately, the volumes in cubic centimeters were 1200, 300, 150 and 100 respectively. The conversion into the English measure is done by allowing 29.4 cc. to the ounce and 16 ounces to the pint.

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Experiment number	Concentration of the alcoholic solution		Alcohol found in 1000 parts of blood				
	By volume	By weight	After 20 min.	After 1 hr.	After 2 hr.	After 3 hr.	After 6 hr.
5	5%	3.96%	0.37	0.97	0.80	0.72	0.45
6	20%	15.87%	0.49	1.02	0.91	0.89	0.57
7	40%	31.73%	0.41	0.56	0.76	0.71	0.44
8	60%	47.60%	0.29	0.47	0.59	0.53	0.35

The surprising point that this table brings out (and this is true throughout the investigation) is that the blood-alcohol is higher after the first twenty minutes for the more dilute solutions than it is after the more concentrated, and remains so for at least six hours after imbibition. The same doses of alcohol were given to the same persons in another series of tests where about 1½ pounds of boiled beef were eaten while the alcohol was being drunk. The blood analyses showed the same characteristics for the various grades of dilution, only they were all lower than when no food was taken. The differences between the maximal readings for the two series showed that the blood-content in alcohol was 15, 48, 55 and 53% higher following, respectively, the 5, 20, 40 and 60% solutions, taken on an empty stomach, than it was when meat was ingested along with them. This general relation was found throughout, whether the meal was wholly of carbohydrate, or of protein, or of fat. Carbohydrate (two pounds of potatoes, for example) seemed to be more effective in holding down the blood content in alcohol than any other kind of foodstuff, meat coming next in order.

The intensity of the subjective effects of the alcohol was generally found to vary proportionally to the amount of alcohol in the blood. But it was found that the subjective feeling may disappear toward the end of the experiment, though the blood-alcohol is still higher than it was in the beginning, when the effects were first felt. A further remarkable finding was that the subjective symptoms following imbibition of the 60% solutions were less pronounced than they were following the 5 and 20% solutions, with those for the 40% solutions occupying an intermediate position. In general, the subjective as well as objective symptoms of the alcohol-feeling and the alcohol-effect on the part of the subject were found to be directly dependent, not upon the concentration of the alcohol imbibed, but upon the level of the blood-content of alcohol.

Dr. Tuovinen does not undertake to account for all of these unexpected results of his experiments, but to the present writer it seems that they can be explained from what is already known of the physiological reactions involved. It must be remembered that while the absolute quantity of alcohol taken in any one series of experiments was kept constant, the amount of water was not, this latter element being varied, say from 1 1/3 ounces when the 60% solutions were taken, to 2½ pints when the 5% solutions were taken. Now, of all things, water is most quickly absorbed from the intestine into the bloodstream. Especially when there is no food to be digested does the intes-

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tinal tract get rid of water quickly, and along with it the alcoholic content, which needs no digestion. This makes it clear why the more dilute and voluminous drinks, taken by a fasting person, send up the blood-content in alcohol to a higher level and more quickly than do the less dilute and less voluminous drinks. For the absorbing membranes of a gut can only pass the greatest amount of fluid when the greatest amount of their vast surface is put to work. To do this, of course, requires all of the volume of the largest portions imbibed in these experiments.

But one may ask, if this is so, why does eating food with the same volume of drinks lessen the level of the blood-alcohol? Because in these cases one has put into the stomach solids that require digestion—that is, that require to be put into a liquid state—before they can be passed through the walls of the intestine. This calls for a flow of fluid now, not from the gut out into the blood, but from the blood into the stomach and the gut. This fluid is largely in the form of digestive juices. The digestive fluids, the solid food and the alcoholic beverage are now all held within the digestive tube until the process of dissolving the solids has progressed to a certain degree; only then, and only gradually, are the liquefied portions allowed to pass through into the blood stream.

It is thus no longer surprising that the blood-alcohol level when food is being digested is lower than when no food is undergoing digestion. But here again a dilute and hence voluminous alcoholic drink, if taken with food, raises the blood-alcohol level above that for the less voluminous drink taken with food, although in no case as high as when no food is taken at all. In this case water is already plentiful with the food; therefore, less fluid will be moved from the blood, and it will go back into the blood-stream the sooner.

Another surprising result of the investigation was that the level of blood-alcohol in a fasting person not only rose higher than in a person eating, but remained higher throughout the period of observation, that is, to the end of six hours after drinking. It has just been explained why the level in these cases should rise higher, the alcohol all being thrown out into the blood and none held back in the gut, as is the case when food is still being digested. Why the alcohol-level remains higher, is this: The alcohol in the blood, when its level is high, soon passes over partly to the tissues of the body, and later, when the blood-level drops, this alcohol stored in the tissues is gradually given up again to the blood, thus keeping the blood level of alcohol higher in the later hours of the experiment than is the case when food is still being digested. While all the food of a heavy meal may be digested by the end of six hours, it is by no means all absorbed by that time; and so long as it is held back in the gut there is held with it a corresponding quota of the alcohol. Hence the continued low blood-alcohol level in the experiments when food was taken.

Aside from the new information they furnish concerning the blood-content in alcohol following its ingestion, the experiments of Tuovinen corroborate the old experiences of mankind as to the rôle of food in lessening the effects of alcoholic drinks. Perhaps, as a concluding paragraph, the advice of a physiologist may not be amiss to the layman who wishes to profit by both the experience and the experiments of others. When one wishes to indulge in the larger (physiological) quantities of alcohol it is more in keeping with the general specifications of the body

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(as to horse-power, relation of clutch and gear-shifts, ignition-interval, limitation of cylinder-cycle, etc., etc.) to do so only at mealtime, when plenty of meat and carbohydrate and some fat are included in the menu.

This will enable the alcohol to enter the blood-stream more nearly at the rate of its oxidation, and thus prevent its excessive accumulation in the tissues, especially in the nerve-cells. The man who really lives well is the one who confines his drinking to meals, preferably the evening meal, or whenever the day's work is done. The toper, on the other hand, prefers to take his alcohol on an empty stomach, and finally eats very little food at all. Upon noting the first tendency in this direction one will do well to regard it as a sign of impending addiction and resolutely put drink aside until food and exercise may be taken again with gusto.

Criminology

PSYCHIATRISTS IN COURT

By L. M. Hussey

So much has been printed of late, popularly and technically, about psychiatric studies of the criminal that it is surprising how recently such studies were begun on a scale sufficient to elicit any faith in their soundness. Indeed, the results of the first extensive psychiatric investigation of criminals in the United States were published no earlier than 1917; these were Dr. Bernard Glueck's findings on all the admissions to Sing Sing over a period of two years. Dr. Herman Adler's work with the Illinois Division of Criminology did not get very far until 1917, the report on the State reformatories of New York was not in print until 1919, and no comprehensive mental survey of New York jails and penitentiaries was reported until 1924.

As for psychiatric work in court, Dr. William Healy's labors attracted little attention until he went to Boston in 1917, though psychiatric examining was being done in the municipal courts of Philadelphia and Chicago shortly before this. Hoffman, with his special interest in psychiatry, did not come to the Cincinnati juvenile and domestic relations bench until 1915. Jacoby's work in Detroit began in 1921, and the other American courts, not many all told, trailed along later.

These names and dates show how short a time it has been since the psychiatrist, by studying the criminal, began to have any substantial enlightenment to offer the judge. Just what was the nature of this enlightenment, as shed in the beginning?

In answer, consider Dr. Glueck's pioneer report. He found that nearly 60% of the prisoners coming into Sing Sing over his two-year period were mentally subnormal, or psychopathic, or insane. This finding, startling as it was, was less startling than Dr. Adler's finding on the inmates of two Illinois State penitentiaries and one State reformatory. He reported in 1925 on 1,285 psychiatric examinations. Only 28 of the prisoners examined were set down as normal. In short, nearly all the prisoners examined in Illinois were found to depart from the psychiatric norm. For a sizable proportion of these cases, however, only mild and uncertain deviations may be assumed. Thus, we find 517 cases vaguely diagnosed as "egocentric," with an equally vague diagnosis of "emotional instability" for 134.

One may doubt that any two psychiatrists, working independently, would agree in the diagnosis of a case close to

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the borderline. Nevertheless, the significance of the figures just cited remains. For if such psychiatric surveys are even half accurate a very large number of prisoners should be under treatment for mental defects rather than under futile punishment for crimes which were probably the result of those defects.

If psychiatry had no more than surveys of prisoners to offer in support of its contention that prison sentences are frequently an unscientific and barbarous disposition of wrong-doers, a fairly sound rebuttal of this contention might be brought forward on the ground that the prisoners are psychiatrically abnormal as a result of prison life; that punishment is still their due, but that the type and rigors of punishment should be looked into.

There are, however, figures at hand to show that many a malefactor is psychopathic before ever the judge lectures him and sends him on his way to a steel cage. I choose, for example, a set of examinations of men, women, and children, for the most part *unconvicted* of any crime, made in the municipal court of Philadelphia in the year 1929. The court psychiatrist saw a few more than 5,000 cases and of these a few more than 3,000 were found to be deficient. A large number of the individuals represented by these cases were in no sense criminal, for the group included many juvenile dependents and many men and women from the domestic relations court.

Indeed, the psychiatric findings on this municipal court group represent the mental condition of a gourmand's slice of the general public, adult and minor—the fat, rather soggy, slice of boys and girls who get into small trouble too frequently, of men and women who ask the court to nose into their private lives, and of pimps and street-walkers for spice. Such people are more likely to provide the stuff for criminals than the better behaved or at least more discreet class which manages to keep its difficulties within four outwardly decorous walls, secure from the eye of courts. And such people, it seems, are frequently mentally under normal before ever they face a judge and jury in a court of criminal jurisdiction.

Altogether, then, the psychiatrists have been able to unearth some startling facts about the mind of the criminal and the mind of the class from which the bulk of criminals emerges. Proceeding further than simple statistics, they declare that the mind of the criminal and the act of the criminal are intimately related.

Roughly, they are able to predict the act from the mind. Says Dr. Hickson: "In the vast majority of cases the defective emotions determine the criminal, while the level of intelligence determines the nature of the crime." Thus, the "sociopath" of fair intelligence commits the more cunning felonies: he is the forger and confidence man. The enterprising high-grade moron is the stick-up man, while the low-grade moron is the sneak thief. The idiot and the feeble-minded may commit any crime from petty theft to murder.

Reciting their facts, their deductions, and their theories, the psychiatrists have clamored for judicial recognition of their work. They have agitated for more mental hospitals and fewer jails. That they have not got very far is owing partly to the little while that has passed since a psychiatric view of crime presented itself as a substitute for the incomparably older Mosaic view; partly to the inability of judges, juries, and legislators to understand what they are talking about; and not a little to lingering deficiencies in psychiatric science.

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In particular, the psychiatrists have not got very far with lawmakers. The trend at the moment seems against them. Legislators increase jail penalties rather than reduce them, and judges are hot for maximum rather than minimum sentences. There are a few crimes, such as rape and incest, which are almost never committed by the mentally normal. One would imagine that the penalties for offenses of this sort would have been among the first to be modified through psychiatric opinion, but no such modification has occurred. For the two crimes every State provides savage sentences. And in the section of the United States Criminal Code dealing with crimes committed within territorial possessions and on the high seas, the penalty for incest is fifteen years' imprisonment, and for rape, death.

But if the psychiatric brethren have been heard very little in legislative halls, their voices are here and there raised in the court-room. A little over a decade ago there was scarcely a jurist who would have paused, before passing sentence, to hearken to the court psychiatrist. There was no court psychiatrist. Now, occasionally, he is permitted to whisper into the judicial ear. But these whispers are not heard in many courts.

Largely it is the specialized court, the "morals" court, the court of domestic relations, and the juvenile court that employs a psychiatrist to examine every case in which examination seems profitable. Just how profitable do these examinations, when they are made, turn out to be?

As an approach to this question, consider for a moment the exact relationship of judge and psychiatrist. Theoretically, the psychiatrist aims to furnish the learned gentleman on the bench with something more than a Mosaic sense of an eye for an eye as an aid to passing sentence. But it is obvious that this psychiatric information, even though it were as scientifically exact as a geometric calculation, would be of no value in sentencing certain wrong-doers. Thus, a fourth offender under the Baumes law must be caged for life. A first-degree murderer in many States must burn in the chair. Nothing but proof of forthright insanity can save such offenders. In other words, unless the judge has been granted discretionary powers, unless legislation on the particular crime permits him to suspend sentence or grant probation or commit to an institution for mental treatment, he is helpless, and the opinion of his psychiatrist is so many unnecessary words.

This position of the judge in extreme cases where death or life imprisonment is all that he can pronounce was brought out by Chief Justice Olsen of the Municipal Court of Chicago in an extremely candid appendix to the 1924 report of his court. Judge Olsen reviews a series of seven first-degree murder cases which he had successfully prosecuted while State's attorney for Cook county. All the victims were hanged by the neck until dead. But an analysis of the medical records showed that six of these men were morons, that five of the six showed symptoms of dementia praecox while in the death cell, that one of the six had epilepsy, and that but one of the whole seven was mentally normal. Yet when they faced the judge not one revealed any obvious symptoms of insanity. There was nothing to do but order the noose.

We must, therefore, omit from our discussion a large body of criminals for whom, under existing law, no amount of psychiatric opinion and judicial understanding of it are of any use. What, then, of the cases in which the judge may do something? How profitable is the psy-

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chiatrist's advice for these cases? Taken as a whole, it often turns out to be flabby and none too profitable.

Consider the sort of case for which psychiatric advice is most frequently offered and for which it might be most useful. This, of course, is the juvenile case; a number of juvenile courts regularly employ psychiatrists, and it is reasonable to suppose that if anything may be done for the correction of a psychopathic condition, it is easier done with the youth than with the man.

A common sort of juvenile delinquent is before the judge. Bernice, not yet sixteen, stays out late at night, prefers jazz to arithmetic, and has lately been apprehended in Elizabeth, N. J., whither she fled, in a joy ride, with two boys in a borrowed flivver. Of her the psychiatrist reports: "Age, 15 years, 7 months. Mental age, 9 years. Intelligence quotient, 65. Subnormal or moron. This child is pleasure-loving and undisciplined. Advise close supervision under probation."

Or perhaps, with variations in the mental age and intelligence quotient, the diagnosis reads, "constitutional psychopathic inferior," "egocentric," "emotionally defective," "low-grade moron," "sociopath," and, alas, so on. From these phrases the judge learns only what he might have learned by glancing at the child himself—that she is not quite bright, that she needs more care and training than the normal child, that the facilities for such care are few indeed, and that even after Bernice has been put on "close supervision" she will probably be back again with another charge against her.

Such psychiatric advice, nevertheless, has this much value: if the judge is intelligent enough to get what he can out of it, he will not send a boy to a corrective institution when he should go to an institution for the mental defective. Otherwise, granting the intelligence of the judge, the advice is limited, first, by the want of any very specific treatment for the conditions discovered by mental examination, or the want of sufficient machinery for treatment, and, second, by the lack of scientific exactness in the diagnosis.

A good many diagnostic terms in psychiatry are no more than translations of common expressions into polysyllables. To say that a misdemeanant is a "sociopath" is merely to say that he has not a proper notion of his obligation to society. It is not telling a judge much to tell him this. To say that he is a "constitutional psychopathic inferior" is to say that he is a moral imbecile, which is to say very little useful indeed. To say that he is a moron is to say that his intellect is not capable of very lofty flight. The value of most of the terms is slight.

Indeed, it seems that psychiatry has yet a long race to run before it can reach the goal for which the psychiatrists pant and strive. They vision one of their number sitting beside the judge on the bench, his equal in power. On points of law the judge will have his say, but on the treatment of the offender the psychiatrist will wield the scepter. The realization of this juristic utopia awaits, as was intimated a moment ago, not only extensive social machinery for treatment of psychopathic cases, but exact diagnosis of them and exact knowledge on what to do about them.

Exact diagnosis must come first. Earlier in this writing the doubt was raised that any two psychiatrists, working independently, would agree in their findings on a particular case. They might be rather closely in accord on such matters as mental age and the intelligence quotient, since

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there are standards by which psychometric readings are obtained. But granted some agreement in psychometric readings, the psychiatrists would otherwise tend to ride their hobbies. A glance at some of the psychiatric work in courts and prisons confirms this criticism. Thus, in Dr. Adler's reports, we find that the "egocentrics" carry the day. Dr. Hickson, in Chicago, runs to a more serious condition—dementia praecox. Whereas Dr. Adler finds only twelve cases of "mental disease—which would include his cases of dementia praecox—out of 413 individuals examined at the Pontiac Reformatory, Dr. Hickson finds 240 cases of mental disease—dementia praecox, specifically—out of 464 cases examined in the Chicago morals court. This is curious; a reformatory in the State of Illinois gets almost no cases of dementia praecox and a single court in a single city of Illinois is overrun with them.

Curious, too, are the figures from Philadelphia's morals court. About the same time that Dr. Hickson was finding 50% of his street-walkers afflicted with dementia praecox, Dr. Leopold, in Philadelphia, could unearth less than ½ of 1% from his 1924 examinations. Do altitude or atmospheric conditions explain this? Or is psychiatric diagnosis a bit faulty?

The psychiatrists are not, of course, satisfied with the looseness of their science. They may not agree that it is not yet advanced enough to do all that is claimed for it in court work, but they still strive for more exactness. They strive for a set of precise tests that, in their field, might fix a diagnosis as exactly as do the complement fixation tests, the Widals, the colloidal gold reactions, the basal metabolic determinations in the field of physical diagnosis.

Not a great deal has been accomplished so far toward such precision. A few attempts are interesting enough to mention. Dr. Hickson's clinic, for all its running to dementia praecox, has done some suggestive work in relating the diagram of a certain drawing in the Simon-Binét test to mental defect—the so-called "mental finger-print." Like studies have been carried out by Dr. Zapas in Zurich, and Dr. S. D. W. Ludlum and his collaborators have been studying ultramicroscopically the supporting substance of the central nervous system and the blood serum; some of their discoveries point to diagnostic possibilities.

Work of this sort will, of course, go on. When the day comes that a pathologically exact name may be given to the condition which caused Bernice to go joy-riding in the borrowed flivver, and a form of treatment somewhat more precise than "close supervision" may be applied to her, the psychiatrist will be ready to sit, equal in glory, at the right hand of the judge.

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BUG-HOUSE CAMP

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

After I got the job I went down to the employment office on the skidroad and told the shark to forward any mail for me in care of the Jesse James Jenson Logging Company at Big Creek.

"So you got the job at Jesse's?" he said. "Well, she's a bug-house camp proper."

I had just come for the first time to British Columbia after a Winter in the North New Hampshire woods. I wore a derby hat, not uncommon with loggers when in town in the Northeast, but a hat such as had not been seen on the North Pacific in many a year. I think that at that time, in 1920, it was the only derby hat in all the province. I had noticed people on the street looking at it. It got me the job anyway; I found that out the same day I hired out. As I was riding up the Fraser river toward camp with Jesse James Jenson himself, he remarked about my bowler.

"I hadn't seen a hard hat like that in ten year, until you come into the office. It tickled me."

That's how I got the job at what the shark had said was a bug-house camp proper.

Jesse James Jenson was a stocky man, hard of face except when he laughed. I afterward learned that he had come to British Columbia from Minnesota, where he had worked in logging camps ever since he was a youngster. He had lost two fingers on his left hand somehow. His eyes were slatey blue. At the time I first met him he was rated one of the largest and most successful logging operators in the province and by all odds the hardest-boiled and most eccentric. He didn't talk much on the way to camp.

After turning off the main highway we drove many miles over a narrow road up a mountain. On both sides of the road, as far as we could see, there were stumps. Stumps, brush, weeds, thousands of feet of logs lying criss-cross, and old snags. I had been used to logged-off country all my life but never on such a scale as this. It was complete desolation. I am no æsthete yet the sight struck me forcibly. I said something about its being a pity.

"What's a pity?" Jesse barked.

"Why, all these ghosts of a fine forest," I replied, somewhat poetically I suppose, and waved a hand at the miles of black stumps.

"Did you say you was a logger or a forestation professor?" he demanded, and went on in a softer tone, "It *is* a goddam pity; but I ain't seen nobody yet what would pay me two-hunnerd thousand for lettin' her stand. . . . That's what I got outa th' logs."

We ran through several more miles of stumps and got to camp. It was a large one, even for the Pacific Coast. The office and a good-sized store made up one building. From there to the great cookhouse stretched four long rows of bunk-houses. I had a shack to myself. So did the camp foremen. There were a few families in

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camp who had shacks to themselves also. In my years in the Eastern woods I had never even pictured such a layout as this. If it was a bug-house camp, it was a new sort to me, and I liked the look of it. It *was* a good camp, too, only a little queer at times.

My duties included handling the white payroll, doing first-aid work, and helping with surveying when lines were to be run.

There were some 200 whites on the payroll. Below the main camp was the China camp. Here lived about 50 Chinamen who did the falling and bucking of timber.

One of the most important features of the white camp, I soon learned, was the bar in one end of the camp store. It was the only bar I have ever seen in a logging camp. We had a man who opened up fifteen minutes before breakfast in the morning, again at noon, and at night until lights out. On Sundays it was open all day.

Theoretically the camp store was the usual sort of commissary kept by the company to supply the simple, homely needs of loggers; snuff, tobacco, work clothing and the like; but much of the store-keeper's time at the Jenson camp was required in the serving of an unlabeled beer product which appeared on the bills of lading every Monday morning as 10 bbls. Bottled Foam. At that time British Columbia had not recovered from the Presbyterian Terror. A little hard liquor could be bought, legally, on prescription, and more was bootlegged at even higher prices, but that was all. This Bottled Foam, however, did very well. It was the most powerful beer I have ever sampled. It was no uncommon sight to see stolid Swede loggers guzzle a couple pints of it and then stump out of the camp bar humming "Vortland" aloud, a thing done by Swede loggers only when under the influence of acute patriotism, or alcohol, or both.

The vice-president of the Jenson Logging Company happened to be president of the brewing concern which put up the 6% Foam; and thus we had good strong beer on tap at all times instead of the slop sold legally at other camps. At that time, ten years ago, there was a great to-do among the proletariat concerning the curse of interlocking directorates; and I enjoyed jibing the especially class-conscious loggers about it, pointing out that they were blessed with this potent Bottled Foam because of the benevolent interlocking of Big Business.

The man who tended the bar was a fellow of imagination. He rigged up a piece of iron pipe for a foot rail. He cut gaudy pictures of movie women from magazines and pasted them on the wall. Jesse had thoughtfully provided a huge cash register with a bell on it that sounded like a guthammer gong, beautifully deep and long pealing. There were dice cups, too, some punchboards and a gaudy slot machine.

To stand outside in the camp street on a Saturday evening and listen to the joint going full blast was to recall the Bowdoin square, Boston, of pre-war days.

II

Men became scarce in the Summer of 1920, yet the Jenson camp always had a full crew. Strikes, caused by the churlishness of arrogant lumberworker union organizers and the bullheadedness of employers, closed many camps in the province, and across the line in Washington and Idaho as well; but not the Jenson outfit.

The proletariat were roaring in the fullness of their new power. There had been a police strike in Boston, a general strike in Winnipeg, and the Ole Hanson "revo-

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lution" in Seattle. British Columbia was full of the One Big Union, similar in membership and tactics to our own benevolent and protective order of the I.W.W. Lumber was high. The great sawmills on the coast whined day and night. Log prices went skyhooting.

So wild-eyed fanatics cavorted on the skidroads. Fat and often damnably lazy bounders became traveling delegates for the O.B.U. and sold copies of Joe Hill's wobbly song-book. Loggers whose former interest in economics had been confined chiefly to the cost of overalls and Copenhagen snuff, suddenly took to speaking casually of what Mr. Marx said to Mr. Engels. The Red Dawn was just over the hump.

Few of the logging operators would allow a known delegate of the O.B.U. in their camps, much less permit a meeting of the order on camp property. From the One Big Union headquarters in Winnipeg the camps were flooded every day with lurid papers and pamphlets calling on the workers to arise and shake off their chains in seven languages. Most of this went into the barrel stoves of the camp offices without the operators asking the comrades anything about it.

But at Jesse's camp we harbored, and knew it, at least a dozen delegates or active members. Most of the crew were packing red cards. The O.B.U. secretary received his hot stuff direct and in good order from the camp postoffice and sold or gave away as many papers as he would. The comrades held meetings in the bunkhouses, with the Jenson Logging Company paying for the lights.

"Let 'em r'ar on their hine legs," Jesse said. "It'll do 'em good."

During the Summer there was an agitation for a qualified first-aid man in every camp. I considered myself pretty good at this work but I had nothing tangible to prove it; so Jesse had me go down to Vancouver for a week-end, where I took a couple of lessons, passed my examinations, and received an astounding certificate done in three colors and signed at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, London, E. C., by no less a white-collar man than "Devonshire, patron", himself. Since I had never received a diploma of any sort, this document gave me considerable pride. I nailed it in a conspicuous place on a wall of the first-aid room and always called a patient's attention to it before performing an operation on him with iodine or Epsom salts.

One time, I am sure, the certificate was of great professional aid to me. I was approaching the cookhouse for dinner one noon when there was a great uproar inside. Presently a big Finn logger came out the door on the lam. Right on his tail came the even bigger cook, a meat cleaver in his hand. He let fly with the cleaver. It missed the Finn by a yard and struck fair into the side of a bunkhouse about twenty feet away, where it split a board from top to bottom. The big Finn turned and drew his knife. They grappled and in the wild scuffle that followed the knife cut the main artery in the Finn's right arm.

He started to run up the camp street, squirting blood horribly. I followed, trying to catch him to bind him up, but he thought we were going to kill him. Three of us finally captured him and carted him, howling and fighting, to the first-aid parlor. He continued to fight until one of the gang, a fellow countryman, pointed to my impressive certificate on the wall and said something in Finnish. The face of the wounded man at once became soft, and he smiled. He was docile and even respectful while I bandaged the wound.

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The bartender always tried to be helpful in serious cases like this one. He would come to the door and proffer a free pint of Bottled Foam to the ill or injured.

"It'll reg'late the bile an' ease the kidneys, so's you'll get well quick", was his stock professional remark.

III

The China camp, just below our own, was ever a curious thing to me. I had known that Chinamen used to run laundries in Northern New England towns, when I was a youngster; and the Nick Carter weeklies I had read had proved that all Chinamen were highbinders who did most of their work with hatchets. But that a Chink could be and was a logger who used an ax and a saw was a fact hard for me to accept. Yet the Jenson fallers and buckers were Chinks.

The bull-bucker of the China camp—which is to say, the boss man—was an old leather-faced fellow who had been on the West Coast since before the anti-Chinese riots early in the century. We had him down on the payroll as Washington Duck, and his was the only name. The others were grouped as so many fallers and so many buckers at so much a day. Then there was a "cook, $100 month." My instructions were not to bother to check the Chinamen to see how many were actually at work every day, but to take the time that Duck turned in as correct. At the end of the month I would send a check for the entire yellow payroll to a Chinese labor agency in Vancouver. I suppose the agency gave some of the money to those that earned it.

The China cook was quite a politician. Often he would send me a dish of fancy-cooked rice and duck. At Christmas time he appeared at the office with a large bundle under his arm. "You like for Clistmas," he said, and left. The bundle proved to be a huge cake. On the frosting he had lettered, with his finger, I suppose, a large pink heart which inclosed the legend "WeLcome". The cake, and its legend, was of far more comfort to my soul than a self-styled Lumberjack's Sky-pilot who made several abortive attempts to hold prayer meetings in camp during Christmas week.

One night I lay in my bunk reading when a devilish noise suddenly started at the China camp. I had often heard them making noises down there but this night it was louder and more of it. Drums were being beaten and a wind instrument that sounded like a he-goat seeking a nanny was played upon. At intervals there would be a terrific crash of cymbals. Obviously something big was stirring.

The next evening the noise was resumed and continued most of the night. In the morning Duck came into the office, another Chinaman trailing behind. This fellow was wearing a filthy bandanna handkerchief over one eye.

"You look China boy eye," said Duck. "See if fix it."

The China boy's eye was beyond fixing; the eyeball hung far down on his cheek. After much argument Duck admitted that the accident had taken place two, maybe three days before; a bent-over crosscut saw had jilpoked and one of the rakers had lifted out the eye. I complained to Duck because he had not reported the accident sooner.

"We try China medicine first but no good," he said. "Now we try you doctor."

So I knew what the noise had been about.

I sent the poor devil to Vancouver where he was given a glass eye, and a few hundred dollars by the Workmen's Com-

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pensation Board. The one-eyed boy soon sailed for China.

"He always lucky man," Duck told me.

There was only one row at the China camp that Summer, and, of course, no white devil ever knew what it was about. One day the son of a stump rancher who lived near camp came into the office and told me to come quick, that something dreadful had happened. I followed him down a path that led from the China camp to the creek. Not far from the path was a headless body. Wrapped carefully in a Chinese newspaper, about four feet from the body, was the head of a Chinaman.

We left everything as we had found it and I telephoned the sheriff's office. After looking over the field the sheriff called the provincial police. Investigation of every Chink in camp brought out the fact that not one of them had ever seen the dead Chinaman, heard of him or of any of his relatives, or knew how he came to be where he was without his head. In fact, they appeared to be surprised at the corpse's presence near their camp.

Nothing, of course, came of the investigation, even though a news item in a Vancouver daily cleverly pointed out that the affair "appeared not to have been a case of suicide."

Always on the West Coast the China boys have been held to be economic enemies of the white man. Probably they are. Yet I know that in the Fall of 1920 the Chinks, in the Jenson camp at least, proved that they knew more than the white loggers when it came to the scientific application of pure, unadulterated Marxism.

That Fall prosperity took a sudden dive downward toward normalcy. Employers saw their chance. Help was overrunning the country and there were no jobs; so wages were slashed to the bone. In the Jenson camp the O.B.U. comrades bellowed. They bellowed in vain, although a few of the most radical of them quit in protest. These went to Vancouver and presently, for want of something better, found themselves in the soup line of the Salvation Army.

But not the China boys. When I notified old Duck of a 10% cut in wages, he understood what was meant at once, without any of the usual "no saavvee" business.

"All right," he said cheerfully. "China boy no care; we catch log all same."

They did. They catched the log, all right, but their output was uncannily exactly 10% less than it had been before the 10% wage cut. I complained, officially, about the falling off in the log scale.

"Timber get awful tough," Duck explained to me carefully. "She hard for China boy. Never see so hard timber."

Such fellows needed no Marx or Big Bill Haywood.

IV

An ancient Scot named Donaldson was the stump inspector in the district where the Jenson concern was cutting timber. That is, old Donal was employed by the Dominion government to take a look at us every so often and make sure we were stamping each and every log that went down to water with the official D.T. log brand. Jesse James Jenson held that this idea of stamping all government logs was something much to be desired but most difficult of accomplishment. And it is true that, in the great rush for logs at that time, a few million feet of them were possibly overlooked and not branded. Anyway, the camp foreman and I had instructions to see that old Donal was so well entertained whenever he came to

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camp that he would never get out to the logging works.

Getting old Donal drunk was no work for weak, cowardly men. He scorned the powerful Bottled Foam. We would feed him straight Scotch for an hour or so and then hand him a shot of Demmarara rum to tamp it down, as he put it. He was the only Scot I ever knew whose burr did not thicken in proportion to the amount of alcohol consumed. Grog worked the other way with him. When he was quite sober he talked as though his mouth were full of haggis. After about one imperial quart of Johnny Walker had gone down the ways, he spoke something approaching English.

Ordinarily the foreman, who was most able at the business, and I could hold Donal pretty close to the camp stove by generous application of hard liquor and by listening to his stories, not one of which I ever completely understood. But one day he heaved into camp and caught us short on supplies. All we had was one short quart of Canadian Club, a drink considered potent enough by most people, but which old Donal termed a nice sort of wine. We fed him all of the Canadian Club, drinking nothing but Bottled Foam ourselves, but it didn't seem to do much good. In fact it didn't do *any* good. Donal insisted on going to the woods. There he happened on six Jenson cars loaded high with government logs on which, unfortunately, there were no brands.

Donal made a big noise about the unbranded logs. He threatened to shut us down, which he had the authority to do, and shouted that he would lay the entire matter before the Crown, or the Privy Council, or somebody like that. The foreman played what cards he could. He threw his hat on the ground, cursed horribly, and told the chaser, whose job it was to stamp the logs, to go get his goddam time, roll his blankets, and fly to Jesus out of there. "I'll learn you dudes to sit on your behind and not brand these-a logs," the foreman bellowed. Next day, of course, the chaser went back to his job at two bits more a day.

Jesse James Jenson managed to fix up our mistake somehow, but he gave the foreman and me a going-over about it.

"If I can't depend on you fellers to entertain a gov'ment inspector same's he shoulda be," he said, "then, by God, I'll get a couple of Siwash squaws to run this layout."

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CARAVAN TO MECCA

BY WARD GREENE

Two puffs of white smoke became mere horizon, a last toot wandered back through heat and silence, and only a banana peel fresh among the cinders told Sycamore that a train had come and gone.

There was, however, one other deposit. On the steps of the deserted station a girl sat fork-legged, rubbing her feet and glowering at a pig runting in the dust a hundred yards along the road, the sole life Sycamore presented to its Maker at noon of a weekday. She had on a red hat, a dirty calico dress and silk stockings; a pair of purple slippers with large glass buckles reposed on the planking beside her; and these, with the stockings and the hat, gave her a raffish elegance that clanged arrestingly against her other garment and the face with its pout of dirt and disgust.

The girl's feet hurt, for until an hour before they had never known store shoes. To physical pain she traced part of her present unhappiness; more to the calamity of her ejection from the Peachburg train because she had lacked fare. Keenly she desired Peachburg, where were more hats, shoes, stockings, and—one hoped—ways to acquire them.

Back in the other direction, some scores of miles over the sky's rim, was a hole called Catamount, which she hated because it was just such another hole as this, and in it her father's buggy whip, which she feared because she had stolen thirty-two dollars and forty cents, his all. Back there, too, but a score of miles nearer, was Caneyville, first pause in her flight; a camp-meeting, unexpectedly stirring; and a youth who had conquered more under the grape-vines than Heaven could win among the hymns and the shouters. Well, she did not regret that surrender; her virtue, she had resolved, she was good and shut of along with her family and her hope of salvation. But she did mourn the impulse that had driven her from the train at the first stop that morning and caused her, in the market-place, to squander recklessly, with the result that, once aboard another Argo, she was dismayed to find her resources short a good three dollars of the sum necessary to bring her to the bright fleece.

And so the conductor had put her off. . . .

"The durn skunk," said Cora Potts.

She glared at Sycamore, and Sycamore, forever bogged in lethargy, yawned back.

II

Some distance away, but blowing closer every second, sounded the sharp blat-blat of an automobile horn. Cora calculated the driver must be making all of thirty miles an hour over the treacherous red clay passing for a highway in those parts. She wiggled her toes into the slippers and yanked her skirt down; then waited intently, for it seemed to her she could hear other horns echoing faintly the first.

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The car approached Sycamore from the south, coming explosively. Up the hill, across the railroad tracks—bump, rattle, blat—and a blat and a renewed burst of gas for Sycamore's hello and goodbye.

Cora had but a twinkle of big wheels, two men in goggles and something like a flag lashing the wind. Well, sir, she thought, you couldn't pass the time of day with those buglopers. She settled herself for the echoes. Here they came, not so fast, not so impertinently, but automobiles all right, scads of them, a regular parade.

Automobiles were no longer a sensation to the wiregrass in 1906, though most farmers hung on to wagons and buggies and a few still drove oxen. Cora had never ridden in an automobile, but she had seen aplenty and what fascinated her now, eclipsing her personal woes, was not so much the number and magnificence of the cars as their purpose. Placards festooned them along with the baggage piled and roped on their running-boards: "Good Roads Make Good Times" . . . "Gangway For Good Roads Tourists" . . . "Get Right With Good Roads and God." Banners referring to "bond issues" were even more puzzling. . . . The sign that interested Cora said simply: "Peachburg or Bust!"

She got up and walked a few steps to the edge of the road, and there she leaned negligently against a sapling, inspecting the occupants of the cars, who shouted and waved as they were jolted past. At first she waved back, but after a bit her attitude changed. She did not wave, she tilted the red hat to one side, her right hand dangled on her hip, occasionally she "switched herself" in the manner of a dog wagging.

Here and there in the procession, Cora noticed, was a female form bundled in duster, goggles and hat with veil flying, but most of the cars held men only: ample, red-faced men; men with song in their hearts, booming ahead of them, floating back as they vanished; and all with a smirk and a yell for the girl by the road.

"Hello, baby!" they yelled. . . .

"Hello, kiddo!"

"Where did you get that hat?"

Cora, though her switching and tossing increased, was not displeased, even by the question about the hat. Actually she was wishing, in the intervals between cars, that she could yell back for a hitch, and realizing that it wouldn't do much good, so swift they whooshed by. Hence she was gratified when a car finally bounced over the hill, whipped into the glade across from her, and stopped.

Two dirty shoes gave Cora, approaching, her only clue to the driver. They protruded from beneath what was unquestionably the tour's smallest, filthiest, shakiest vehicle, not only lacking the impressive signs but piled high with bags and suitcases so that it looked like a pygmy moving-van. Here was no sumptuous chariot for stranded beauty. Nevertheless, Cora bided the din of a hammer until it ceased and the shoes began to kick. She smiled radiantly on the young man who emerged.

Through streaks of black oil, he blinked his surprise.

Cora swizzled her hips.

"Hello," she said.

"Hi," said the young man.

"Gimme a ride?"

"Sure. How far you goin'?"

"Oh, down the road a piece."

"Hop in, then. We gotta ball the jack."

They balled the jack. To Cora, wedged among luggage, feet hoisted, knees doubled, her first automobile ride was thrilling only with terror that any instant would be her last. Eating dust, holding on with both hands, she had no time to wonder how in

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the nation the young man did it. Not only did he pass other cars, hurdle canyons and charge without pause at torrents, but he managed to sing, too.

"Oh, the little brown bull came down from the mountains—hey, laddie! hi, laddie!" sang the young man.

"They say that old Peachburg she ain't got no style, but she's style all the while, style all the while!" he sang.

"If you," he sang, "can live with a face like that, then I'm gonna get well!"

Cora bridled. What if her face was dirty? So was his. Still, maybe he didn't mean it personal—it was only a song. Certainly his expression had not altered a dot; he stared dead ahead and sang tonelessly at the top of his voice. Song after song. And driving like Sam Hill.

Suddenly the car stopped, so suddenly that Cora all but pitched out.

The young man regarded her. With his hand on the wheel, he sang, "And another little drink wouldn't do us no harm!"

He produced a bottle.

"How 'bout ya?"

Cora drank and shuddered.

"What's that?" she demanded.

"Rye. Judge Buck's best. . . . Down the hatch, baby!"

"I don't like it. Who's Judge Buck?"

"He's my boss—and the biggest guy on this little ole tour. That's his coat you're sittin' on. All this stuff's his. He's some guy. Come on, kid, let's ball the jack!"

They balled the jack some more. Then a town leaped out of the cotton fields, and with it cheering and bright colors. Cora's jehu brought his cyclone to rest among the dusty squadrons lining the public square.

"I gotta look up the Judge," he said.

He stared at her, for the first time seeming to realize possibilities in his passenger.

"Say," he inquired, "you got where you was goin'?"

Cora's wiggle was half irresolution. She said, "Naw—I reckon it's quite a piece yet. You keep on towards Peachburg, don't you?"

"Sure. Peachburg or bust by tomorrow night. You wait here till I find the Judge. Then we'll ball the jack, huh, baby?"

She was gazing beyond him across the shimmering square where bunting fluttered and people milled about long tables and a film of smoke betokened barbecue pits.

"Sure, but don't fret yourself, I'll be all right," said Cora.

III

On a platform under trees a man perspired and shouted huskily. Good roads. More bonds. Our fair State. Pep, progress and prosperity. Around him a lot of farmers stood and listened. Occasionally they spat. Cora wondered why none of the tourists listened; they were all over at the tables, eating barbecue and emptying pitchers of beer, or else clubbed in little groups, fiercely discussing their cars and this hill and that mudhole on the road behind.

Cora had mingled with them casually. The pork and the Brunswick stew had been excellent and the beer refreshing. She had eaten three platters of the stew, drunk a little beer and much lemonade, and topped off with two pieces of frosted chocolate cake. Now, grazing on a third slice, she felt fine; she even tried to listen to the man. But her eyes kept trailing toward the tourists.

They were, she decided, not so much. A passel of city folks, and putting on airs like all city folks do. Especially the women. If they weren't the homely bunch!—all doodled out in those veils and coats, and fussing with their hair and faces like they would look any better if the dirt did come

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off, and hollering at the men for water and barbecue and all whatall. The men must be glad the women hadn't come along more'n they did.

The men weren't so bad. They looked jolly, even if they were kind of fat and old; most of them thirty or forty, she bet; except those fellows over in the Franklin. But, outside the ones the women pestered, they were having them a time—you could see that, whooping and laughing and carrying on; and the way they were pouring out that beer, and the stuff in their bottles, too, was a caution!

Cora kept her eye on the Franklin. The car, one of the few makes she knew, was by no means the grandest in the assembly. Yet it certainly beat, she thought, that little rattletrap with all those grips in it. She finished the cake and slowly wiped her hands.

Somebody on her left tittered. Cora glared. The durned old hen. . . . But the direction of the woman's glance perturbed her.

Of the fact that her dress, though surely good enough for any company hereabouts, scarcely equaled the glory of her head and feet, Cora had been aware, vaguely promising herself something in pink satin when circumstances should smile. She had not realized amid the showers of food and oratory that considerable of the former had fallen on herself; now, to her chagrin, she saw beer and gravy stains topping previous grime; furthermore, across each sleeve, four rich chocolate furrows saluted her and shook her poise.

Cora quickly folded her arms. She appeared, for a little, to be simply a young woman absorbed by eloquence; then as the speaker ended, a young woman idly strolling, innocently projecting her attention toward the automobiles. One, deserving her admiration the least, drew her close. She leaned over and lackadaisically made a few passes.

The Judge's coat, it developed, was just a light duster like the women's. It was a little big, but it would do. Thoughtfully, as she sauntered away, Cora applied to her face a silk handkerchief she found in one pocket.

The fellow in the front seat of the Franklin didn't look twice before he grinned. He was an up-and-comer, she bet.

"We-e-ll! Hello, baby! Where you been on this straw-ride?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" sauced Cora. "That's a nice car you got."

"You tell 'em, baby! Want to see her ball the jack? We're gonna light out from here. Hey, Ed!—you an' Ernie—we gotta passenger! Come on, kid, let's hit the grit!"

Cora swung the coat left and right as Ed and Ernie galloped up. She laughed.

"I'll ride with you-all a little piece," she conceded. "In front?"

"In front, baby—and watch us go from here. 'Oh, the little brown bull came down from the mountains—hey, laddie! Hi, laddie! . . .'"

IV

The trouble with good roads tours—mused Cora Potts—was that you stopped too much. All these little hick towns. They were laying for you like a cat for a mouse. Something called a pilot car was ahead, and every time you hit a town the whole caboodle was out to meet you, waving flags and yelling and honing for you to spend a couple of weeks. Then you had to get out and eat some more and drink some more, and usually the same man made the same speech, and you had to laugh and cheer at the place where he said the folks against the bond issue ought to be bored for the hollow horn.

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It was pretty good fun between stops. Their automobile went lickety-split, Ed and Ernie in the back seat sang "She's style all the while, style all the while!" and Jimmy tried to get fresh but, on account of him steering, you didn't have to shove him off much. Sometimes other cars passed you and the people in them waved and whooped, and sometimes you passed other cars and gave those people the ha-ha. When Ernie handed up the bottle, you could tilt it and just pretend to drink; if a little trickled in, what the hell! the taste went away in a minute and you felt fine. The land fled behind, the sun and the wind licked your face, and if you were full of sand and grit, why, what the hell! so was everybody else, and in that coat a calico dress was as good as a ball gown. You looked like the other women, or a durn sight better. You could even kick your slippers off your hot feet and the boys just laughed.

"We'll take 'em off and leave 'em off, kid!" Jimmy said.

Only the towns were a bother. Cora had to talk then, though, thank goodness, nobody asked where she came from or whither she fared. She had to get out, too, and that meant putting on her slippers and maybe meeting the fellow she'd ditched. Finally, she had to eat and drink, and though after while she stuck to lemonade and learned to drop fried chicken in her pockets till she could throw it out on the road, she began to feel disquietingly uncomfortable.

That was about six o'clock in the afternoon, and Jimmy said the next town, Vulcania, was where the tour stopped for the night.

"And then—Oh, baby!—'Where was Moses when the light went out?—'"

He put an arm around her and squeezed.

"Watch out!" said Cora. "Drive careful —hon."

Jimmy was pretty drunk. So were Ed and Ernie. They were drinking corn, some stuff a fellow gave them at the last town, and it was terrible stuff to smell, let alone swallow. Cora gagged on it once, and after that she just shook her head when Ernie handed up the bottle.

The boys didn't pester her to drink. "Down the hatch!" they said. They scarcely noticed Cora's temperance. Ed was singing the little brown bull song, Ernie was singing 'If you can live with a face like that,' and Jimmy was sort of singing and sort of mumbling. She couldn't hear much of what Jimmy said, so she just smirked and artfully grabbed his hand when necessary. Soon she didn't have to do that because darkness fell and Jimmy switched on his lights and stuck to driving. Edged to her side of the car, Cora let her head slump where the wind struck. Her head felt a mile big. She wished she could get sick.

Vulcania's lamps, jiggling out of the night, roused her. Another town—but it looked bigger than most. Jimmy went by a lot of cars in the square, and stopped in front of a long porch all lit up.

"Down a hatch!" he said. "I'll get room."

He said something about another little drink.

"'—wouldn't do us any harm!'" sang Ed and Ernie.

Cora stood in the gassy glare from the porch, watching Ed and Ernie squabbling over the way to unstrap the bags and not thinking about anything but how big her head was. When Jimmy returned, she followed him up the steps and down a corridor with matting on it.

He entered the room, staggering. Cora limped along. She sat down on the bed. Her head whirled. Then Jimmy lurched

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out of a bathroom, he fell half on top of her, and she was drowned in a miasma of corn liquor.

"Watch out!" gasped Cora. Blindly, she threw him off. . . .

Nobody was there when Cora emerged from the bathroom. She felt tons better. On the floor was Jimmy's hat, in the middle of the bed an empty pint bottle. But that was all. The room was bare, clean—and hers.

She stood on the threshold, listening to distant singing, before she turned the key in the latch. Once, deep in the night, someone pounded on her door, but when she waited soundlessly, whoever it was went away.

V

The world had risen with the sun. At five Cora was bright-eyed, and before six she was in the hotel dining-room, hungry, she confessed to the darky waiter, as a bear. Though the room was empty, she hobbled to a table in the corner favorable to the disposal of footwear; as she sat there, face scrubbed ruddy, hat pulled tight, her coat neat from ears to ankles, she looked a praiseworthy example of the American woman's ingenuity under stress of travel.

The waiter was impressed.

"Yas'm," he said. "I'll bring de breakfus' right away!"

Cora made a straight march through eggs, ham, fried chicken, hot biscuit, preserves and other staples of a country hotel breakfast in the South. She topped off with buckwheat cakes and sorghum.

Touring, remarked the waiter to the cook, suttinly made white ladies bust down on de vittals. . . .

When she saw the old gentleman, Cora was mopping the last of the buckwheats and, for the first time, doing a little worrying. Who was to pay for this meal? She had, wrapped in the silk handkerchief, coins enough, yet to relinquish them seemed a shame. Moreover—what then? She was hot for touring; were touring and tourists, particularly Jimmy, this morning hot for her? She wished she knew some of the folks in those other cars. And then the old gentleman came in.

He came in stormily, white whiskers snapping and red cheeks puffing. In the glint of his eye could be read the need for audience, and Cora alone was there to fill it.

"Good morning, ma'am!" She raised speculative eyes, and the old gentleman, resolutely seating himself, was off. . . . This tour was an outrage and a disgrace to the State. By Godfrey Mighty, if they ever got him on another they would have to hog-tie him and drag him. Bad roads, bad weather, bad management, bad food—and damn bad drink. She'd forgive his French, ma'am, if she'd tasted the vile stuff they forced on him last night. Not fit for a dog! Bad people on this tour, too. A regiment of thieves. "Damn thieves, I repeat, ma'am!" Why, confound 'em, they'd steal the tires off your automobile, and it running, if you gave 'em half a chance. He'd be lucky if he got to Peachburg with enough clothes to bury him in. Look at 'em—present company always and particularly excepted, was there one in the crowd worth the shot and powder to kill 'em? His own boy was as bad as any. Here he'd raised that damn boy like a son, and if he left him alone for a second with the baggage, somebody walked off with it lock, stock and barrel!

The old gentleman was considerably riled, judged Cora. She didn't know what to say, so she said, "It's a sin and a shame!" and the old gentleman declared it was, indeed, a sin and a shame, and if that damn

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waiter didn't bring his coffee pretty quick, he'd have the hide off him.

"Yas, suh! Yas, suh!" said the waiter, and the old gentleman told him to get the devil out of there.

But his explosion, or Cora's sympathy, appeared to have mollified him, for he bowed gallantly for no reason at all and, after eyeing her sharply, remarked that he did not recall seeing her before.

"I been with my own crowd," said Cora.

"It was the rest of humanity's loss, ma'am!" declared the old gentleman.

Cora could not help a giggle. She cut a glance across the table to discover the old gentleman still staring at her. Deliberately, then, she winked.

"You ole devil!" said she.

It was at this moment the door banged open and another gentleman bustled in whom Cora recognized as the fellow who always made the speech. He crossed the room at a trot, nodded and grinned at Cora as though she were a lifelong friend, and clapped her companion on the shoulder.

"The top of the morning, Judge!"

The old gentleman roared, "Godfrey damn you, Joe, get out of here and never speak to me again!"

Joe merely clapped the old gentleman once more; he nodded and grinned at Cora, and said to her, "He's always this way before he's had a nip," and to the old gentleman, "Cheer up, Judge, what you need is the hair of the dog!"

The Judge looked up, of a sudden wistful as a child.

"You got any?" he whispered.

"Have I got any? Did you hear him, ma'am?—Say, what kind of a tour do you think this is? What kind of a manager do you think Joe Bascom is? What kind of folks do you think go on good roads tours, anyhow, Judge?"

Slowly, at each question, the Judge had begun to rise, little beads glistening on his temples, on his nose. But halfway up he halted, steadying himself by the table. Cora was conscious of watery pupils gyrating between rheumy lids. It dawned on her that the Judge was winking.

"Madam," he said, "your servant! Will you—ah—join us?"

The gentlemen waited as for the marquesa's whim.

"Well," simpered Cora Potts, "I don't care if I do!"

Joe Bascom took care of the waiter. Cora took care of her slippers. In Bascom's room, the Judge raised his glass.

"To our fair recruit!" he toasted.

"She's style all the while!" pronounced Joe Bascom.

Cora's hips waggled.

"Down the hatch!" she directed.

VI

Five miles out of Peachburg, Mrs. Wellington Minor's curiosity could restrain itself no longer.

"George Minor," she said for the fiftieth time, "if you don't get out of this automobile, and walk up there, and see what they're *doing*, I'll get right out and go myself!"

"Aw, mama, they're not doing anything—they're just having a good time—like all the rest of us—they're singing—can't you hear 'em?"

Through the noon sunshine, from the head of the stalled procession, bellowed appeals to take one bottle from the bottles on the wall.

"Do you think I'm deaf? I've heard 'em for the last fifty miles! I want to know what they're *doing*! Is Judge Buck in that car?"

"Sure—him and Joe Bascom and that

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crowd—the Mayor's with 'em now—he just drove up to head the grand entry."

"Well, I want you to go up there."

"But why, mama? They don't want to see me!"

"I'll wager they don't." Mrs. Wellington Minor's lips met grimly. "I'll wager they don't want to see anybody. George Minor, I want to know who that girl is!"

"But Mama, I don't know—I told you I didn't know!" He added feebly: "Some friend of Judge Buck's, I reckon. Leastways, Roy said she was."

"Roy! What does Roy know about it? He said she stole the Judge's coat, too, didn't he?"

"Well, he said that before he said it to the Judge back there where we stopped. You heard what the Judge said, didn't you? I guess nobody's going to forget what *he* said—I guess Roy ain't going to forget it!"

Young George's grin was too much for retort. His mother could only bounce angrily.

Far up in front, a megaphonic moo resounded, "All abo-o-o-a-a-rd! All abo-o-o-a-a-rd!" Gears ground, brakes shrieked. All along the line of cars was a flutter of pennants, a sudden pall of dust. Two men in a Franklin prodded the third awake. A small car at the tailend began to shake horribly. . . .

The king of the herd, the big Pierce, zoomed on.

"They say," roared its happy crew, "that Miss Cora she ain't got no style, but she's style all the while—all the while!"

Peachburg, minarets aflame, rushed toward them.

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HASH-HOUSE VISIONARIES

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

THE new industrial idealism, in the process of making the United States a finer place to skin competitors in, is jumping from business to business and from trade to trade like a conflagration, and nothing will ever stop it save dynamiting several blocks of idealists. Since nobody has yet shown any sign of wanting to stop it, it was inevitable that it should eventually reach the business of feeding the public.

The practice of this worthy and ancient trade, until recent years, involved simply the sensible cooking and polite serving of square meals at fair prices in decent surroundings. But to the idealist such simplicity was naturally revolting, and his first move toward getting rid of it was to make all the simple things complicated. Today, his bosom swells with pride at the splendid conceptions that have come to him as in a dream, and he will not rest until he has implanted these conceptions in the bosom of the old-time hash-house man, who believed that his customers called his place the Greasy Spoon because they loved it, and who was proud of its reputation.

The trouble is that after such ideas have been implanted in the soul of the old-timer, it is not his bosom but his head that swells, and not with pride but with a headache. He hears, for example, from a Modernist leader of his art in Toledo, that "the ability to prepare a meal is only one of the minor operations in the restaurant business," and beholds hundreds of fellow grub merchants applauding the sentiment as if they thoroughly understood and approved it. And a moment later he hears from the Hon. Carl G. Stoddard, sometime president of the National Restaurant Association, in words as crisp and crackling as pie-crust, that

> The restaurant man of tomorrow will be first of all a man of vision. He will be a man of action, of civic consciousness, a man with a heart, a man of leisure, a man using science and knowing art, a man of business acumen, a man believing in Service, and a man proud of his job.

Are these the words of hope or of doom? The old-time eating-house man does not know, but he fears the worst. All the things that Dr. Stoddard says the Restaurant Man of Tomorrow should be this old-timer thought he was already. Yet his daily takings dwindle and his customers become puzzles of steadily increasing toughness. Thus a Modern Restaurant Problem rears itself—and simultaneously there appears the idealist with his big, blond, shining face upturned to the rains, seeing lovely visions of some celestial ham-and-eggery beyond the ken of other mortals. It is very bewildering to the old-timer.

Millions of Americans now eat downtown every day. Almost past numbering, like clouds of gnats, in every town and city, they swarm into lunchrooms, drug-stores, tearooms, restaurants, cigar-stores, sandwich shops and cafeterias. With every sardine sandwich and every plate of salad

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they get a liberal helping of the Modern Restaurant Problem. They may not see it or even suspect it. There may be music and gayety, a genial head waiter, an expansive host, happy waiters, contented waitresses, or there may be just smell, food, and the crash of iron coffee mugs. But the modern proprietor sees through and beyond all this. Hovering thickly over his tables, counters or one-arm chairs, he sees all facets of his problem—the Chain Restaurant Problem, the Prohibition Problem, the Drug-store Sandwich Problem, the Cigar-store Pie Counter Problem, the Problem of America's Changed Food Habits, the Sanitation Problem, the Business Men's Lunch Club Problem. If he is a Restaurant Man of Tomorrow he sees a happy solution to all these problems because he is a man with the spirit of Service in him, not to say a civic consciousness, a heart, a vision, a pride in his job. But if he is just the plain sort of human being that the old-timer is, he suspects that he is in a hell of a fix.

Chain restaurants and the changed food habits of Americans are, at bottom, responsible for the New Competition that gives the restaurant keeper the fantods. The whole business started with the World War, which America won by (among other things) strategic eating. In those heroic days we shipped our meat and wheat to the boys in the trenches, and at home laid down a barrage of vegetables, eggs, and bran muffins. Then came Prohibition, women in business, automobiles, the high cost of living, and the highly concentrated apartment-house kitchen. The modern wife came into the scene with a job downtown and no time to do any home cooking. The business man, finding competition growing keener and the need greater for alertness and fancy foot-work, dropped the habit of toying with a planked steak for a couple of hours at luncheon, and began gobbling sandwiches instead, which got him back to his office in time to cross swords with a sandwich-eating competitor, and helped him keep his eyes open until quitting time. With automobiles cheaper and more plentiful, the habit increased of riding out to dinner in the evening, and since it was interesting to compare the cost of home eating with the cost of restaurant eating, and since *à la carte* checks are usually larger than *table d'hôte* checks, the club plate and the blue plate grew more popular, with everything spread out in plain view and the price of the combination plainly marked on the bill of fare.

II

If only the problem of adjusting himself to these changes had been involved, the old-time restaurant man would not have had much trouble. But they were swiftly seen by people who were not in the restaurant business at all, but saw a chance to ride to greater profits on the new eating wave. Thus the drug-store, cigar-store, and candy-store sandwich counter competition was born. Chain restaurants sprang up and the chains grew rapidly longer, with high-powered inspection and accounting systems that reduced costs and waste. Then Prohibition agents began leering through restaurant windows searching for signs of conviviality and, finding them, began pinching the restaurant keepers and waiters and annoying the guests. This drove the peace-loving American and his family, who like to eat and drink without the risk of search and seizure, to speakeasies with double doors of iron, where liquor was easy to get at and the food was at least passable.

On top of all this, thousands of amateurs

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came into the restaurant business—usually women who had read about Alice Foote MacDougall or somebody else who, according to the legends, had started Ye Olde Pyckwycke Inne with a set of dishes, half a dozen teaballs, a hunting print, and some hand-painted chairs and tables, and become fabulously rich. When these novices went bankrupt others took their places, and so the volume of business of the old-timers was reduced, and customers whose eating out experiments in amateur tearooms had soured them on the idea were driven from restaurant life forever.

Such a combination of troubles was bound to make the poor restaurateur pretty groggy. Harassed with these woes on one side and smothered with a feeling of his own futility on the other, no wonder he is appalled. The immensity of the restaurant chains, in particular, staggers him today. He is amazed to learn that Loft's, Inc., already owning 175 stores, in addition to a flock of candy and ice cream plants, has just bought out another chain, and will soon operate a total of 275 eating places, with a total sales volume in excess of $19,000,000 a year. It appalls him to hear that Woolworth's restaurants fed 90,000,000 people in 1928. When he reads that the Childs mammoth serves more than one cup of coffee annually for every two persons in the United States, and that the 18,000,000 buckwheat cakes it sold in 1929 would reach from New York to St. Louis if laid end to end, he feels about ready to go out into the alley and jump into the garbage can.

While his little business goes to the dogs, some slick fellow imported from the gas and oil business is making millions for a gigantic lunch-room chain. His famous old-time specialties, beefsteak pie, corned beef and cabbage and unsurpassable coffee are being passed up for the four-deck sandwiches sold in the chain shop down the street. No wonder he begins to think there may be something, after all, in the theory that "ability to prepare a meal is only one of the minor operations in the restaurant business," and that what he needs is a four-year course in advertising, accountancy, architecture and psychology.

III

The restaurant idealist is right there to see that he gets all the new-fangled ideas his skin will hold. Let him begin with fundamentals. One prime fundamental of every restaurant business is the garbage can. No matter how gorgeous the decorations, how sweet the music, how handsome the waiters or waitresses, or how splendid the linen, silver and china in a restaurant, there is always a garbage can in the back alley. Modern restaurant art says "Watch it carefully!" Profits frequently disappear into it.

Indeed, Mr. Carlo Marchetti, a famous Los Angeles victualer, dives in after them. Said he in a recent interview, "I am not ashamed to say that I delve into the garbage can for profits." And he finds them. He gets down early every morning and comes in by the back door, where the garbage cans stand. He gets a three-pronged hook and sits down and has an employé dump the cans in front of him. Then he fishes through the garbage with his hook. On one side he piles up the silverware and crockery that somebody had thoughtlessly thrown away with the scraps. On the other side, he piles up the sound meats and vegetables that always get into every eating-house garbage can by mistake. In one day he fished out four silver spoons, two saucers, two cups, a plate, two heads of lettuce, several tomatoes only slightly used, and a bucket of soup. With these things Signor Marchetti stalks into the

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kitchen looking pretty grim, and then there is trouble for some careless cook or scullery boy. But thereafter, the *maestro's* customers will be glad to know, the stuff is thrown back into the can, excepting, of course, the silver and crockery.

Mr. Marchetti gets along in the innkeeping world, and is held up as an example of modern restaurant culture by the boosters, but, as a matter of fact, they differ among themselves as to the propriety of using leftovers or potential garbage. By Mr. E. A. Waters, a man of some fame in the industry, the practice is frowned upon as modern and unethical, but by Miss Alice Easton, an eminent Restaurant Consultant, it is not. From her the yearning landlord learns some profitable cageyness in the matter. He is to snare the leftovers on their way to the pigpens or the harbor, but he is to be careful (*a*), to make his leftover dishes attractive; (*b*), not to crowd the menu with too many of them; and (*c*), to mix up plenty of new items with his second string stuff. She does not recommend too much old-fashioned hash, but in *Restaurant Management*, the official organ of the profession, she shows how last night's dollar dinner may serve as a basis for today's seventy-five-cent lunch. In this miracle last night's half grapefruit becomes grapefruit, orange and endive salad; yestere'en's chicken pie with biscuit crust serves as a base for today's fried minced chicken sandwich; last night's broiled filet of sole is resurrected in the guise of today's baked stuffed filet of sole, and the survivors of the Julienne carrots on the dinner menu step forth next day at luncheon as glazed carrots with mint.

The studious innkeeper can read Professor Walters or Professor Easton and take his choice. And if the difference between the two authorities tends to confuse him he may study the controversy between *Restaurant Management* and the Ohio State Restaurant Association, which read sinister meanings into the magazine's helpful hint to dishwashers to save scraps brought in untouched from satisfied customers in the dining-room. To the Ohio innkeepers such a practice was unthinkable and they denounced it. The editors replied that their position had been grossly misunderstood, and that, anyway, their bulletins were "not released to nor intended for the general public."

If even this case sheds but a feeble light on the restaurant man's garbage problem, he can fall back on the comforting result of a long controversy in San Francisco between the Restaurant Association, the city Board of Supervisors and the Hog Raisers' Association, which gave the hotels and restaurants the best break on swill prices. The rate varies with the price of hogs, and since hogs apparently fatten best on hotel and restaurant garbage, it brings from $1.75 to $3.75 a ton, while the swill from cafeterias brings only $1.50 to $3.00, and the lean pickings from sandwich shoppes and dairy lunches only 75 cents. So far as the rank of its garbage cans is concerned, the restaurant reigns supreme in San Francisco.

IV

If the Restaurant Man of Tomorrow or even today can safely regard cooking and preparing meals as "minor operations," he cannot so regard advertising and salesmanship, for if he does so he is sunk, at least in the opinion of the modern idealists. A hotel advertising counsellor advises the industry that "the public at large does not realize the value of a high-class eating place." To change this, "the entire family must be sold the idea of eating in the quality restaurant." But the advance of the

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profession in advertising psychology may still be described as lame, though red hot adjectives have turned the trick for the Hon. A. A. McVittie, the genial host of two Denver inns. Mr. McVittie loves adjectives. "People," he says, "are full of dreams," and he believes that profitable opportunities to fill them with something else will come to the innkeeper who keeps them heated up. As proofs of his success he wears double-breasted gray vests and a diamond ring.

The doors of his restaurant lavatories have no stodgy "Ladies" and "Gents" stenciled on them, but the intimate personal pronouns, "Him" and "Her." When Mr. McVittie's menus want to mention sliced tomatoes, they do not stop there, but say, "Sliced Tomatoes, one of Nature's most wonderful appetizers, perfected in the serving by Mack; the finest, luscious hot house tomatoes, cut in thick slices with our own mayonnaise or French dressing." In McVittie's a baked potato is not just a potato that has been baked, but "a Husky, Mealy Idaho Beauty, with plenty of butter, 10 cents." His roast loin of young pork is "from contented hogs." His prunes are "large size, tender skin, served with plenty rich cream"; his applesauce is "smooth, delicious, with Maraschino cherry." It is all pretty confusing to the old-time victualer, this modern technique, with Marchetti of Los Angeles out in the alley poking through the garbage, and McVittie of Denver in the library dashing off wisecracks.

The old-timer may think, "Well, at least I've got some sound assets in Maggie, Lena, Hilda and Irene—I don't need to worry about waitresses"—but if he does it only goes to show how backward he has become, and how much he needs guidance. He may not know it, but waitresses are really his biggest problem. Irene is a blonde and a blonde waitress is just about as much good (according to the Modern Restaurant Expert) as a blind halfback. A scientific survey has indicated that blonde waitresses are less courteous, less intelligent and less reliable than brunettes, and that goes, no matter if Irene has been handling satisfied customers for ten years. Maggie is as big as a house and the whole trend is toward small help. Lena, who can reel off an entire menu card from memory, always looks as though ready to bite a customer in the leg. Hilda, a red-head and a wonder with travelling salesmen, says "I bane," for "I am." Any Restaurant Consultant worth his salt would throw out the whole quartette.

One trouble with the restaurant business today, we learn, is that not enough attention has been paid to salesmanship and merchandising through the waitresses. The old-timer seemed to think it made no difference what kind of girls they were so long as they spilled no soup on the customer. But such complacency spells failure today. The modern ideal of a waitress is a combination of the best qualities of Florence Nightingale, Ruth Hanna McCormick, Clara Bow and the Mona Lisa. She must have a good manicure, just the right amount of rouge, clean starched collars, cuffs and apron, clean stockings, no halitosis or B. O., and the entire menu in her memory. She must not say, "And how!" or "You said a mouthful!" nor swear within the hearing of the customer. If he doesn't know what he wants to eat she must tell him pleasantly but without jollying him. She must deliver orders while they are still hot, study her customers, suggest a second cup of coffee, not drop any dishes, and smile happily, though her heart may be breaking.

The same thing, in a general way, goes for the waiter, who, if ideal, must always have a crease in his trousers, a clean shave,

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rubber heels, a decent hair-cut, and cuffs that can be reversed if the edges are not clean. As a matter of fact, in the bright lexicon of modern restaurant keeping, the experts put things pretty much up to the Wot'll-you-have? boys and girls. All sorts of charts, rules and mottos are prepared for their enlightenment. One proprietor whose success has made him notable, hands out a daily dozen for his employés, so that they may all plunge happily into work each morning remembering the following:

1. Smile until the smile sets for the day.
2. Affirm you are going to be successful.
3. Think optimism until you feel the exhilarating conviction that it's great to be alive.
4. Mentally visualize yourself doing a big day's work.

The other eight are all like that, and the genius behind them sells more doughnuts and coffee than anybody else in California.

The chain restaurant, of course, has brought in the New Efficiency, putting the business on the plane of a scientific enterprise. The biggest successes today in the trade of feeding Americans are made by the sort of men who wouldn't have thought of going into anything but the coal business or wholesale groceries ten years ago. The chains are sharks for efficiency and their systems of inspections, reports, cost-keeping, buying, supervision and merchandising make the old-timer feel like an early model Oldsmobile. So he sets in to study the systems and soon is worse off than before. To have to go snooping around with a pencil and form sheet putting down, "Beans poor," or "Steak unsatisfactory"; "Chef did not have on white trousers"; "Garbage cans too close to milk cans"; "Waitress No. 3 had a black rosette in hair instead of uniform bow," and then give all these points a proper rating and add them to see where he stands, is pretty tough on an old-fashioned fellow who has never learned to spell *gravy* without an *e*.

But the best Specialists in Restaurant Investigation, Analysis and Supervision assure him that he has got to learn things like these or quit. He can persist, if he likes, in fixing unbalanced window displays with two pumpkins at one end and one at the other, putting no pork in his chicken pies, making pumpkin pie out of squash, leaving soap on the silver, or ventilating the waiters' locker-room through a window in the customers' toilet, but if he does these things his doom is sealed as surely as though he had a flock of blonde waitresses.

The sharp-eyed uplifters in the feeding business are thoroughly in earnest about regenerating it, making America restaurant conscious, and selling the whole family on the idea of eating out. They miss nothing, and the things they have discovered which drive trade away are amazing and almost beyond numbering. A small list from one of these experts includes:

> Owner walks around without a coat and with a cigar in his mouth. Waitresses don't wear bloomers. Decorations are drab and depressing. Napkins in fanciful shapes, standing like sentinels at each plate, give unpleasant impression. China too heavy and cups have no handles. Sloppy waitresses. No hot breads. Waitresses too fat. The coffee is terrible. Same old menu. Carbon copy menus are smeared. Waiter handles butter with his fingers; chairs are never dusted. Somebody is always dropping dishes.

On the other hand the archives of the science are full of great discoveries and encouraging tales of success attained through intelligent use of the New Psychology. One prophet, for example, recently sent out postcards to all the doctors and dentists in his town, reading,

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Dear Sir: We wish to call to your attention that Mondays are known as Doctors and Dentists' Day at the Interstate Coffee Shop. On that day you will find Spare Ribs and Sauer Kraut a popular number on a well selected menu. On Wednesdays Corn Beef and Cabbage reign supreme.

At your service,
THE MANAGEMENT.

V

Restaurant Management, the oracle of the industry, has circulated the idea of a training table for university debating teams—"a suggestion for restaurants catering to college trade. Get in touch with the manager of the debates and arrange to provide a table reserved for members of the squad." This idea, productive of fatter and smarter college heroes and bigger luncheon checks, was born at no less a seat of gastronomic knowledge than Harvard University. A Chicago tea-room uses a stop-watch and a thermometer: the watch to determine how long guests have to wait for orders, the thermometer to detect variations in food temperatures. A Seattle café with a lunch-counter strings newspapers on a wire over the heads of the counter customers, who may read until they get their orders, then hang up the paper and begin eating. If the wait passes endurable limits, there is no rule against eating the newspaper.

An Oklahoma City restaurant prints the day's athletic scores on a blackboard out in front. A big town department-store café attempts to make things easy for the bashful drummer with no date for the evening by handing him a card bearing the message, "The Salesperson who served you was Miss Blank. Thank you!" Unfortunately, the bashful drummer gets this card on his way out instead of on his way in. A restaurant in a hot Southern city sets an electric fan in the doorway and blows a breeze into the face of everybody who comes within ten feet of the door. When they turn to see where the breeze comes from, they see the salad display in the window and the fountain on the inside. In a Baltimore gypsy tea-room the waitresses, in appropriate costume, go around reading the guests' fortunes in the tea cups.

Not all the New Psychology works. Certain Seattle restaurants bidding for matinée and dinner patrons interested in the loftier sciences retained clairvoyants to read their futures. The police pounced on one of these mystics and dragged him to court, probably setting the Seattle café business back ten years. In Omaha a forward-looking victualer with a new idea opened a Physical Culture Restaurant, and prescribed courses of diet for ailing townsmen who had tried everything else from surgery to chiropractic. With a forty-cent meal he would make an ill man well, and with a fifty-cent one he would make a champion quarter-miler out of a cripple. But he didn't last long. Other Omaha restaurateurs said, "He served too much for the money."

No sound-thinking restaurant man is doubtful of the bright and profitable future of the business; there is only doubt about what sort of business it will be. Coffee shops seem to be gaining, cafeterias losing, in popularity. Trends differ in different sections of the country. In New York more people than ever patronize lunch-counters; in Washington, D. C., the trend is toward malted milk shops; in Detroit toward hamburger stands; in Massachusetts toward dining-cars gaudily built and decorated in regular railroad car factories, and set up for business on vacant lots. In some localities Standard Oil has opened hot dog stands in conjunction with its filling stations, though most of the ex-

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perts see indications that the American public is definitely turning away from the hot dog. The Greek lunch-room continues to flourish. Drug-stores keep on installing sandwich and pie counters, though the seers who decry this competition declare that the druggist is "at the crossroads" and must soon decide whether he will sell medicines or food.

Even cold-hearted bankers harass the poor restaurant man. One group of New York banks sponsored a newspaper advertisement entitled, "She Found Europe on a Bill of Fare," and picturing the magnificent realization of a stenographer's dream—a trip to Paris on the savings—promptly banked—from "unnecessary luxuries for lunch." "Yes," bitterly commented a restaurant leader, "starve and save for Europe at the expense of American business"!

When the restaurant men attacked the cigar-stores for the "unethical" practice of selling food along with tobacco, the cigar-store men replied, "How about the practice the restaurants have always followed of selling tobacco along with food?" This was a hard question to answer, but no harder than a lot of others facing the innkeepers.

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MUSIC

STOKOWSKI

By Arthur D. Pierce

Really proper Philadelphians always speak of the conductor of their orchestra as Doctor Stokowski. There is a certain fitness in that reverence, for Stokowski has been the mainspring, the vitalizing force behind what the Quaker City is pleased to call its musical renaissance. He has mocked the society women; he has scolded his audiences; he has defied the orchestra's directorate; he has flung futuristic tone-wads at the ears of protesting classicists; he has made enemies as fast as he has made friends; yet with it all he has put the town on the map; he has won it an artistic distinction it never enjoyed before.

He is indispensable there now. He is an honorary director, president or something-or-other of every local musical organization of any dignity, and has been given virtually every honor the city can confer. He was the first to get the Bok Award to "the person who has done the most for Philadelphia"; he was made a doctor by the University of Pennsylvania; and it is doubtful whether even the mighty Bill Vare could keep him from the mayoralty, once he decided he wanted that dubious distinction.

Connoisseurs differ on how all this eminence has been achieved. Some insist it lies in his sex appeal—and undoubtedly he has it, as I am assured by many women of sound judgment. One of them tells me that she cares not a hoot for music and doesn't know Bach from Richard Strauss, but attends faithfully just to watch her idol in action. His photograph has the place of honor in her boudoir and she has managed to get his autograph also. This woman is only one. There are others, many of them; maidens, wives, mothers, all fascinated by this lithe Apollo with the blond, tousled hair. Then there are those who view his fame as an outgrowth of canny diplomacy, an idea also not without foundation, for no one in Philadelphia doubts for a moment that he knows how to play social politics as well as music. Again, one hears that he sensationalizes everything he conducts, in short, that he plays to the gallery; and in Philadelphia the gallery is almost the whole house. Finally, a somewhat smaller group holds that it is sheer genius which has catapulted him to the heights. One would, I suspect, hit near the truth by saying that the Stokowski method combines a little of all these things; that it is a seasoned mixture of pious virtues and magnetic vices, plus—very importantly plus—a rare deftness in obtaining useful publicity.

Leopold Anton Stanislaw Stokowski was born in London, of Polish parents, on April 18, 1882. There seems to be no record that he was an infant prodigy, although he began the study of music early, first in England with such men as Parry and Stanford, later at the Paris Conservatoire.

Before he was twenty he had acquired considerable training in organ, piano and violin, and it was in the organ loft that his destiny appeared to lie. He spent eight years in churches, coming to America in

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1905 to be organist of St. Bartholomew's, New York, where he remained until 1908. It was in the Summer of that year that he conducted a series of concerts in London, as a result of which he switched his allegiance from the console to the baton.

Cincinnati's symphony orchestra had disbanded in the Spring of 1907, due to a battle between its backers and the American Federation of Musicians. For two seasons the town depended upon occasional concerts by visiting orchestras, but in 1909 a movement got under way to reorganize the local band. Stokowski was offered the job and accepted. With an organization of seventy men he quickly demonstrated uncommon talents as a drillmaster and, before the orchestra's second season was out, shiny reports about the accomplishments of the newcomer were drifting eastward.

New York, at the moment, was not hunting baton virtuosi. Stransky had just got his strangle-hold on the New York Philharmonic and Damrosch reigned immovable over the New York Symphony Society. Philadelphia, on the other hand, needed a conductor badly. Carl Pohlig, a fourth-rater, had resigned after hot words with the directorate and his men. Andrew Wheeler, one of the backers of the orchestra, vouched for Stokowski, the board voted an offer, it was cabled to him in Europe, and he accepted.

He took command in the Fall of 1912. The Philadelphia Orchestra could boast no eminent forbears of the baton as could its two chief competitors, the New York Philharmonic, with Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl and Gustav Mahler, and the Boston Symphony, with Wilhelm Gericke, Arthur Nikisch and Karl Muck. It was to all effects virgin soil, ripe for development, and Stokowski was only too eager to get at the business.

Two factors account chiefly for the rapid rise of the orchestra from a muddy, amorphous band to a virtually perfect and widely celebrated symphonic instrument. One is the indisputably superb drilling of Stokowski; the other, his aforementioned adroitness in publicity. On the first count one can only marvel. His orchestra plays with a technical magnificence equal to, if not surpassing, anything in or out of Christendom.

Obedience to his merest whims he demands, and gets. He drills and drills and drills so that it is no wonder that some of the men are said to detest him. No one plays in the Philadelphia Orchestra because he has a pull with the directors. Every man must fill the bill, or out he goes. Stokowski has combed the nation for performers, in some cases waiting patiently for years to get the player he wanted for a particular berth. He has fitted each one into his orchestral pattern, matching them as a philatelist matches rare shades of postage stamps.

Just as Stokowski's generalship became evident early in his career, likewise did his gifts for getting notice. He had been in Philadelphia but two years when the orchestra directorate was left breathless by his proposal to produce the Mahler "Symphony of a Thousand Voices." Nearly everybody admitted that as music this symphony was sad stuff, but did not the score demand 1000 performers, the largest aggregation under one tent to date, not excepting the tent of Messrs. Barnum and Bailey?

What was $14,000 in expenses compared to the glory that would accrue to the orchestra through having produced something big, vast, Brobdingnagian, colossal? The directors capitulated, and the symphony was announced. The public responded nobly, and Stokowski was vindicated. Three Philadelphia performances

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in 1916 were sold out. Then the whole 1000 voices migrated to New York. It was all triumph, all thrills.

This was but the first of a long series of stunts, some of them wholly legitimate, others undiluted hooey. Stokowski went the whole hog in Modernism, ultra-Modernism and Futurism. Richard Strauss was already old hat, so he took up Igor Strawinsky, and no composer ever had a more valiant protagonist. Philadelphia heard so much Strawinsky that the directors snarled, only to have Stokowski defy them. When the famous "Sacre du Printemps" was played there were hisses and boos, but there also was something else—lots of publicity.

After awhile Strawinsky's power to inflame petered out, and Stokowski found a pinch-hitter in Arnold Schoenberg. He first offered the American première of the tone poem, "Pelleas and Melisande"—one interminable moan, as I remember it—but there was little fuss. The Five Orchestral Pieces, however, got the desired results a short time later. Philadelphia hissed with its old-time vigor; New York went into hysterics; Paul Rosenfeld wrote passionately in the *Dial*; there were letters of indignation in the newspapers. When this pother dwindled still another anarch, Edgar Varese, was dragged out. For several years Varese premières were annual events in the Quaker City and never failed to make a lot of people mad. First was a piece called "Hyperprism," then "Amériques" (in which the use of a fire siren got reams of newspaper space), and later "Arcanes."

Stokowski then undertook the tough job of teaching Philadelphia society ladies the niceties of concert etiquette. Irked by late arrivals and early departures, he launched this business with somewhat plaintive appeals, gradually mounting to sarcasm and satire *fortissimo*. He begged the ladies not to scamper out in the middle of a composition; he exhorted them to quit rattling programmes and discussing lingerie while Brahms was being played; he suggested cough drops for those unable to restrain their throat clearings; and he even observed that some of them ought to stay home altogether. Surprisingly, these appeals resulted in improvement. There remained, however, an unquenchable noisy minority, and upon this *bloc* Stokowski still lets loose occasional stinging rebukes. One of his lectures is preserved for posterity on a phonograph record, having been delivered while an actual performance was being recorded in the Academy of Music.

Climaxing this battle with the matrons was a satire concert, one of the supreme triumphs of Maestro Leopold. When the curtain rose on this occasion only Stokowski, the concertmeister and the solo 'cellist were on the stage. As the music proceeded, other players came in, singly, in pairs and in groups, some leisurely, others scurrying to their seats just in time to pick up their parts in the score. Consulting the programme notes, one found that this composition, "Fantaisie," by one Guillaume Lekeu, was intended to be played in just such a manner and that the ridicule of the audience was possibly not Stokowski's invention. However, he was implicated beyond question when his men wandered about the stage during "The Ride of the Valkyries" and the flutes ambled off, chatting, while Reinald Werrenrath was singing four songs of Brahms.

It was in 1924, when Philadelphia was fearful that Mr. Coolidge might not be reëlected, that Stokowski made his famous excursion into politics. On the last Friday in October of that year, just before election, there were some two thousand per-

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sons gathered in the Academy of Music. Just before the last number on the printed programme the conductor invited all who were not "in a hurry to catch trains" to remain and hear a piece composed by one General Charles G. Dawes, who by curious coincidence happened to be the vice-presidential candidate. It was a simple piece called "Melody." It was not new; Kreisler had made a phonograph record of it several years before. But it was suddenly deemed of such artistic importance that somebody had gone to the labor of orchestrating it.

Before playing it Dr. Stokowski made a speech. He disclosed that the members of the orchestra had intended voting for La-Follette, but had changed their minds and were going to vote for Coolidge and Dawes, apparently swayed to that high decision by the unctuous harmonies contrived by Hell and Maria. Then he made an appeal that the audience vote likewise. Finally, the "Melody" was played.

In the works of some composers Stokowski cannot be excelled; Debussy, for instance, or the Russians. His Strawinsky re-creations are extremely brilliant and perfectly polished. He is, again, a master of masters in Bach, and once he played all six Brandenburg Concertos at two concerts but a few weeks apart. He has transcribed certain of the Bach organ works, among them the tremendous D Minor Toccata and Fugue, the Passacaglia and several of the Préludes. All are transcendently magnificent; for them one can forget many things.

On the other side of the scales we find, among others, Beethoven and Brahms and, oddly enough, Tschaikowsky. Stokowski's liberties with the Bonn master have often astounded even his warm admirers. There is kick in the music, but it is the kick of white mule made in a hurry. In Tschaikowsky he hits bottom. Here his penchant for exaggeration in dynamics and shifting of emphasis are given full rein, leaving the same impression one would get from reading a racy novel with the dirty passages underlined in red ink. Just as his all-Bach programmes scale Parnassus, so his all-Tschaikowsky programmes wallow in that nether region where everything is shiny, cheap and meretricious. Paul Rosenfeld once aptly characterized one of them as a "tour of the musical red light district." Stokowski's Brahms, to me at least, is at the other extreme — over-refined, Debussyized, a Brahms saturated with wine instead of beer.

The ultra-moderns Stokowski plays with enthusiasm, but with how much accuracy the composers alone know—and not always they. A story is told that during rehearsal of one Futurist orgy by Varese, with the composer present, one of the horns played the wrong music for two pages, yet no one detected the difference, so terrific was the din. Stokowski conducts these things, as he does everything, without score. In some cases he writes short explanatory notes, containing words of hope and encouragement, and usually suggesting that if one will only listen long enough and earnestly enough this music may become as the plucking of heavenly harps. These leaflets are inserted in the orchestra programme books, supplementing the usual notes by Lawrence Gilman, but they seem to have made little impression, for Philadelphia still clings to Beethoven and César Franck as its symphonic favorites, although unbending a bit to the new Stein Song of the concert-hall, Ravel's "Bolero."

No conductor approaches Stokowski in diligence when it comes to searching for novelties. He was the first to take up John

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Hays Hammond's tone-sustaining piano, the first to give a concert of quarter-tone music in this country, and the first to submerge his orchestra in blackness to perform "Scheherazade" with a color organ. He is regarded as something of an expert in acoustics. He has rearranged the seating of his orchestra several times and has had numerous alterations made to the Academy of Music. While making phonograph records he assisted the experts of the Victor Talking Machine Company in acoustical experiments, and since the orchestra has taken to the radio—after resisting the lure for five years—he has embarked upon some new tinkerings. One of these consists of using but half the band for broadcasts.

Stokowski's great dream is of an invisible orchestra. He argues, not without plausibility, that a lighted stage filled with 100 men, sawing, tooting and thumping, is distracting to the listener, who should be concerned solely with the music and not at all with the means of making it. His first experiment in this line, however, was unhappy. He had the 100 men well-blotted from the vision of the audience, but he himself, undulating upon the dais, was bathed by beams of rose-colored light coming from three directions.

Such things have kept Stokowski in the public eye. As a result of them his name is familiar to thousands who never have heard a note of his music; at the same time, the musically-elect crowd his concerts. Until the ripening of the Hoover prosperity, seats in Philadelphia were so heavily subscribed by the season that it was next to impossible to buy them singly. In New York, the orchestra's ten annual concerts have been packed for years and are packed today. Not even the lustre of Toscanini has dimmed "Stokey's" halo.

Yet it is widely reported that he has had enough of Philadelphia. When he was stricken with neuritis in the Spring of 1927 and given a year's leave of absence, it was freely predicted that he would never return. There was talk that he would take over the New York Philharmonic, and other talk that wealthy friends had offered to form a new orchestra for him in Gotham.

Stokowski did return, however, on a part-time basis, but since then he has conducted scarcely more than half of each season's concerts, Ossip Gabrilowitsch filling in for the remainder. This year he is swapping pulpits with Toscanini, which may mean anything or nothing.

Philadelphia does not propose to let him go if it can possibly maintain its grip upon his coat tails. He remains the city's biggest advertisement before the world. Just as the people of Idaho are said to vote for Borah because he gets that State nation-wide attention in the Senate, so do Philadelphians cherish "Stokey." They would put up with a dozen Strawinskys and two dozen Schoenbergs before they would willingly release him. And there is an even better reason why the real music lovers of the city cling to him—because the Philadelphia Orchestra is not the same orchestra without him.

I think it was Ernest Newman who observed: "There are no great orchestras; there are only great conductors." Stokowski's one-year absence in the Winter of 1927-28 proved Newman right, and forced one to the conclusion that he is really a great conductor, great with all his hokum, his occasional tonal vulgarity, his posturings. When he left the orchestra in the Spring of '27 it was an organization supreme in its field. It was anything but that ten months later, and there is every reason to believe that a similar decline would occur if he left again. No wonder Philadelphians hope and pray that he won't.

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PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

SYMPHONY *No. 2 in D Major.*
A Symphony Orchestra
By Jan Sibelius. *Columbia*
$7.50 Album of 5 12-in. records *New York*

Sometimes governments stop spending money on armaments long enough to foster national art. It is owing to the coöperation of official Finland with the Columbia Company that we may enjoy the recording of the nation's greatest composer. Sibelius, now in his sixty-sixth year, is most widely known in the United States—outside of symphonic circles—for his "Finlandia" and his "Valse Triste." Even so is Dvořák, for our multitudes, the composer of the "Humoresque." The symphonies of Sibelius, once unaccountably thought so abstruse, are the outpourings of a melodious brooder who, in addition to making excellent use of folk melodies, adds the sombre notes of an intense, introspective personality. Robert Kajanus, the seventy-five-year-old conductor especially selected by Sibelius as the leader of the recorded symphonies, infuses his band with the vigors of one thirty years his junior. The second symphony, moody, at times capricious in its interrupted tempi, captivates by a sweet sincerity that makes its way through Tschaikowsky and Grieg (as does the first) to an impassioned self-affirmation.

SYMPHONY *No. 1 in C Major.*
The Philharmonic Symphony of New York
By Ludwig Van Beethoven. *Victor*
$8. Album of 4 12-in. records *Camden*

There are first symphonies, as there are first novels; most of them, naturally, betray their immaturity in a distressing multitude of ways. The thirty-year Beethoven, for all his debt to Haydn and Mozart, is one of the glorious exceptions. Berlioz may pontifically proclaim that "this is not Beethoven," but the music refutes him—the music and the young composer's attitude toward his design and his instruments. The teasing first chords are matched by the playful uncertainty of the opening notes in the fourth movement; in the second movement the kettledrums are supposed to have been used for the first time among the classic composers as solo instruments; the minuet, in spirit, is decidedly a scherzo. Humor and lilt, admirable variations (second movement) and verve single out this great inauguration of the immortal nine. Mengelberg does a good, workmanlike job; more than once he might have followed the composer's lead into tonal subtleties, but such does not appear to be his way. He is all for the broad outlines, for the general design that makes Beethoven's first a model symphonic structure. The "confused explosions of the outrageous effrontery of a young man," one Leipzig critic called it. And now it is only by the hardy survival of the masterpiece that we remember the confused explosions of the carping Leipziger.

"MA MERE L'OYE" (Mother Goose).
The Boston Symphony Orchestra
By Maurice Ravel. *Victor*
$4. 2 12-in. records *Camden*

This release should be cause for a general exchange of congratulations between Serge Koussevitzky and his orchestra, and between the band and the Victor Company. The whole venture is, in a word, felicitous. "The Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty," "Hop o' My Thumb," "The Empress of the Pagodas," "The Conversations of the Beauty and the Beast," "The Fairy Garden"—these divisions and diversions of the Frenchman's suite are played with delicacy and nuance, with exquisite humor, by a great orchestra at its best under a conductor finely attuned to the mood and manner of the composition. Koussevitzky, indeed, is always happy with the music of his friend, Ravel. His men have rarely, in their recordings, exhibited such purity of individual tone and ensemble voice. Mr. Boaz Piller, as the Beast (contrabassoon), gives us an unusual opportunity of hearing this unwieldy instrument in a solo; it is beastly good.

"H. M. S. PINAFORE." *Comic Opera*
By Gilbert & Sullivan. *His Master's Voice*
$18. Album of 9 12-in. records *London*

In the interests of international amity, Victor should make haste to import this superlative presentation of masterly operatic satire. The D'Oyly Carte company, carrying on the Savoy tradition, have made us their debtor for a notable series, in

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which "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Iolanthe" stand out for surprising vividness. Now comes "Pinafore" to take its place as their peer in general, and, in certain particulars, even to surpass them. By their nature wonderfully adapted to gramophonic transcription, these operettas have been so intelligently directed, so thoughtfully conducted, and sung with such gusto and appreciation of both libretto and score, that they occupy in phonographic history a place by themselves. To point out a single excellence: listen to the scene of the plotted elopement (record No. 10). But why single this out? Hear Josephine sing her famous aria to the god of love and the god of reason (record No. 13), or the humorous acting-singing of "He is an Englishman." A glorious album.

FEUX D'ARTIFICE (*Debussy*) & JEUX D'EAU (*Ravel*). *Piano*
Brunswick
$1.50 12-in. record. *New York*

It has already been pointed out that the ascription of this "Jeux d'Eau" to Ravel is erroneous; both of these brilliant piano pieces are by Debussy. The pianist, Maria Theresa Brazeau, is a new name hereabouts, but should not long remain without recognition. She has brains in her head and fire at her finger-tips.

MAD SCENE *from "Lucia di Lammermoor."* *Soprano & Orchestra*
By G. Donizetti. *Victor*
$2. 12-in. record *Camden*

It is easy, after listening to this splendid solo by Lily Pons, ably abetted by George Possell, flutist, to understand why the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House, this past January, went mad over her mad scene. Beautiful tones superbly controlled are added to musical intelligence. If she must, let her warble her way through the Italian innocuousness, and then give us more solid fare.

ROMANCE *In F Minor, for French Horn (Saint-Saëns).* *Orchestra*
GOPAK (*Moussorgsky*) & "THE FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLEBEE" (*Rimsky-Korsakow*).
Brunswick
$1.50 12-in. record *New York*

The orchestra is that of the Lamoureux Concerts, Paris, under the direction of Albert Wolff. M. Devemy acquits himself honorably with a melody that lacks the suavity of the famous Mendelssohnian nocturne for the same instrument. The Russian pieces are played with verve, if not with brilliance. There is much variety for a single record.

"LE COQ D'OR": *Introduction & Bridal Cortège.* *Orchestra*
By Rimsky-Korsakow. *Brunswick*
$1.50 12-in. record *New York*

The band of the Lamoureux Concerts under the baton of M. Wolff plays all the notes, but it misses the fire and glitter of Stokowski's Philadelphians doing the same glamorous job.

"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN": *Overture.* *Orchestra*
By Richard Wagner. *Brunswick*
$1.50 12-in. record *New York*

Richard Strauss leads the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra through the storm and stress of this earlier Richard. Orchestral storms—Beethovenian, Wagnerian, Rossinian, Verdian—betray a family resemblance, and if the truth were told, there is little to choose between them. Yet it is interesting to discover, in the closing chords of this melodious raging, a faint promise of the glorious end to "Tristan und Isolde."

SHEET MUSIC

"YOU ARE THE TIDE." *Voice & Piano*
By Greene (Words) & Snodgrass (Music).
The Oliver Ditson Company
50 cents 9¼ x 12¼; 7 pp. *Boston*

Ann Greene's words are in the echoing style of the magazines; Louise Snodgrass's music is of the harp harpy. That is, the flowing accompaniment is; the melody, though not commonplace, is self-conscious in its transitions. Too, too decorous; too, too refined; too, too anemic.

"MY RED-HEADED DREAM GIRL," "TUNE IN," & "ROGUISH YOUTH." *Voice & Piano*
Words & Music by David Schechtman.
The Original Music Company
30 cents 9¼ x 12; 5 pp. each *New York*

Introduced with a great flourish by a new company in Tin Pan Alley, these

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tunes turn out to be nothing at all to worry over.

EARLY ENGLISH CLASSICS.
Edited by George Pratt Maxim. Oliver Ditson
$1. 9⅛ x 12¼; 32 pp. *Boston*

This is an engaging arrangement for the modern piano of pieces composed originally for the virginals or the clavichord. The collection carries, as frontispiece, excellent reproductions of two clavichords, one from Sixteenth Century Italy, the other from the Germany of two centuries later. The composers included in Mr. Maxim's assortment are Tallis, Byrd, Bull, Gibbons, Blow, Purcell and Arne—most of them mighty names in the history of English music. Short notes introduce the selections, which call for moderate proficiency. They should be welcomed by pianists looking for a relief from routine.

NATIONAL DANCES OF IRELAND.
Edited by Elizabeth Burchenal. G. Schirmer
$2.50 9 x 12; 136 pp. *New York*

Though plentifully provided with music, this is a book primarily for dancers. Not only is each dance minutely explained, step by step, but it is diagrammed and illustrated with photographs of natives performing. Jigs and reels abound. More than one of the tunes is familiar, and sometimes there is the pun unintentional, as, for example, in the final dance in the book, named "The Teetotaler's Reel." In all, an interesting introduction to the Irish Terpsichore, with all titles duplicated in the original tongue.

HAVILAND'S GOOD OLD TUNES.
Compiled by W. C. Polla.
The F. B. Haviland Publishing Company
50 cents 9 x 12; 72 pp. *New York*

Ballads, songs and snatches, out of the halcyon days of Tin Pan Alley, to a total of thirty-four. Much history is imbedded in these tunes, some of which unseal the fountains of reminiscence. The name of Theodore Morse bobs up frequently to remind us that the world once was young. Apparently he did not care who wrote the nation's laws.

BOOKS

BACH: *The Historical Approach.*
The Oxford University Press
By Charles Sanford Terry.
$2.50 5¼ x 8¼; 157 pp. *New York*

This well printed book comprises five lectures delivered by Mr. Terry early in 1930 to fortunate audiences in New York and elsewhere in the United States and Canada. Those who have read his authoritative works upon the great Bach and upon his son nicknamed the London Bach will need no urging to avail themselves of the mellow wisdom that informs these pages. Mr. Terry places Bach against his contemporary background, studies and reveals his essentially religious nature (in two excellent chapters devoted to the cantatas and the chorals, respectively) and makes also an excursion into genealogy. He concludes, in this latter respect, that "Since May 13, 1871, Bach's blood has ceased to flow in mortal veins." In brief, an excellent handbook of collateral criticism and information, increasing the debt that we owe to this investigator.

SONG, THE SUBSTANCE OF VOCAL STUDY.
By Crystal Waters. *G. Schirmer*
$2. 6¾ x 9⅞; 148 pp. *New York*

This is an attempt to teach singing by the case method, although the analogy to instruction in the law quickly evaporates. There is much to the point about breathing, musicianship, tone and phrase control, and other vocal technicalities. There are numerous musical illustrations, with cued-in harmonies; also many lists of songs with indications of their special usefulness to the student. Why, however, do instructors in music consider themselves, so frequently, in the light of missionaries? Their talk takes on ecclesiastical overtones and then they can write like this: "Apprehending universal harmony, the singer's ideas are brought to a focus, and his soul radiates a delicate filament which enables him and his audience to come in tune with infinite Truth and Love. Spirit responds to spirit, for all spirit is mutually attractive, and as one great Mind, all are awakened to the music of the spheres—the wondrous con-

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sciousness that 'the Kingdom of God is within you.' " Infinite poppycock. Singing teacher, stick to your voice! The student, who may profit greatly from this otherwise admirable treatise, had best skip the theology.

HOME MUSIC LESSONS.
By Harriet Ayer Seymour. *Carl Fischer*
$1. 5½ x 8; 48 pp. *New York*

"When the whole creation has tuned in, by means of INNER LISTENING, we shall become living music and brotherhood will be a fact." So La Seymour, in this little monograph on rhythm, melody and harmony, which would seem to be conducted on the self-hypnotic reiterative principles of the late Dr. Coué. She asks her pupils to practice "positive affirmation." Start the rhythm lesson, for example, with this cosmic utterance: "I now relax, and tune in to the rhythm of the universe." Again, as motto for melody: "Melody is man's cry to God; Harmony God's answer to man." Is one to understand, then, that music is closed to atheists, agnostics and non-Christians? Worse than this, however, is the author's assurance to her students that a composer receives his inspirations by listening with "such love and attention that he has become a receiving station for the music ever singing in the ether about us. . . . Every master of music, from Beethoven to Victor Herbert" received his musical messages this way. Did the author ever examine Beethoven's notebooks and see how laboriously these "messages" were received? Too much esoteric bosh and capitalized bunk; too much uplifting abstraction and not enough plain, unadulterated music.

ART-SONG IN AMERICA.
By William Treat Upton. *Oliver Ditson*
$3. 6 x 8¾; 279 pp. *Boston*

Our art-song, Mr. Upton concludes, was founded upon "the solid rock of German study and tradition"; it was Germany that gave us our artistic conscience. The Negro and the Indian elements were encountered, but brushed aside; German influence, until well into the Twentieth Century, held the field, thereafter yielding to the French and the Russians. Beginning with the simple forms of the folk-song, our composers gradually achieved a complex technique. Today, the musical vista leads to a land of the artistic spirit in which nationalistic labels become less and less important; it is good music that transcends in worth the nationality of the composer. . . . A sensible view, developed with numerous musical illustrations and lists of writers. Mr. Upton is lavish with workmanlike analysis, and expresses his opinions with engaging simplicity. The book is valuable not only for the student, but for the practising singer, to whom it will bring a broad background, a wider scope, and increasing comprehension. There is a good index.

DISCORDS MINGLED.
By Carl Engel. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5½; 241 pp. *New York*

Mr. Engel is editor of the *Musical Quarterly* and chief of the Music Division at the Library of Congress. In this volume, which is dedicated to O. G. Sonneck, his predecessor in both offices, he collects a number of critical papers, some of them dealing with individual composers and others discussing generalized trends and events. Mr. Engel is not hostile to innovation, but it is easy to see that his classical training makes him somewhat skeptical of it. Only too often the shrill cacophonies that fill our concert-halls are simply notice that the composers responsible for them lack ideas and skill. "The masterpiece alone," says Mr. Engel, "does not age. And beauty is not always the quality that endows it with immortality. Not the thing of beauty but the thing of perfection is a joy forever. Beauty is relative, is a matter of changing taste. Perfection is absolute." There are chapters on the growth of Schubert's fame, on Wagner's character as a man, on Beethoven's illness, and on Mozart as husband. One of the most amusing describes the ceremonies of the Beethoven centenary in Vienna in 1927. The book has an index.

LAZARE SAMINSKY: *A Symposium.*
The Bloch Publishing Company
$1.25 5½ x 8¼; 65 pp. *New York*

Five essays are grouped in tribute to the composer who, with Ernest Bloch, shares the leadership of contemporary Jew-

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ish musicians. Domenico de Paoli writes the prefatory article; Leigh Henry comments on Saminsky's youth; Leonide Sabaneyeff treats him as a nationalist; Joseph Yasser analyzes (with musical illustrations) his symphonies, and Leon Vallas considers "the man and civic worker." . . . There are six pages of biographical dates; four more pages are devoted to a complete list of Saminsky's works in music and in philosophy, mathematics and letters. Bloch, it appears, represents the epical genius of the race, while Saminsky stands for its lyricism. Certainly they ennoble, with their uncompromising art, the ideals that they serve and the people whence they derive. Saminsky, to be sure, is caviare to the general; this modest salvo should help to win him an increased audience among those who appreciate in music a certain controlled ecstasy and a subtlety that does not spiral off into merely cerebral conceits.

BUILDING THE AMATEUR OPERA COMPANY.
By Ralph H. Korn *Carl Fischer*
$1. 6⅛ x 9¼; 76 pp. *New York*

This exclamative treatise appears with the endorsements of Walter Damrosch, Gatti-Casazza, Marcella Sembrich and Arthur Bodanzky. It is an exceedingly self-conscious production, written with far more enthusiasm than style, and perhaps breaks the records for the use of capitals and exclamation marks. It is, in fact, a peppy sales-talk as much as anything else, very American and, small doubt, highly inspiriting to those who are about to form companies of operatic amateurs. Despite the author's self-intrusive manner, it has a residue of practical, even indispensable, information.

STRAUSS'S "THE ROSE CAVALIER."
By Eric Blom. *The Oxford University Press*
75 cents 4⅛ x 6½; 63 pp. *New York*

This is another of the authoritative Musical Pilgrim Series, edited by Sir Arthur Somervell. The analysis, with musical excerpts, of von Hofmannsthal and Strauss's delightful opera is achieved with skill, independence and feeling. The task could hardly have been delegated to a more capable hand. This is no mere libretto-cum-melodies, to be consumed between one chocolate and another before the curtain rises. It is made for thorough study, with commensurate reward.

JUVENILIA

VERY FIRST DUETS *For Two Young Pianists.*
By Lois Von Haupt. *Carl Fischer*
75 cents 9⅛ x 12; 13 pp. *New York*

THE RHYTHMIC WAY.
By Mary Hildeburn Parsons.
Oliver Ditson
$1. 9⅛ x 12⅛; 89 pp. *Boston*

THE YOUNG STUDENT'S PIANO COURSE.
By Will Earhart, Charles N. Boyd & Mary Macnair. *Oliver Ditson*
75 cents 9½ x 12½; 40 pp. *Boston*

These are all laudable attempts to escape the routine of instruction in early childhood. Miss von Haupt has some simple suggestions for introducing the innocent youngster into the mysteries of transposition; we have heard surprising results from the fingers of mere tots, founded upon one system or another, and affording definite proof that transposition can be learned almost mechanically—at least in its simpler stages—long before the pupil understands the theory. . . . Miss Parsons insists upon instruction not by notes so much as by the alphabetical symbols. The book, therefore, looks more like an elementary arithmetic and letter-instructor; the scales are gone through by number (for fingering) and letter (for notes) only. Here, too, the tendency is away from theory; mechanics comes first. . . . The piano course contains forty-three selections, many of them for teacher and pupil to play as duets; there are numerous folk-songs, well chosen with an ear to their melodic attractiveness. . . . All of these books are printed with taste upon excellent paper, and so designed as to appeal to the child's eye before they engage his hands.

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THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Uprising in the Confederacy

I'LL TAKE MY STAND, by Twelve Southerners. $3. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 359 pp. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

THE twelve Southerners who here take their stand are Donald Davidson, John Gould Fletcher, Lyle H. Lanier, Andrew Nelson Lytle, Herman Clarence Nixon, Frank Lawrence Owsley, John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, John Donald Wade, Robert Penn Warren, Henry Blue Kline and Stark Young. Fletcher is an Arkansan who went to Harvard, took to poetizing, and then fled to England, where he still lives. Ransom is a professor at Vanderbilt University who is also known as a poet, and lately wrote a book denouncing all compromise between science and theology and advocating a return to the blood-sweating Jahveh of the Old Testament. Wade, now also at Vanderbilt, is a Georgian, and perhaps the most engaging historian that the South has ever produced. Tate is a literary critic now in practise in New York; just where he comes from below the Potomac I don't know. Young is a Mississippian on the staff of the *New Republic*, and is favorably known both as a critic and as a novelist. Owsley is professor of history at Vanderbilt and the author of an excellent work on "States' Rights in the Confederacy." The others are beyond my ken, as they are beyond that of "Who's Who in America." But they all seem to be intelligent and earnest fellows, and they have produced a book which deserves attention. As I shall show, it is full of defects, but all the same it reveals a free and bold spirit, and that is surely something. I can only regret that the anonymous editor (apparently Ransom) did not see fit to tell us more about them.

Their thesis, in brief, is that the current industrialization of the South is degrading and ruining its people, and that they'd be much better off if they restored the agrarian order of society that prevailed before the Civil War. It is not argued, of course, that all of the existing mills and factories ought to be burned down, and their vassal towns with them, or that every Southerner should throw up his job, buy a mule and take to farming; it is simply argued that the center of Southern life should be shifted from town to plantation, where it was in the great days, and that the people should seek their leaders, not among city Babbitts but among country gentlemen. They have been following the former now for nearly two generations, and with what result everyone knows. The typical white Southerner of the Golden Age was a free landowner—not rich, perhaps, but still well-fed and comfortable, and with leisure enough to take an active and intelligent interest in public affairs. Today he is only a serf. He probably has more cash in his pocket than his fathers, but it buys him nothing that is worth having. Slaving all day in mill or factory or starving on the farm that he has lost to a mortgage-shark, he is too weary and dispirited to have any ideas. Politics in the South has become a mere combat of freebooters, there is no economic theory between Babbittry on the one hand and free silver, communism and other such imbecilities on the other, and

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the popular religion is degraded to the level of voodooism. Under the old agrarian *Kultur* the South poured out a steady stream of salient and highly original men, and they were important in the affairs of the nation. But today its leaders, with precious few exceptions, are mountebanks and ignoramuses, and when a bright young Southerner comes to maturity he finds himself so lonely that he commonly clears out.

It is a sad picture, but I have some doubt that it is really as sad as the twelve elegists seem to think, nor do they convince me that a return to an "agrarian, conservative and anti-industrial" civilization would materially improve it. The South, in point of fact, can no more revive the simple society of the Jefferson era than England can revive that of Queen Anne. The mills and factories are there to stay, and they must be faced. Nothing can be done to help the farmers who still struggle on, beset by worn-out soils, archaic methods and insufficient capital. They are doomed to become proletarians, and the sooner the change is effected the less painful it will be. The way to help them is not to talk boastingly and vainly of putting down industrialism; it is to seize industrialism by the horns, and try to shake some measure of justice and decency into it. In other words, what the South needs is not fashioners of utopias, but leaders who are competent and ready to grapple with things as they are. It will get nowhere by following sufferers from nostalgic vapors; its deliverance lies in the hands of such realistic and indomitable fellows as, say, Julian Harris, Gerald W. Johnson and Grover C. Hall.

The present authors, for all their sincerity, show in their own persons most of the worst weaknesses that now afflict their homeland. There is something dreadfully literary and pedagogical about their whole discussion. Even Wade contents himself with a feeble parable, and even Tate delicately wriggles around the most pressing of all Southern questions, to wit, the religious question. Industrialism, in itself, is not necessarily degrading. The South itself offers salient proof of that fact, for its most highly industrialized State, North Carolina, is today, in many ways, its most civilized, whereas its least industrialized, Mississippi, is its most barbaric. Nor are the effects of industrialism degrading elsewhere, plainly and certainly. For one, at least, I do not believe that a Chicago plumber is shoved down the scale of humanity by being paid $16 a day. But when the enslavement of large bodies of men to the machine is accompanied by a huge and deliberate effort to debauch and paralyze their minds, then there ensues a decay which constitutes a positive menace to civilization. Such a decay is now visible in many parts of the South. The poor hinds are first lured into the mills, and then both political and theological quacks are turned loose upon them. The Methodist pastor, like the local politician, is a mere creature of the mill-owner. The so-called religion that he preaches is a debasing mass of superstitions, designed frankly to make its victims hopeless in this world. It is inimical to every sort of sound knowledge, to every rational and stimulating idea, almost to every decency. It produces of intent the very sort of dull, shaky, fearful anthropoid who is now the chief obstacle to all true progress in the South, and a shame to all humanity.

The present book, as I have hinted, has some merit, but it is largely a kind of merit that belongs to the cloister. The factitious, drug-storish "superiority" of the professional pedagogue hangs about it. It has little more bearing upon life as men and women must now live it in the world than the Presbyterian metaphysics of Paul

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Elmer More or the amusing but falsetto vituperations of Irving Babbitt. A thousand such books will never accomplish half so much for the suffering South as one concerted onslaught in plain English upon the nearest conspicuous fraud, whether political, industrial or theological, made by the same twelve men. If they really want to help their people they will stop blowing pretty soap-bubbles and devote themselves honestly and courageously to concrete evils and workable remedies. They are all, I think, relatively young. They have been, as the phrase goes, educated. Every one of them, with the exception of Ransom, who can't emancipate himself from the Mendelian curse of theology—and maybe Lytle, who sneers idiotically at science—has rid himself of his inherited superstitions. Many of them are denizens of Tennessee, which in braver days hatched Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson. Well, I think it could be demonstrated quite easily that one Scopes trial did more damage to Tennessee than all the cotton-mills in it—more damage immediately, and far more in the long run. The Anti-Evolution Act is still on the books there, an insult and a disgrace to every self-respecting citizen of the State. I'll begin to believe that educated Southerners should let it stand unchallenged, the while they spin lavender fancies under a fig-tree, when I am convinced that Thomas Jefferson, if he were alive today, would tolerate it.

Wells at His Best

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, by H. G. Wells, Julian S. Huxley & G. P. Wells. $10. 9¼ x 6; 2 vols.; 1514 pp. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Doran & Company.*

THESE volumes show the inevitable defect of every collaboration: they are a shade too bulky. One imagines each of the three authors coming to the common workroom with hot stuff from his solitary pen, and there battling vigorously (or maybe only touchingly) for its inclusion. Some unhappy concessions and compromises are thus visible: Huxley, in places, heaves in too much descriptive zoölogy, and Wells is allowed to carry his sociological speculations a place or two of decimals too far. But on the whole it is a very valuable work, well planned, pleasantly written, and full of hard sense. It is, indeed, rather more than that: it is probably the best general account of the life process ever got between covers. I can think of no better book to hand to a growing boy or girl. It is a magnificently effective antidote to the medieval blather that still lingers in the schools. A laudable passion for facts is in it, and it probably comes as close as is humanly possible to telling the truth.

The dominant member of the trio, of course, is the elder Wells. Modern England has produced no more vivid and arresting personality. The man has a passion for knowlege that is almost pathological, and a lust to teach that sometimes carries him dangerously close to the borders of fanaticism. This lust to teach incommoded him as a novelist, and of late he has been veering away from that trade. While he practised it the sheer force of his intelligence carried him far: in "The History of Mr. Polly," in "Tono-Bungay," and again, by a last desperate effort, in "The World of William Clissold," he produced novels very close to the first rank. Most novelists, like most artists of other sorts, are not noticeably intelligent; some of the best of them, notably Dreiser and Anderson in America and Joyce and Proust in Europe, grope for facts in the clumsy, wasteful, irrational manner of a policeman groping for a gunman. They have powerful feelings, but it is an exaggeration to say that they have any ideas. Wells, however, has always had

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plenty of ideas, and to spare. There are more of them in "William Clissold" than in the whole works of Thomas Hardy. No human phenomenon has ever struck him as inexplicable. He has invariably had a ready explanation for it, sometimes highly dubious but usually very plausible. He has explained his time and his people more diligently, more ingeniously and probably more accurately than any other novelist of his generation.

Some of his occasional errors, alas, have been of a thumping and even preposterous character, and such things have a way of being remembered. When the war came he ran amuck, and carried on for a couple of years like an idiot, hurling objurgations at the foe and indulging himself in all sorts of silly prophecies. In the same way he once allowed Socialism to wobble him, and again he was somewhat upset by religion. These yieldings to folly finally crippled him as a novelist, and in late years he has written little save tracts, sometimes overt and sometimes disguised. But all the while he has continued to amass knowledge, and ten years ago he unloaded a vast cargo of it into "The Outline of History," a curiously meritorious and durable work, marked by a number of aberrations but in general so artful and so sound that it will probably be read for many years. No professional historian, in truth, has ever done anything so good, or even half so good. It is a truly remarkable summing up of what is really known about human history, and if at times it goes a trifle outside the bounds of certainty, and even of prudence, then it surely does so far less than is common.

"The Science of Life" is another such stupendous outpouring—a book possible only to a man of extraordinary learning and equally extraordinary craftsmanship. It tells the whole story of life on this earth, from its beginning in the sea-ooze to its final flowering in statesmen, philosophers and archbishops—all of them, as Wells observes waggishly, still 59 per cent water. It is so well ordered that the process of organic evolution flows through his pages with the fine inevitability and stately decorum of a river running down to the sea, and yet there is so sure a grip of detail that no element of the slightest importance is lost. Much of this detail, I suppose, came from Huxley, and possibly important parts came from the younger Wells, but in the putting together of the whole the hand of the elder Wells is everywhere visible. To plan such a work took a man of Brobdingnagian knowledge—a man with a sound working grip upon each and all of the biological sciences, from embryology and paleontology to psychology and sociology. And it took, too, a man with a great gift for synthesis—a natural-born literary general. A great store of facts, scattered, disparate and recalcitrant, had to be reduced to order. The thing had to have a beginning, a middle and an end. It had to be made logical, symmetrical and understandable. Scientific concepts of the utmost difficulty had to be brought down to the language of every day. This difficult business Wells has wrought in a brilliant and satisfying manner. The work is a genuine *tour de force*, and, so far as I know, unparalleled.

Wells holds himself admirably within bounds whenever he is tempted by his own characteristic weaknesses. He speculates boldly, but never in the operatic manner of "First and Last Things" and "God the Invisible King." What he has to say about controverted matters—the alcohol question, psychic research, eugenics, and so on—is admirably cautious. He would not be Wells if he did not pause now and then to project his fancy into the future, but he seldom lets it toy with mere possibilities,

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fantastic and unsupported by the known facts; usually he sticks to reasonable probabilities. As a biologist, indeed, he turns out to be quite orthodox. Such phantasms as the inheritance of acquired characters do not seduce him; he is resolutely faithful to what can be demonstrated. The result is a work which, if it is not, strictly speaking, authoritative, is at least genuinely reliable. It will take the place of whole libraries of less perspicuous and luminous books. It is, within its limits, a masterpiece.

A Great American Surgeon

WILLIAM STEWART HALSTED, SURGEON, by W. G. MacCallum. $2.75. 8⅜ x 5½; 241 pp. Baltimore: *The Johns Hopkins Press.*

IN UNDERTAKING this life record of the great Johns Hopkins surgeon Dr. MacCallum tackled a formidable task, for it is always difficult to get the mental processes of a man of genius on paper, and it is doubly hard when one has stood close to him, and seen him constantly in the moods of every day. Moreover, there was a special mysteriousness about Halsted, and even his intimates seem to have been baffled by some of the quirks of his mind. None of them, it appears, ever quite knew how he worked. He would disappear for long periods, and sink into a state of lethargy, and then he would suddenly reappear with a huge stock of new ideas, and labor feverishly. Many of his investigations seemed to tire him quickly. He would hand them over to his disciples, or abandon them altogether. The rewards and huzzahs that ordinarily go with success in his profession did not interest him. He had a great contempt for so-called brilliant surgery and made no effort to get credit for his innovations. Most competent judges, I guess, would call him the greatest man of the whole Johns Hopkins group, but he was far less known than any of his official peers, and even some of his subordinates have more fame. The man was curiously secretive, and yet, by a strange paradox, somewhat theatrical. He loved to array himself in purple and fine linen, and to appear gaudily in public. And yet not many of his colleagues got into his house, and some of those closest to him, including Dr. MacCallum, scarcely knew his wife.

His contributions to surgery were numerous and various. He introduced the use of local anæsthetics, he was the first to put on rubber gloves, and he devised many new and ingenious operations. But his chief service was rather more general, and hard to describe. It was to bring in a new and better way of regarding the patient. Antisepsis and asepsis, coming in when he was young, had turned the attention of surgeons to external and often extraneous things. Fighting germs, they tended to forget the concrete sick man on the table. Dr. Halsted changed all that. He showed that manhandled tissues, though they could not yell, could yet suffer and die. He studied the natural recuperative powers of the body, and showed how they could be made to help the patient. He stood against reckless slashing, and taught that a surgeon must walk very warily. Though, like most men of his craft, he had no religion, he yet revived and reinforced the ancient saying of Ambroise Paré: "God cured him; I assisted." Above all, he was a superb teacher, though he never formally taught. The young men who went out from his operating room were magnificently trained, and are among the great ornaments of American surgery today.

Dr. MacCallum has dealt with him honestly, and without evasion. The man that emerges from the book remains inexplicable, as he was in life. But he is tremendously interesting.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

CLAUDE BRAGDON *was born in Ohio, and educated as an architect. He has written extensively on architectural and theosophical subjects. His latest book, "The Eternal Poles," was published last month.*

MITCHELL DAWSON *is a Chicago lawyer. He is a graduate of the University of Chicago and of the University of Chicago Law School.*

WALTER PRICHARD EATON *was born in Massachusetts and educated at Harvard. He is the author of more than a dozen books.*

WILLIAM FAULKNER *was born and still lives in Mississippi. He is the author of a half-dozen novels, of which the most recent are "As I Lay Dying" and "The Sound and the Fury."*

WARD GREENE *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

TRAVIS HOKE *was born in St. Louis and educated at Washington University there and at New York University. He entered journalism as a reporter on the St. Louis* Republic, *and was later editor of* Public Affairs, *and associate editor of the* Dial *and of the* American Weekly. *He is now editor of the* Popular Science Monthly.

STEWART H. HOLBROOK *has worked for years in the lumber camps of the American Northwest and Canada. He is now living in Oregon.*

L. M. HUSSEY, *who is a Philadelphian, divides his labors between science and letters. In the former field he has conducted research in pharmacology and chemotherapy, with excursions into organic chemistry, and has published a number of scientific papers. He has published one novel, "Odalisque," and is at work on another.*

MACK MATHEWS *was born in the Middle West and after several years of roving through the Pacific States went to sea. In Australia, where he spent four years, he worked as a steeplejack, as a sheepherder, as a newspaper reporter, and as publicity agent for the Commonwealth government. He returned to the United States six months ago and is now living in Seattle.*

CAREY MCWILLIAMS *is the author of "Ambrose Bierce: A Biography" and "The New Regionalism." He lives in California.*

ARTHUR D. PIERCE *was born in Camden, N. J., and now lives at Haddonfield in the same State. He was educated as an engineer, but turned to music, and was musical editor of the Camden* Courier *for six years and a contributor to* Musical America. *He is now chief editorial writer of the* Courier-Post *newspapers.*

CHARLES D. SNYDER, PH.D. (California), *is professor of experimental physiology in the School of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University. He was born in Ohio and educated at Leland Stanford and the University of California. Later he studied at the Naples Zoölogical Station, and at the Universities of Berlin and Munich. He is the author of many papers dealing with problems in physiology.*

LOUIS UNTERMEYER *is the well-known poet and critic of poetry. He has written or edited a dozen books.*

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